# The Sunday Oregonian.

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### TWO WOMEN.

Grandma sits in her great arm chair;
Balmily sweet is the soft spring air.

Through the latticed, lilac shadowed pane,
She looks to the orchard beyond the lane,

And she catches the gleam of a woman's dress
Light flutters about in the wind's caress.

"That child is glad as the day is long—
Her lover is coming, her life's a song!"

Grandma sternly shakes her head,
"Love is folly—that's all!" she said.

Up from the orchard's flowry bloom,
Floats fragrance faint to the dark'ning room,

Where grandma dreams, till a tender grace
And a softer light steals into her face.

For once again she is young and fair,
And twining roses in her hair.

Once again, blithe as the lark above,
She is only a girl, and a girl in love!

The years drop from her their weary pain!
She is clasped in her lover's arms again!

The last faint glimmers of daylight die;
Stars tremble out in the purple sky.

[illegible] Dora flits up the garden path,
Half afraid of grandma's wrath,

With rose-red cheeks and flying hair,
Nestles down by the old arm-chair.

"Grandma—Dick says—may we—may I—"
The faltering voice grows strangely shy.

But grandma presses the little hand,
"Yes, my dearie, I understand!

[illegible] may have you, darling!" Not all in vain
Did grandma dream she was young again.

She gently twists a shining curl,
[illegible] and the philosophy of a girl!

[illegible] the world's treasures—its noblest, best—
But Love will outweigh all the rest!"

And through the casement the moonlight cold
Shines on two heads—one gray, one gold!

—K. Temple More.

# PUGET SOUND JUSTICE.

## The People of Seattle Revoke Some of their Delegated Powers.

### THE SHERIFFALTY A SINECURE.

### Questions for Oregon People to Consider at their Leisure and ask Whether they were Very far Wrong, After all.

When it comes down to discounting technicalities in murder trials, the people of Seattle [illegible] lead the coast. Four hundred men are hard for any sheriff to face, even a sheriff whose reputation for honesty and courage is so well established that he has held the position for seven consecutive terms. The very men who took the murderers of Sires and Reynolds from the custody of Sheriff Wyckoff and hanged them in Occidental Square, were also the men who have for fourteen years testified at the ballot box their approval of his faithfulness as an officer and his integrity as a citizen. But they felt that the course of the law was too slow and that its work was impeded too much by technicalities. And hence they took the law in their own hands. If they hung the men for killing young Reynolds, we have no word of censure for their acts, as the killing of Sires by Payne was too easily proven to admit of any doubt. Sires was a policeman and was killed by Payne while endeavoring to arrest him for some offense against the criminal statutes of the territory. Reynolds was a private citizen, a young man recently married and highly esteemed as one of exemplary and [illegible] character. The slumbering fires of honest indignation, which had been [illegible] in the embers of careful delibera-

#### BURST FORTH LIKE A VOLCANO

at the slaughter of this excellent young man. The people of this busy little city, swarming with an energetic and high-spirited population, had long viewed with indignation a [illegible] in their very midst, a street full of [illegible] maintained for purposes of grossest vice and absolute crime. Five years ago the writer of this article resided in Seattle and saw this malignant ulcer growing day by day until it assumed proportions that defied the law and snapped its fingers in the face of justice. It required no practiced detective eye to see that a beautiful little city, whose houses of worship and seminaries of learning were far in advance of its population, was being made a vile band-basin for the [illegible] of the whole North Pacific coast. [illegible] an eye familiar with the punishment [illegible] to see that an energetic and bustling commercial city was being converted into a [illegible] house for the fugitive outlaws of [illegible] and British Columbia; and it was far from a pleasing spectacle to contemplate. [illegible] time that the writer left Seattle to [illegible] himself in business at The Dalles,

#### THE RAILROAD BOOM,

[illegible] in eastern Oregon and the harpies of the "lava beds" betook themselves to the [illegible] City of the Columbia. Hardly a [illegible] over but some one was robbed, and [illegible] newspapers published there, but [illegible] the courage to call the attention of [illegible] and permanent residents to the evils [illegible] growing daily and threatening to [illegible] the prosperity of the city. Its editor was threatened, and the windows of [illegible] office repeatedly broken in, but his [illegible] as a crack shot saved him in daylight; after dark he stayed at home. This [illegible] affairs went along for some months [illegible] in August when two of these wild [illegible] out their knives and began to put [illegible] they would do the most good. Next [illegible] the coroner held an inquest on the [illegible] two men in the flower of youth, literally [illegible] to death. Then the rich and sluggish men of that city began to realize [illegible] plague-sore had been growing and festering in their midst, and began to run them [illegible] gang divided off, part going to Walla [illegible] and part to the new town of

#### AINSWORTH, ON SNAKE RIVER,

[illegible] their lawless depredations soon led to [illegible] organization of a committee of safety [illegible] held one or two "necktie sociables" for [illegible] benefit. As the Northern Pacific road [illegible] the murderous gang have followed [illegible] of the tie wagons, till now they [illegible] about Rocky Point on Pen d'Oreille [illegible] Idaho. There is now the chief cess[illegible] crime in the interior, and if there are [illegible] dozen executions by the code of Judge [illegible] between this and the first of May, we [illegible] out of our reckoning. There is no [illegible] any fear of the vagrants and miscreants [illegible] have so long made a pest house of Seattle, [illegible] there any longer; and as Port Townsend and Olympia have given the gang fair and [illegible] warning not to come to those towns, [illegible] a fair prospect that Portland will receive a visitation from these gentry before long. [illegible] only too well regulated in its police system [illegible] there is no fear that any popular uprising will be needed here as was the case in [illegible]. Our sylph-like Lappeus and our emaciated Caples are too well known and justly [illegible] by these evil doers to need any

#### VIGILANCE COMMITTEE IN PORTLAND.

The real danger is not so much here as in [illegible] towns in the Willamette valley, such [illegible] Albany, Corvallis, Junction and Eugene, and it behooves the citizens of those [illegible] to keep a weather eye open for these [illegible]. Indeed, we think that the progress of [illegible] in this section is such as to demand a [illegible] class of legislation. For instance, the [illegible] of wrecking railroad trains is such a [illegible] one as to demand capital punishment [illegible] anyone is killed or not, and the public [illegible] is paramount to all mawkish sympathy [illegible] vagrants or desperate criminals. [illegible] in cases like these, sumptuary laws are [illegible] and are the natural outgrowth of public necessity. Another matter which [illegible] immediate attention when the legislature [illegible] is the sale of weapons. It ought to [illegible] made a misdemeanor to sell a repeating [illegible] to an Indian, because a single shot is all he needs to kill his game; and if the noble red man were not so well armed as the Boston man, and knew that the latter had twelve or fifteen shots to his one, he would be a good deal more apt to behave himself with propriety.

#### THE SALE OF LIQUOR

Should be restricted by the increase of license to such a rate as to work a prohibition upon the vile dens and dance houses around which thieves and burglars congregate as naturally as flies around a drop of molasses. One thousand dollars per year for every saloon in the state would reduce the number of gin palaces just one half and would lead to better order in the community; while the local governments would derive just as much revenue and support from licenses as they now do. If the number of drinking places could be reduced one-half, those which are kept in a decent and orderly manner would be patronized to such an extent as would easily cover the increased rate of license. While we have many saloons in our midst that are kept by law abiding and conscientious men, we have also many kept by those who merely want money and are not at all particular as to how they get it. Such saloons are the natural resorts of thieves and highbinders, and should be held in check if they cannot be suppressed altogether. It will not do to wait until the next legislature has adjourned and then begin whining about what might have been done if there had been no senatorial election on hand. These two matters—the sale of liquor and the carrying of arms—need new and vigorous legislation to check the growth of crime.

#### THE UBIQUITOUS PISTOL

Is becoming altogether too cheap and too easily procured. The juvenile hoodlum who seeks to subvert the discipline of his school by his mischievous pranks and bad example, carries a derringer with which to "stand off" the descending stroke of the retributive birch. The slick-fingered blackleg with his dyed mustache and fire-gilt jewelry, has his right hand always close to his hip pocket, ready to draw his "bull-dog" when detected in cheating at cards or dice. And the vagabond tramp, whose pockets do not even contain a smooth continental dime with which he can satisfy his hunger by the purchase of a roll and cup of coffee, has his pot-metal revolver in the side pocket of his greasy overcoat. It was to the latter class of moneyless and conscienceless waifs that old David Sires and young George Reynolds fell helpless victims. Against these evils we need a more cogent and vitalized system of laws. These God-forsaken tramps must be made to work the roads for industrious men to haul their grain to market; and the fire-gilt jewelry men, whose chief subsistence is derived from the wages of their sinful paramours on Third and Yamhill streets, should be punished by a local vagrancy ordinance a good deal more stringent than the one now in force, compelling them to ram paving stones or flush sewers.

#### CHEAP WEAPONS

Are doing all the mischief. So long as Samuel Colt was the only manufacturer of revolvers in America and sold his pistols from $25 to $40 each, the evil was circumscribed and kept within some decent limit. But now you can go to any pawnbroker's shop in Portland or San Francisco, and buy a second-hand pea shooter for four dollars. And as if the evil was not already great enough, we have newspapers and magazines giving away revolvers as inducements for the clubbing of subscribers. This is putting deadly weapons within easy reach of the very class who ought not to have them. The puny little race-rider, the ten-die gambler, the dance-house fiddler and the wandering tramp who is hunting for work and afraid he will find it—all these have the same chance to acquire a deadly weapon at one-sixth of its former cost. It is making assassination too easy for the good of the world. It was a cheap pistol which killed president Garfield although the murder did not take place in Seattle, more's the pity. We have enumerated several prolific causes of crime and suggested remedies therefor. Our idea is that preventive punishments are more praiseworthy than those which are of a vindictive nature, and it is for that reason that we have suggested precautionary legislation lest a Seattle case might arise in Oregon.

#### THE PEOPLE OF SAN FRANCISCO

Were twice placed in a dilemma like that of Seattle, and acted in a similar way; and while we believe that they hung one man for killing another as dangerous as himself (Cora) history has given the act its approval rather than condemnation. In yesterday's OREGONIAN Rev. Bishop Morris has written a strongly-worded and positive letter of which he has no reason to be ashamed. His sentiments do him honor in the abstract; but it must be remembered that the reverend gentleman does not live in Seattle and therefore does not realize the wrongs under which the people of the city were smarting when they took the law into their own hands. Out of the great uprising in San Francisco in 1856 came twenty years of good government and honestly administered laws. Out of the popular vengeance so hastily administered at the metropolis of Puget sound, will come harmony, peace and good order. It is merely a humanized thunder shower, and the atmosphere will be purer and brighter for it. Criminals will give that place a wide berth for some time. Bobbie Burns says "an honest man's the noblest work of God." We say, let all the rest go to Seattle, and they will find the climate somewhat tropical.

# TROTTING TOPICS.

George Leihy is driving J. B. Knapp's brown Sultan colt, own brother to Del Sur, on the road and awaiting his owner's return from the east.

How would it do to get up a five-mile trot at East Portland during the Mechanics' Fair? It is claimed that there are two horses in this state that can cover the distance without tiring.

Ned Williams' gray colt by Blackbird is going to make a weight-puller and don't mind an extra pair of wheels. He is a good deal squarer-gaited horse than most horses of that family.

Acker says he thinks Dirigo is liable to come out from his retirement and to be a good horse this year. We all know the little brown horse has a wonderful turn of speed and is likely to stay all day if he feels just right.

Andy Bray's celebrated stallion Inauguration, the best of all the Patchen family that has so far been brought to Oregon, has been placed in charge of James E. Mooney, who will make a good horse of him if he can once get his feet right.

The colts of Anvil, Lenont, Milton, Modium, Fred Low and Marshall are not old enough to go into any stakes as yet, but next year we may look for them to compete favorably with the progeny of Kisber, Rockwood, Dexter, Alwood and Hambletonian Mambrino.

If Sweet Home winters well, there will be no use of bringing Faustina down from Boise City to beat her, for she will go below 2:25 to a certainty. The big mare is the best wagon horse on the coast of her speed, but she is not in hands calculated to do her justice in a race with Sweet Home.

The Kisber colts, now coming two years old, are attracting great attention among connoisseurs of juvenile horseflesh. Every man thinks he has the best, which is a guarantee that somebody has a real daisy-cutter. These colts are possessed of good size, and, what is better, very high form.

William Glassford of Walla Walla traded his bay gelding Osgood to Col. Joe Taylor for the well-known mare Amanda Murray, which he will probably use for a broodmare. Considering the number of his mares, Glassford has bred more good trotters than any man on the northwest coast. Bellflower, Coldfoil, Startle and Osgood were a very fine quartette.

The Baker city trotting stake for two-year-olds closed on the 14th with eleven entries at $25 each, embracing the get of Tippoo Clay, Dead Shot, Orange County, Alwood, Goodnough's Patchen and Orient, all stallions owned east of the mountains. It will be probably a year before any of these candidates for trotting fame will meet valley-bred nags at City View. Our fancy is the black colt Center Shot, owned by McAllister, of Union county, and next to him Mr. Hogoboom's filly Alnora by Alwood.

# THE AMERICAN DRAMA.

## Remembrances of the Past and Glimpses of the Future.

### SENSATIONALISM ABOUT EXHAUSTED.

### England's Christmas Pantomime and America's Fairy Spectacle--Modern Wardrobe and Furniture Dramas Nearly Gone.

Though the writer of this article is but a middle-aged man, he can look back many a long day into the history of the drama in America. In fact, he began very early. When one is going any place it is a good idea to get an early send-off. So it was with the writer. He began with the Ravels—Gabriel, Antoine and Jerome—at Niblo's Garden, in 1844, and gained that love for the pantomime acting which enters so largely into the composition of the English play-goer. The Ravels grew rich and dropped out of public life, leaving their business and *eclat* to three of their subordinate performers—Phillippe, Julien and Ignacio Martinetti who are still giving their athletic and pantomimic exhibitions. Gabriel Ravel was the greatest pantomimic actor I ever saw or expect to see. His chalked face and red wig, his cunning leer and convulsive nod, never failed to set the audience in a roar. He married Yrca Mathias, a stout, sensual-looking Russian woman, of immense muscular development and high repute as a dancer. The Ravels traveled all over America and generally contrived to spend Christmas in Baltimore and Mardi Gras day in New Orleans.

#### THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME

Is something peculiarly English in its character, and the average Englishman would as soon do without his stall-fed beef and plum pudding on Xmas day as to go without his two hours at the pantomime on that day. True, he knows every scene in the "Yellow Hat" and the "Magic Star," but he goes merely to hear, for the fortieth time, the wierd strains of music that enraptured his childish ears as he sat in the parquette at Covent Garden with his little legs dangling downward, just forty years ago. Twenty years later he wore big whiskers, a full suit of stunning Scotch plaids, an eye-glass and his hair parted amidships. And now he is again in his old seat—fat and fifty—with a good-natured face, ruddy as the baron of beef that will grace his table under the sprig of holly and mistletoe that is entwined about the gas burners. The side-whiskers are shorter and have a more military cut, beside which they are decidedly frosty. Before him pass, one at a time, the Harlequin, Columbine and Pantaloon of the piece; and with them come back the halcyon memories of his childhood and of his dear old nurse that is slumbering under the yews of a Kentish churchyard. The Christmas pantomime is a fixture like "Rule Brittania," and will live coeval with the British empire.

#### THE SPECTACULAR PLAY.

To which belong "The Black Crook," "Snowflake," "Aladdin" and the "Sheep's Foot," is more American than English in its type and character. As a rule the plots of these pieces are light and trashy, but the dresses, scenery and mechanical effects are fairly gorgeous. The "transformation scene" in the "Black Crook" is a wonderful piece of stage mechanism and was shipped from France to New York where it lay for eight months in a warehouse till Charley Barras heard of it and built the play to fit the scene. After that the same scene was sent to every large theater in America and was shipped out to Australia, where they did not take very kindly to the Black Crook and a friendly hand packed the old scene into boxes and shipped it over to San Francisco on the rotten old Nebraska, of the Webb line. It was this scene which was used in the play of "Fortunio" at the Metropolitan, in which poor old Bill Ellerton made his final effort to be funny for the sake of the little folks. After he died, the old theater was torn down to make room for Montgomery avenue. Heigho! This world and another, and in the language of the poet, the next thing is something else.

#### THE FIRST DOWNWARD STEP

In the history of the American stage was the great and undeniable success of the "Black Crook," which raised a third-rate stock actor to a man of wealth, and made millionaires of two New York managers who had been, up to that time, struggling for a bare existence. It showed keen observers that the American playgoers wanted something sensational and were willing to sit by the hour and listen to downright rot, in the shape of dialogue, for the sake of a thrilling tableau at the end of the piece. The needy pens were set at work in the garrets of Bleecker and Amity streets, and out came a deluge of trashy productions like "The Lottery of Life," (a feeble imitation of Pierce Egan's "Corinthians," by the way) with its concert hall dive and boxing scene between two journeymen sloggers. Following this was "Under the Gaslight," with its famous railroad scene in which the soldier messenger comes near being run over on the track, but gets saved in the nick of time. All these mechanical plays are very soon exhausted and the lowest of all sensational pieces is that of "Neck and Neck," in which a veal-pie actor named Stetson appears to undergo capital punishment within sight of the audience. If he wrote the play, it would serve him right.

#### THE BOUCICAULT SCHOOL

Of plays, such as "The Octoroon," the "Shaughraun," "Arrah na Pogue" and the "Colleen Bawn" have some little degree of merit in them. They bristle with witty dialogue and stinging repartee, and depend less on scenic effect than most sensational plays of our day. And by the way, don't let us forget the little play of "Kerry" in which Boucicault used to do such a delicious bit of character acting as the old Irish servant. As for Joe Murphy's pieces he depends upon novelties in scenic effect, such as shoeing a horse upon the stage, etc., rather than upon plot or dialogue, for his success in dramatic life. Murphy began life as a fisherman's drudge at Sacramento and passed through the preparatory stage of a negro minstrel before essaying such Irish parts as Danny Mann and the Inshavogue. His characters are not as fair pictures of Irish peasant life as were those of Boucicault. Never will two more faithful portraits be given than Shaun the Post and Myles na Coppaleen. After all, I never saw but one man who could personate my ideal of an Irish gentleman, and that was dear old John Brougham. Does any one but I remember his Capt. Murphy Maguire in "The Serious Family?" His "Knight of Arva" and his "Sir Hector O'Dougherty" in "St. Patrick's Eve" were two more intaglios of dramatic art that no man of his day could hope to rival. Within the past sixteen years

#### THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF PLAYS

Translated from the original of Victorien Sardou and other writers who delight in depicting vice in glowing colors, has held the American stage for considerable space. Prominent among these I may cite "Frou-Frou," "Alixe," and "Fernande," all pieces of gross immorality, if not absolute indecency. Brougham's play of "John Garth" is another of this school, pruned of its pruriency by that clever departed actor. "Article 47" and "Camille" are both unfit plays for young women to witness, and even the romantic spectacle of the "Marble Heart" is founded upon the mishaps of a young sculptor who falls in love with a woman of doubtful repute. There are five of these plays written for every one that possesses any merit as a standard comedy and the limited scope of the sensational drama is well nigh exhausted. We have had the railroad train in "Under the Gaslight;" the steamboat explosion in "Octoroon," the charcoal pan in "Streets of New York;" the hoisting works in "Lost in London" and the gallows in "Neck and Neck." Lovers of the sensational and horrible will soon find their dramatic fodder completely exhausted. However, this style of plays is an agreeable change for such a feast of brutal crime as was displayed in "Jack Sheppard" and "Oliver Twist," played more frequently ten or twelve years ago than they are now. A better taste is being developed, even in the range of dramas which have the grossest of vices for their foundation.

#### PURE ENGLISH COMEDIES,

Worthy to take their places beside those of Goldsmith and Massinger, have been but few in number in the past twenty years, and genial Tom Taylor has written more than half of them. Henry J. Byron is another writer of standard merit who would let a year pass over in idleness rather than give to the world a shabbily-written piece. Of his works, "Our Boys" is a long way the best. Its situations are amusing, its dialogue witty and its characters neatly counterpoised. Mary Melrose is a truly lovable English girl, and as for the "Slavey," she is simply huge. Perkyn Middlewick will live beside Old Rapid, in a "Cure for Heartache." Another good comedy writer is T. W. Robertson, who has given to the world those clever little champagne cocktails with monosyllable titles, such as "Ours," "School" and "Caste," the latter of which I deem one of the most difficult plays that has ever been written. It needs a character actor for every part, to my notion. How Frank Bates used to make us laugh in that part of Old Eccles, ten years ago, especially in the scene where he stood over the cradle and addressed the baby as "Rishtercrarrick pauper." Sometimes it seems that I am left sitting here while the world is going away.

#### THE DRAMA OF THE FUTURE

Will be, in due time, the drama of the past. A few of the modern comedies, such as those enumerated in the last paragraph, together with Tom Taylor's "Unequal Match" and "Little Treasure" will go into the comedy drawer of the American standard drama. We will have no more locomotives, steamboat, or "neck-tie parties" on the stage for a good while. So far as tragedies are concerned, it behooves those who are inclined to represent them to enlarge their repertories. James W. Wallack Jr., played Gaston in "The Iron Mask," and the part died with that great but ill-appreciated actor. "Grisealdis" perished with the lovely but unhappy Julia Dean Hayne, and no one has yet had the audacity to revive it. No one could play, "Hercule, the Huron," but James R. Anderson; and that great part, replete with sublime philosophy, went into its grave beside its only worthy representative. And since Tom Hamblin's death where have we been able to find another Arbaces? The "Last Days of Pompeii" have slumbered for nearly thirty years because "poor Tom's a-cold." Scores of grand plays are lost to the world just because young actors are lacking in ambition to depart from the beaten path of the so-called legitimate drama.

#### HAMLET, MACBETH OR RICHELIEU

Seems to be selected by every fellow who gets tired of pulling in the harness of a stock company and sets himself up for a star. We don't blame Sheridan for starting out as a star, for he has originality of conception and is possessed of creative power. But what ever put the Shakspearean craze into little Tom Keene's head? Painstaking, earnest actor he is to be sure, but he never saw the day he was the equal of James O'Neill or Charles R. Thorne, and they are content to remain stock actors at a liberal salary; and for the life of me I cannot see where he was the superior of poor Sam Piercy. We want a tragedian who has originality enough to revive "Arbaces, lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;" who can call Hercule to life and restore the grand portrait of the captive French prince in the "Iron Mask." We need some woman who can play Camilla in "The Horatii" and bring Griseldis to life again. In a word, the need is of actors, and actresses who can cut loose from the musty traditions of the stage and yet preserve its history undefiled. Meanwhile, the modern wardrobe and upholstery drama will quietly live through its day and sink to the rest which it has long deserved. In a brief biographical sketch of that great and noble woman

#### CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN,

Written by Lawrence Barrett shortly after her death, that candid and conscientious gentleman writes: "She was an actress in an era that required something more than a pretty face or an expensive wardrobe to make one." Such was the great actress of the past, such will be the great actress of the future. Between Sara Siddons and Adelaide Neilson, slumbered the greater part of a silent century. Somewhere in obscurity pines another Circe like the brown-eyed enchantress whom England gave to the comedy stage scarce twelve years ago, and who sleeps well "after life's fitful fever" in the gardens of Pere la Chaise. Artists may live and artists may die, but art will live forever. And while art continues to live, genius will supply us with Siddonses and Neilsons enough to point out the difference between greatness and mediocrity. The drama, pure and uncontaminated by sensationalism, shall regain its temporarily torpid grandeur; and the stage of Kean, Kemble and Cooke shall yet see its old Arcadian dream restored in the stage of the future. Machinery dramas, storeclothes dramas and furniture dramas have had their day; and for the drama of the future there must be plot and dialogue, together with

#### SUCH PURITY OF SENTIMENT

As that which has placed "Richelieu" side by side with the Shakespearean tragedies and given Tom Taylor's comedies a renown coequal with those of Coleman, Sheridan, Goldsmith and Massinger. An old Latin motto reads "Quid obscurum, quid divinum," which means that there is divinity in everything obscure. If so, what a divine obscurity awaits such American vampers and fakirs as Augustin Daly, Bartly Campbell, C. J. Gayler *et al.* Lester Wallack's receipts, on the opening night of his new theater in New York, were over $8200, and the play was "The School for Scandal," with handsome old "Uncle Jack" Gilbert as Sir Peter, and pretty Rose Coghlan (with whom all San Francisco fell in love, last year) as Lady Teazle. No man has done more to repress sensationalism on the stage than Wallack, and I rejoice at his richly deserved prosperity. Some day another Wallack will visit California and then the Pacific coast will have what it has never yet possessed, a school of dramatic art. For that we can afford to wait. The city that applauded Julia Dean Hayne and the older Booth, nearly thirty years ago, has like green laurels growing for those on whom their mantles have fallen. And as San Francisco shall lead, so will Portland follow.

# FISHING FLYERS.

Capt. Geo. J. Ainsworth informs us that he intends making another attempt to stock American Lake with black bass after the spring fairly opens.

Why would it not be a good scheme for the Rod and Gun Club to hire a special car and take a picnic up the Clackamas or one of the West Side streams when trout get ripe?

A sturgeon weighing 287 pounds was found on a ferry boat near The Dalles last week, having jumped aboard during the night. It did not pay him very well to attempt to deadhead his way across the river.

Rock oysters are the chief diet of the average epicure at Tillamook bay. They are caught by breaking open sandstone rocks, in which they live. It's a queer country where a man goes a-fishing with an ax.

Somebody ought to make an effort towards stocking the waters of this state with grayling, which have been so successfully planted in the rivers of Michigan. They are very game and palatable fish, besides which, they afford good fall fishing when trout are out of season.

Land-locked salmon, nearly three feet in length, are said to abound in a lake on the side of Mount St. Helens. Levi Ankeny, of Walla Walla, visited there some years ago but was unable to catch any of them. Might they not be red-fish like "My lord Cardinal" of the Wallowa?

Some men at Shasta, California, received a can containing twelve young carp, direct from the United States Fish Commission at Washington last week. The youngsters were about two inches long and in the best of health. They came by express, the can, with its contents, weighing but sixteen pounds.

# REFORM SCHOOLS.

## The Old Question--What Shall We Do with our Boys?

### LEGISLATION ON APPRENTICESHIP

### Serious Questions Involving the Rising Generation and their Chances for a Useful Life--Issues that cannot be Dodged.

Several of our citizens, headed by W. S. Ladd, who evidently thinks the proper time has come for some action in the premises, are engaged in the organization of a reform school, to be located on the East Portland side of the river. Whether the project is to be conducted wholly by private enterprise and voluntary contribution, or whether it is to be supported by aid, from the state or municipal government, or both, is something yet shrouded in the future. And before any legislation is had upon the subject, it should be discussed carefully, and thoroughly ventilated, without prejudice in favor of or against the proposition. On the surface it looks all right, and nobody will be foolish enough to say there is no need for such an institution. We see it on our streets daily, among the youngsters who are growing up into a condition of hoodlumism and whom a little well-directed discipline might save from a future involving the four descending steps of vice, crime, imprisonment and death. Of course it will not do to urge the infallibility of reformatory institutions of this sort. The deep researches of medical science have not yet, despite the study of waning centuries

#### DISCOVERED A PANACEA

For all diseases to which flesh is heir apparent; yet it would not do at this late day to abandon the study of chemistry and medical pathology just because the summit of man's desires was as far off as in the days of Esculapius himself. So with reformatory institutions for men and boys. We know, we and all of us, that our penitentiaries are about a total failure, save for the purpose of holding dangerous criminals in check; and that our convicts, in four cases out of five, emerge from the gates of our state prisons far worse men than when they entered them. Yet it will not do to abandon reformatory legislation just because none of our systems has as yet attained perfection. General Garfield, who was not only a good man but a very shrewd one, is reported to have said that he "never knew a man to be drowned who was worth saving;" and it is with that thought uppermost in view that the projectors of reform schools must begin their work, calculating to continue it in the same liberal Christian spirit. And every boy must be deemed worth saving until repeated trials have given indubitable proof to the contrary.

#### IN CALIFORNIA

The state reform school was a total failure and as such had to be abandoned. Its history may be briefly summed up in a few words. In 1861, George C. Gorham, then engrossing clerk of the senate, drew up a bill providing for the establishment of a state reform school at Marysville, the most unfit location that could have been devised for it, being in the hottest and most malarious section of the whole state. The bill created a board of seven trustees, four of whom should reside in the county of Yuba, and one each from the counties of Sutter, Butte and Sacramento. It also created a superintendent at a salary of $200 per month and his board, and that superintendent, it is needless to say, was no other person than the bland and childlike Gorham. The institution cost the state from $65,000 to $80,000 per year and never had one hundred scholars at a time, in any one year. The legislature of 1865, being democratic in the senate and republican in the house, was bent upon reform measures to carry the state at the next presidential election. As each party wished to gain a reputation for economy, and as Mr. Gorham was the only person benefited by the school, it was abolished. It never was popular and

#### ITS CHIEF OBJECTION

Was that the law creating the school required the trial—before a municipal court, if in a city, and a justice's court if outside the cities—of any boy sought to be committed to the reform school. This of course entailed a public trial of the juvenile offender and his public sentence to the aforesaid reformatory. Men began to look at the procedure as a harsh one, and as for the boys they put the bar sinister upon every boy who returned home from the reform school, just as their elders did upon men who had graduated from the portals of San Quentin. All gates of honest employment were slammed in their faces and the broad avenues of crime were barred by no turn-stiles. Is it any wonder, then, that a dying convict in the territorial penitentiary at Steilacoom said to the writer, "I was sent to the reform school at seventeen, but there were no trades to be learned there. I came out as ignorant as I went in. The only work that I could get was on a cattle ranch, to ride around after stock, and I soon became a horsethief. Had I been taught a trade while at the reform school, this could not have been. I came out of there intending to be honest, but could find no one willing to hire me."

#### MORE CHRISTIANITY

Is the great desideratum at present, and I fear that the want of this obsolete virtue will materially interfere with the success of a reform school in Oregon. Boys graduating from it with a firm desire to abandon a useless life, will find the avenues of honest labor closed against them, here as there, if I can judge by a little circumstance told me by a prominent barrister the other day. A woman who has been for years the keeper of a house of ill-fame in this city, paid a visit to her relatives in Ireland and, very unadvisedly, I think, brought out a niece with her. Arriving here the girl secured a good situation as nurse in a private family and, by her modesty and industry, soon ingratiated herself into the good wishes of the family. But a few days later the lady had a caller—a Pecksniff in petticoats. The caller said:

"Why, my dear, I see you have got that girl for your children's nurse. Did you know that she is —— ——'s neice and came up with her from California and slept in the same room with her?"

The lady called the girl in and asked her if such was the case. All honor to the poor girl, she told the plain truth and, two hours later, the portals of that beautiful Portland home were closed on her forever.

"Alas for the rarity,
Of Christian charity!
Friend she had none."

#### NO PINAFORE CHRISTIANITY

For me, if you please. Should the doors of churches be shut in the faces of six virtuous sisters because a seventh one fell by the wayside? If a woman be a good and respectable member of society, it is her acquaintance I wish my wife to make and not that of "her sisters, and her cousins and her aunts." I know of four poor girls living in San Francisco who work with hollow eyes and weary hands into the midnight hours rather than yield to temptation. In New York, six or seven years ago, clad in silk and glistening with diamonds, might have been seen a sister of these girls, revelling in the spoils of her own soul. She does not wear silks and diamonds now. At midnight a frail figure with a hacking cough, stands in the street, looks up at the bleak wintry sky and wonders if the same God still lives who once said "Vengeance is mine—I will repay." Some day not far distant, the dingy old corporation van will deposit at the gates of "Potter's Field" a nameless body, a broken manacle that a weary spirit has cast aside. The girls of whom I spoke owe their recognition by San Francisco society to the fact that their fallen sister fled the state when the consequences of her shame became apparent. Had she stayed there, the four honest, suffering creatures whose name she once bore, would have had the doors of Van Ness Avenue and Rincon Hill closed on them, like the poor girl in Portland. It is

#### "THE WAY OF THE WORLD."

I suppose, and I am powerless to remedy an evil of which I am not the originator. But I do wish some man of greater power than myself, both mentally and financially, would throw himself into the breach and help to make a fight for oppressed innocence. My dear, good boy, Lyman Goodman, wrote that grand and lovely verse:

"No wonder the heart should fail
And a heavenly purpose fade;
No wonder the cheek grows pale
Where none stand ready to aid.

No wonder the kennels and lairs of hell
So many poor victims should hold,
When the good are content to worship their God,
And the righteous to worship their gold."

As I repeat them I can hardly realize that the rains of twenty years have sobbed over the dear child's grave; and I can see his intelligent face, radiant with a type of manly beauty worthy of the noblest days of Athenian liberty as I write. It was true then, it is true now. We have too much worship and too little religion. The lowly Nazarene is better known by what he has said than by what his followers have done; and to judge by what I see in the daily lives of those who attend our fashionable churches, I should say that the sermon on the Mount has undergone a material revision. What I ask for is

#### CHARITY OF OPINION,

A nobler and loftier charity than that which contents itself with the mere giving of alms. A man broken in spirit may come to me for aid and I may give him ten dollars, but how much better off is he when that trifle is gone? Suppose on the other hand, that I give that same man nothing, but take him to some shop where he can earn those ten dollars and ten more like them, which is the more benevolent act of the two? That is what is needed, charity which giveth employment rather than alms. No right minded man or woman regards this every day world as a reservation potlach. We must aim to live by work, and not by alms and donations. With the mandate of the Almighty overhanging us—by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread—a man must either work or starve; and the idea of anything starving to death, even the meanest of dumb beasts perishing from cold or hunger, is enough to bring a shudder to the nerves of any man who loves his race. Hence the avenues to work should not be closed against any man who has the will to labor, and in order that a better condition of our working classes may be obtained, a thoroughly binding apprenticeship law should be passed by the next legislature, defining the status of an apprentice and compelling the boys to work at any trade to which

#### THEIR PARENTS MAY BIND THEM,

Under such penalty as is usually provided for the commission of misdemeanors. At present there is no real check upon apprentices, and mechanics are quite at a loss how to enforce that strict obedience in youth which is the key to success in after life. Four years should be a long enough term for which an apprentice should be required to serve, and seventeen years is as young as any boy should be put at a trade unless he is of unusual physical development. With a stringent law, requiring prompt and punctual attendance at work, yet not so stringent as to admit of one man making the bargain for both (as is the case in England, France and Germany), enforced obedience may yet result in Oregon's sending forth an army of skilled mechanics of whom the state might be justly proud. All present indications portend that Oregon will be a great manufacturing state. Her splendid water-powers scattered far and wide along four hundred miles of navigable rivers and their tributaries, the vast forest of timber and mines of iron all point her out as the future manufacturing state of the Pacific quintette. And it as well to be in time with movements of this character which are destined to have a marked effect upon the future industries of Oregon and lay the foundation of her prosperity in the long years to come. Whether the

#### PROPOSED INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

Will be a success or not, depends much upon the basis of its organization. If boys are to do no more work than to raise vegetables in the superintendent's garden, as was the case in California, we have not much hope for it. If they can be taught useful trades, so as to enable them to earn their own living in the world, the Oregon reformatory may reverse the history of the kindred institution in our sister state; and we sincerely hope such may be the case. A good many new branches of industry, such as are not now in existence here, might be introduced and the factory thereby rendered a financial success. There is yet no factory of morocco or patent leather on the Pacific coast, and we know of no better place to introduce one. In this way the boys could be taught useful trades. As to the admission of wayward girls to the institution, there could be no better way of reforming them if there could only be work devised for them, but unless work is provided for them there could not be much hope for their reformation. There is no adage as true as that which declares that "an idle brain is the devil's workshop."

#### AN OLD SALT'S OPINION.

It was rather late, the other night, when I called at the Clarendon to see if Hon. Ben Hayden was in town. He was not there, but I happened to run across Capt. Charley Thorne, former commander on the Sitka route and to him I proposed the conundrum:

"What shall we do with our boys?"

The old man hesitated a moment and then said: "What shall we do with the buoys! Why, wait till Gregory comes in with the Shubrick, and he will have their bottoms painted red and moor them in the new channel that's a cuttin' through the sands. Flavel told me that a ship drawin' twenty-one feet went out through it like a cork out of a bottle, day before yesterday."

Before I could explain that I meant the boys of Portland, and not the buoys on the bar, along came a man and invited the old skipper to partake of a strong lemonade. Since then I have not seen him, and am undecided as to what ought to be done with our precocious juveniles. Can anybody relieve me in my dilemma?

GRIZZLY.

# NOVEL YACHT RACE.

Suppose that instead of sailing the next regatta at Portland, the prizes are given for a regatta from the Upper Cascades to The Dalles, where they have good breezes every day in June or July. Let the yacht be carried up a week ahead, and start for a stake-boat moored, say a mile above the locks, at 8 A. M., with a chartered boat for spectators to follow them to a stake-boat off Crate's Point, which shall end the race, as the wind always dies out there. Then let the steamer tow the yachts up to The Dalles and have a grand regatta ball that night. That would be a 45-mile race, worth going to see, and, with a pool box on board the steamer, there would be a splendid chance for speculation. It would be the signal for more frequent reunions between the people of the two most important cities in the State, and would afford some adequate test of a yacht's sailing powers. The greatest objection to it is the heavy sea that runs on that piece of river during high water, when the lordly Columbia is swollen by the melting snows. Either that, or a trip by rail to Tacoma with a 56-mile sail to Seattle and back. Which would be the best? The Portland yachtmen would like to have a trial at blue water if they could only get their yachts carried over there and back on reasonable terms. There has been no good yacht race on Puget Sound for a good many years, and such a race would bring as many visitors from Victoria as from Portland. It would be an event of such magnitude that the Tacoma folks could afford to give handsome prizes to have the race begin and finish there. Once get the thing started and there would be fleets of yachts built at Astoria and at every sailing port on Puget Sound. There are $5000 advertised for horse racing six months ahead and not a dollar for boat sailing. Who will start a boom in aquatics.

# PLOVER SHOOTING.

## Something about a hunter's life Along the Bay Shore.

### THE GREEN-CRESTED LAPWING.

### Wagon Shooting, a good style of Amusement for Lazy Men--The Phalarope and the "Butter Bird" of Louisiana.

In former articles we have referred to shooting curlew, snipe and ducks in Oregon and now we propose to say a few words upon birds of the plover tribe, the largest of which is the black-breasted gray plover, called the "beetle plover" in Maryland and Virginia and the "bull plover" in New York and Connecticut. It differs from the curlew tribe in having a shorter bill and legs, the feet of which are semi-palmated or webbed half-way down to the toes. It weighs about three quarters of a pound in good flesh and is nearly equal to a teal duck in flavor. It goes in flocks of all sizes, from six to one hundred, and while making its migratory trips to follow the seasons it frequently shares the company of the marlin, or straight-billed curlew, described at length in our last issue. It is not a very wary bird and can readily be called down to a well-set flock of decoys. A few of these birds can be found in September and October on the marsh lands along the Columbia and the salt swamps of Coos Bay. But they are found in greater numbers about Klamath Lake in Lake county. As their food is wholly grass seeds and grasshoppers their flesh has no fishy taste. The shores of San Francisco bay, from San Mateo creek to Alviso at the head of the bay, teem with these savory and toothsome birds.

#### THE GOLDEN PLOVER,

The finest of all this tribe, is a native of the Pacific coast as well as the Atlantic, but is seldom found in very large flocks. It has a pale gray breast and pinions, with the back and head of a mottled brown, sprinkled plentifully with golden spots. European *bon vivants* who have eaten this bird, pronounce its flesh superior to that of either wood-cock or jack-snipe, but from my own experience I am incompetent to express an opinion, as I have never eaten them except on hunting expeditions when I have been so outrageously hungry as to be unable to tell whether any one bird tasted better than another. This golden plover is found on the Swinomish Flats, in Whatcom county, W. T., during the early fall; on the fresh water marshes about Klamath and Harney lakes in June; and occasionally at Coos bay in October. During the winter months a few are seen on the marshes between Sacramento and Benicia, but they are found in great numbers along the Gulf of California, from Manzanillo to Guaymas. The great place for shooting these birds in my boyhood days, was on a miniature prairie called Hempstead Plains, on Long Island. The method of shooting them was most novel, neither dogs nor decoys being employed. The shooters used to go out in pairs, in company with a man who kept a livery stable there and had prepared for the sport by having

#### A PLOVER BUGGY,

Built expressly for this work, having a driver's seat placed athwartships as in other buggies, and the shooters' seat placed fore and aft like a letter T in the vehicle, so that the shooters sat back to back as they rode. The man who sat facing to the right shot at all birds which flew to that side, and the left hand man *vice versa*. In this way old Dave Snedeker would drive them up to the flocks, or within thirty yards of them, and they would get good shots. But woe to the unlucky wight who went after them with "Shanks' mare." Well do I remember loading a gun and roaming all over the plains, one day in 1850, till I was ready to drop down with fatigue, without as much as bursting a cap at them. Old Dave Snedeker laughed heartily at me and next day took me out in his T wagon. Before 11 o'clock that day I went back home with a dozen, while Snedeker had killed half as many again. But the growth and expansion of Brooklyn has destroyed my old shooting grounds; and Hempstead Plains now contains three towns, one of which (Garden City, built by A. T. Stewart,) contains over three thousand people.

#### THE WILLET,

As he is called by the 'longshore men, all the way from the mouth of the Kennebec to the capes of Virginia, is laid down in the ornithological books as *phalaropus fulicarius*. He is about the size of the black-breasted gray plover, first described in this article, and is the wildest of all the wading birds. Along the Atlantic shores he may be seen, following the receding wave and picking up the tiny animal life that is invisible to the eye of man. At the first sound of approaching footsteps he springs into the air with a piercing scream and his powerful pinions soon place him beyond the reach of the leaden missiles that are flying towards him on the wings of the sulphurous smoke. Over thirty years ago I was returning on a sailing vessel from Turk's Island to New York in November, and by our dead-reckoning we should be near home. The fog was very dense, and while walking the deck at night I could hear the scream of the phalarope, his *pil-will-will-willick*, as he careered proudly over our tapering spars. Morning dawned and there was the lighthouse at Absecom, broad abeam of us. As a bird for the table the willet is not the equal of the gray or golden plover. On the Pacific coast, the willet is scarce till you get up above the Alaska boundary, and then he is as abundant as the curlew in Eastern Oregon during harvest time.

#### THE LAPWING

Is a species of fresh-water plover and is but little known near the sea. In California it is wholly unknown, and in Oregon it is very scarce. Along the tributaries of the Mississippi and Ohio it is very plenty. It has a dark green plumage on the back, and the mottled gray or "dominick" color of all the plover tribe on its breast, together with a rich green crest on the back of its head. This bird is so tame that there is no great *eclat* in hunting it, and if by any chance you shoot one on the wing and do not kill it, its cries will attract the rest of the flock so that they will hover about the shooter till he slays them all. Another species of plover that I have seen in Tennessee and Kentucky is the red-leg or turnspit, a very small bird noted for its piercing cry. Only two specimens of this variety have come within range of me on this coast, one at Catalina Island in the Santa Barbara channel in 1853, and the other at Neah Bay in 1873. The name of plover is derived from *pluvius*, the Latin name for rain, the advent of the plover denoting the approach of rain. Scotland is more noted for plover than any other portion of Europe, there being eleven distinct varieties there against eight in America. It is in his song of "Flow gently, sweet Afton," that Burns speaks of the

"Green-crested lapwing, with voice loud and shrill."

#### THE PAPILLOTTE, OR "BUTTER-BIRD,"

Is the smallest and most gregarious of the plover tribe, and is found only in the gulf states. It has pretty brown plumage on the back and wings, with mottled gray breast and is a great delicacy among the gourmands of Mobile and New Orleans. In the low swampy lands between the latter city and Belize it is hunted in small canoes called *pirogues* (pronounced pero) and the hunter kneels down in the bow of the craft while the boatman paddles her slowly along and thrashes the reeds with his paddle at every stroke. The birds rise with a cry which sounds like *tee-he-queet* and a murderous fire soon decimates their ranks. The services of a retriever are necessary to recover the birds as they fall in the reeds. The little sloughs along which the papillottes are found intersect each other in every conceivable direction and are so veiled by high reeds that one hardly knows of the approach of a boat from a lateral direction. Hence the beauty of this hunting is that just as a flock gets up in front of you, somebody else says "bang" and you get a dose of No. 9 shot, slam in the eyes. The papillottes are served up at the New Orleans restaurants, four on a skewer, and broiled over a coal fire. The hungry man takes hold of each end of the skewer and devours the delicious little morsels, bones and all. The papillotte is not a migratory bird and remains along the gulf during the entire year.

M.

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 22, 1882.

### THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

BY D. B. W.

The old man sits at his cottage door
  In the gleam of the dying day;
His heart is calm as the silent shore,
  When the winds have passed away;
His thoughts are still as the silent breeze
That whispers of peace to the azure seas.

His is the beauty of earth and air,
  The glow of the twilight hours;
He feels that glory everywhere
  Is breathing from woodland flowers,
And his heart grows young, though his years are old,
At the wondrous sight of the sunset gold!

For Memory comes with a gentle hand,
  And beareth on Fancy's wings
His thoughts to her own immortal land,
  Where the Past forever sings
Of joys that brightened the fair days fled,
Ere friendship faded with friends long dead.

And the Past, though sad, for the love that is gone,
  Is sweet to the old man's mind;
Like the birds that sang in those years, have flown
  The hopes he hath left behind;
Yet Memory brings from each bygone day
Some gifts of peace for his lonely way!

And the children love that old man dear
  As he sits in the twilight there,
Lisping a music they cannot hear,
  From the sea and the voiceful air;
And gather around, like gladsome flowers,
As he tells them tales of the vanished hours.

And so the Present is made more bright
  By the lessons the Past hath taught;
As the east reflects the wondrous light
  Of the west, by sunset brought;
And though his vision is growing dim,
God maketh his pathway bright to him.

His age is peace; yet he loves to think
  That a deeper than earth can know
Shall be his, when his tranquil soul shall drink
  Of a balmier twilight glow,
In that happier Home, where his thoughts at last
Shall yearn no more for the distant Past!

## PEEL-TOWER CASTLE.

### A Description of the Oldest Tower in the Isle of Man.

### A RELIC OF FEUDALISM.

The Picturesque Scenery Surrounding the Town of Peel—Ruins of the Prison of Warwick—A Bishop's Epitaph—Legend of the Mauthe Doog.

PEEL, Isle of Man, Sept. 30.—I broke off my description of the Isle of Man with my departure for Peel, whither the trains run from Douglas at short intervals between 9 A. M. and 6 P. M. Strictly speaking their speed cannot be called alarmingly great, nearly three-quarters of an hour being spent over the 10¾ miles that lie between Douglas and Peel; but the journey itself, from beginning to end, is very picturesque. The interest begins even with the meek little wooden railway depot at Douglas, lying in a deep hollow into which it seems to have been shouldered by the big, bullying stone houses all around. The cars are of English style, and considerably larger than the queer little toy-boxes used at the first opening of the railroad, which were so diminutive that one almost expected to see the train labeled with "The complete set, 10s 6d." But even as it is the Manx train of the period looks sufficiently unique. The first-class accommodation consists of a well-cushioned stool in the centre, surrounded by a circular and equally well-cushioned seat, the whole thing being irresistably suggestive of a snug game at cards. The other cars contradict their brightly gilt announcement of "second" on the door by a staring placard of "third" on the window, and you are left in utter uncertainty as to which they really are till called upon to pay third-class fare at the certainly not exhorbitant rate of 1s. (25 cents) for the entire journey.

At first starting there is but little difference between the island scenery and that of Cheshire or Lancashire. The same deep, narrow, winding lanes; the same high, green, mossy banks; the same huge hedgerows, filled with wild-flowers; the same snug little white farm-houses, overshadowed by giant elms or gnarled, sturdy oaks; the same plodding wagons, groaning and creaking along the deep-rutted roads; the same cattle, lying at ease in the green meadows, or standing knee-deep in some shady pool overarched by clustering trees; the same gray old church towers haunted by cawing rooks which might seem like the souls of Pharisaic persons still preaching after death; the same tiny streams, dancing and prattling on their way to meet their distant father, the sea, and breaking ever and anon into a sparkling ripple of laughter as the sun glances upon them through the embowering leaves overhead. But after we pass Union Mills (the first station from Douglas) the mountains begin to assert themselves in earnest. Up they tower against the clear, bright sky, bare and dark and rugged in all the stern composure of conscious strength, looking down upon the smart red-brick buildings and puffing factory chimneys of the little human ant-heap at their feet with a grand, indulgent contempt, as if to say, "All very fine, my little fellows; but if we were to give one shrug with these big shoulders of ours, and shake down upon you only three or four of the countless tons of rock and gravel that cling to them, where would you all be?" Half-way across the island, in a pretty green valley shut in on every side by huge, barn, treeless hills, we come upon the quiet little village of Crosby, already vastly famous as a resort of tourists from every quarter. And certainly it would not be easy for them to find a better one. Fancy what a treat it would be for some jaded man of business from Liverpool or Manchester to escape for a few weeks from the world and all its cares into such a harbor of refuge! No importunate letters or telegrams to arrive in the middle of dinner, demanding an immediate answer. No blue-enveloped circulars, full of maps and diagrams, setting forth the golden possibilities of the Great Joint-Stock Bubble Consolidation Company, limited, or the Grand Trunk, Cloudland and Nowhere Railway. No wars and rumors of wars to send the rate of exchange unprofitably up or down. No unwelcome tidings of Dick or Harry having got "plucked" at college, after running up a few little bills to the tune of a thousand pounds or so. Fresh air, fresh milk, good food, constant exercise, perfect repose—what more could heart desire? To a man half-way up one of these grand old hills on a clear, bright morning, with the keen mountain breeze stirring his blood into living fire, and making the mere sense of existence an enjoyment, the once revered axiom of "business is business" would doubtless appear flat and unprofitable enough, and he would probably, for the time being at least, incline more to the jovial creed of the sporting monk of Fountain's Abbey:

> "Little I reck of matin-bell,
>   But drown its toll with my clanging horn;
> And the only beads I love to tell
>   Are the beads of dew that hang on the thorn."

And now, with a sudden rush along the bank of the pebbly brook, we come from the hills, and find ourselves in front of the pretty white village of St. John's the point of junction with the northward line to Ramsey. Defaced though it is by a big, ugly, pretentious railway hotel, which seems to have elbowed its way forward to the station like a rude fellow in a crowd, it is a charming retreat, far worthier of the gentle Apostle whose name it bears than the lonely ridge of bare gray rock which is the terror of all Levant ne sailors. Small as it is, St. John's has more than one title to renown, concerning which a brisk, cherry old lady who sits beside me chirps out a whole budget of miscellaneous information: "You see that stone building yonder, with the steps in front and the flag-staff on the top of it? That's where the Manx Parliament—the house of keys, as they call it—meets once a year to proclaim the laws, which hold good after that till the next meeting. That high brown hill yonder, on the other side o' the stream, is the place where they used to roll down the witches in barrels filled with spikes and I should think it must have hurt the poor things very much, mustn't it? This little white house on the right is the Tinwald hotel, named after the old court of the island, which Sir Walter Scott describes in his novel of 'Peveril of the Peak.' There will be quite a holiday here to-day, for they're just finished getting in their corn, and to-day's the harvest home festival. It seems strange, doesn't it, having a 'harvest home' in the end of September? but it's always later here than in England; I shouldn't wonder if you found them still at work in the north of the island. I'm told that there is actually an underground passage under the whole of this part of the country, leading from Peel Castle to Rushin Tower, which is at Castleton, eight miles away! I must confess, however, that I'm rather hard of belief on that subject; but I know there's a dreadful underground prison in Rushin, right below the burial vaults, where you hear the roar of the sea so plain that you'd think it was bursting in upon you every minute. They say the bishops used to put their prisoners there long ago, but I can't believe that any bishop of the Church of England could ever be so cruel."

And now the first breath of the still invisible sea comes freshly upon our faces, and in a few minutes more a sudden turn brings us in sight of Peel, the most interesting spot, if one may venture to make a choice where all parts are so interesting, in the whole island. Here, if anywhere, one can see the "Kingdom of Man" as it actually existed. Douglas, Castleton, Ramsey, have been modernized and "improved" out of all likeness to their former selves, but this out-of-the-way nook, though perhaps lacking the magnificent isolation of the Shetlanders who continued to pray for George III. in the reign of William IV., is still sufficiently unscathed by the "cheap excursion" locusts to represent the good, old times fairly enough. The gray ruins of the gloomy old castle that once covered the whole surface of the little rock-islet at the mouth of the harbor and scarcely needed to call up visions of the past in a spot whose every feature bears the indelible impress of the stormy ages when might was right. The sea itself serves it as a moat, overlapping with the sweep of its magnificent bay on the one side and a long narrow inlet on the other fully half the circuit of the headland upon which the town is built. The bold pyramidal hill overhanging it, with its terraced slopes of green turf rising one above the other, is itself a castle of nature's building. The low, massive sea-wall along the edge of the shore road, half a dozen hard-brown, bearded faces may be seen looking down upon the spray-lashed beach below, has all the aspect of a well-armed intrenchment. The small loophole-like windows, the steep rock-cut steps leading up to doorways as deep and narrow as sentry-boxes, the headlong descents and ascents of the winding streets, all tell the same story. High up on the surrounding hills one may see dotted, like stones over the green, sunny upland pastures, those primitive hovels of straw and saplings, half cow-house and half dog-kennel, in which the Manxman of the fifteenth century used to burrow along with his own sheep or cattle. Amid such surroundings one would hardly be surprised to meet "the Proud Earl" coming clanking down from the castle gate in full armor, with all his spearmen at his back, or to see the townspeople fleeing landward with cries of terror at sight of the coming sails of the Rover of Galloway. The dress and even the very speech of the natives has here an antique cast which is wholly wanting in the modernized towns of the eastern coast, and you find in every street the roughly thatched roofs, corded down with ropes and overspread with drying nets, which gave rise to the old proverb, "As firm as thatch and rope could make." In a word, every object, turn which way you will, recalls the grim old days when the Isle of Man was still an independent kingdom, when Philip of the Golden Crupper was ravaging the west coast of Scotland with his "night-black ships," and when the Scottish buccaneer, McCullen, was retaliating by counter raids so destructive that no Manxman ever thought of sitting down to dinner without saying, by way of grace before meat

> "God keep the good horse and the sheep and the bullock
> From Satan, from sin, and from Cutlar McCulloch."

"It's a snug little place in the summertime," says my landlady, a brisk, handy little Manx woman, inhabiting a house so small that I feel as if I might unawares carry it off on my back like a snail shell every time I go out. "In June and July we have plenty of folks over from England, only they never stay more than a day or two, just to see the old castle, and then go on to Ramsey. But in winter I don't think any one would care to live here who wasn't well used to it. This last winter was pretty nearly the hardest we ever had here; leastways there's an old man of 70 here who told me just the other day he'd never seen anything to come up to it. It wasn't only the cold, though I'm sure that was bad enough; but such storms, my gracious me! There were days when none of our fishermen—and I'm sure they're venturesome enough—dared stir out of the harbor at all, and we could hardly sleep in our beds sometimes for the roaring of the wind and the rattling of the windows. Do you know I've stood here on these steps and been splashed all over with the spray that came right over the sea-wall and across the road, till I was as wet as if I'd been standing under a shower-bath. I really wonder that any man can make up his mind to be a sailor; but I suppose they get so used to it that it don't seem as bad to them as it does to us. I dare say you've heard the story of the sailor and the clergyman. The clergyman says to the sailor: 'My friend,' says he, 'you tell me that your father and grandfather were both drowned at sea, and yet you dare to go to sea.' 'Well, parson,' says the sailor, 'you tell me that your father and grandfather both died in their beds, and yet you dare to go to bed!'"

The old castle of Peel-Tower, or Pile-Tower, which forms the crowning attraction of this romantic spot, lies within a stone's throw of the pier flanking the harbor mouth, on the tiny islet of Sodor, the ancient importance of which is attested by its mention as a separate place in the title of the resident bishop, who is always styled "Bishop of Sodor and Man." Its isolation is but slightly lessened by the causeway built across the strait about 80 years ago, for this latter abuts upon the hill on the other side of the inlet, which must be crossed by a bridge half a mile higher up in order to reach the town. The ordinary mode of getting to the castle is by taking a boat (fare two cents) from the pier head. Four cents more are demanded by the gate-keeper—who seems to have been born and brought up in a little dark hutch on one side of the archway, like a cucumber under a frame—and the visitor is then free to go where he pleases. The huge outer wall along the edge of the precipice, and the guard chambers attached to it, are still almost entire; but of the building itself scarcely anything is left beyond a tall, slender, funnel-shaped tower, with projecting battlements, in the style of the period when the pure Norman architecture of the twelfth century was just beginning to give place to the early English of the thirteenth. Of the four churches that once stood within the fortress, the three smallest are now mere shells, grass-grown windowless, roofless; while the ancient cathedral itself, though the grandeur of its dark-red towers and tall, lancet-shaped windows almost atones for the ruin which has completely gutted its once splendid interior, is fast losing its picturesqueness by a series of those hideous disfigurements which our self satisfied age complacently calls "restorations." Heaps of dust and rubbish lie in every corner; the once silent arches are now vocal not with the "mystic dirge of viewless shades," but with the discordant shouts and oaths of far too palpable workmen, and those who venture to linger among the tombs beneath the central tower will probably be disquieted more than once by the fall of a huge stone close to their feet before they have finished copying the half-humorous, half-pathetic Latin epitaph of the old seventeenth century bishop who lies buried in the midst of the nave:

"In this dwelling, which I have received from my brother worms, in the hope of resurrection unto life, lie I, Samuel, bishop of this island. Stop, reader, behold, and laugh at the palace of a bishop."

Seen by daylight, with the bright blue sea rippling and sparkling around it, children frollicking in the sunshine over the fresh green sward that hides the mouldering remnants of the inner tower, and the cheery voices of sailors and fishermen echoing across the smooth water from the gayly painted boats that flit to and fro, this strange old tomb of so many hideous secrets, the prison of Warwick and the duchess of Gloucester, almost belies its terrible renown. Indeed, the sight of boys playing hide and seek among the arches of the cathedral, and the excursionists eating ham sandwiches on the spot where Earl Philip mustered his warriors for a swoop at the defenseless shore of Galloway, is of itself enough to destroy any thought of the romantic or the supernatural. But at midnight, when the fitful moonlight falls spectrally through the rifts of the moss-grown walls, and when no sound breaks the ghostly silence but the moan of the night wind through the ruins, and the shriek of some passing sea-bird mingling with the dreary welter of the sea upon the rocks far below, the sturdiest skeptic might be pardoned for recalling with a secret shudder the frightful story which quaint old Waldron has told in his curious "Description of the Isle of Man," (published in 1731,) with a straightforward simplicity that makes it doubly horrible:

"The Manx people say that an apparition, called in their language the Mauthe Doog, in the shape of a large black dog, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel castle, and has been seen in every room, but more particularly in the guard chamber, where, as soon as candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire in presence of all the soldiers, who at length, by being accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror that seized them at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, believing it was an evil spirit which only waited permission to do them hurt, and for that reason forbore swearing and all profane discourse while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest while all together, none cared to be left alone with it. It being the custom, therefore for one of the soldiers to lock the castle gates at a certain hour and carry the keys to the captain (to whose apartment a passage led through the church), they agreed that a comrade should accompany him that went, and by this means no man would be exposed singly to danger, for the Mauthe Doog was always seen to come out from that passage at the close of day, and return to it as soon as morning dawned, which made them look on that place as its peculiar residence. One night a fellow, being rendered by strong liquor more daring than ordinary, laughed at his comrades' simplicity, and though it was not his turn to go with the keys, must needs take that office upon him to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavored to dissuade him, but the more they said the more resolute he seemed, and swore he desired nothing more than that the Mauthe Doog would follow him, for he would try if it were dog or devil. Having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys and went alone out of the guard-room. Presently a great noise was heard, but none had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till, the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him. But, loud and noisy as he had been at leaving, he was now become sober and silent enough, for he was never heard to speak more. And though all the time he lived (which was three days) he was entreated by all who came near him either to speak, or, if he could not, to make some sign, by which they might know what had befallen him, yet nothing intelligible could be got from him; only, by the distortion of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common in a natural death."

## THE TRIAL OF HAMLET.

### A PRECEDENT WORTH CONSIDERING.

Judge Cox will do Well to Ponder this Before He Goes into Open Partnership with Guiteau.

New York World.

WITTEMBERG, Dec. 10.—In rummaging about the old library in the university town of Wittemberg, I have had the good luck to light upon a number of curious manuscripts, among the least valuable of which certainly is not the one an abstract or general account of which I hereby send you. It appears that when last year professor Bjornson was sent to collect for the university of Upsala what manuscripts might remain after the great fire, he did not extend his researches to the extensive "Bibliothek," which was really the only part of the university which remained intact. It will be remembered also that when he returned but meagerly equipped with the spoils of the university, he was abused by the resident professors. His anger and its results are passably well known. The faculty had its quarrel with him, and the result of that quarrel is that I have the opportunity to report upon those researches in the university of Wittemberg—which once he loved and which now he hates—and which now will be accepted by the world as almost the greatest of its rehabilitations of real characters in history.

It will be remembered that in Shakespeare's tragedy, "Hamlet," the hero himself is made to die, after accomplishing the death of his step-father, the queen and other characters. From the history as given to me by Professor Bjornson it appears, however, that hardly anything could be further from the truth than the generally accepted history. By means of the cue given me I have been enabled to discover that after Hamlet had committed the murders which would have made his succession to the throne certain he was immediately taken into custody and was afforded a fair and judicial trial.

It is hard to decipher the writings of the courts of the time, especially those which have to do with Denmark, where the Norse characters are a most inextricably commingled with those which scholars ascribe now to the Gothic and now to influences which they are quite well assured are Scand—but from all the manuscripts before me, I am able to make out a substance, which is as follows:

Hamlet really and truly killed his father. After the death of his father Hamlet was not slain by the poison that was within him, but lived afterwards to stand his trial before a court in Elsinore.

And what a trial it was! After he had time to think the subject over and reflect upon what he could do if the matter should be properly brought before a jury, he engaged lawyers, the principal of whom was his brother-in-law Laertius, a lawyer who theretofore had been engaged in the real estate business at Upsala. Public opinion was strongly against Hamlet, for it was felt that murder was a crime. It is difficult to make out exactly who was the judge before whom the case was tried, but from incidental circumstances having a clear bearing on the historical question it is pretty sure that the name of the presiding judge was Yorrick. I gather this from the general conduct of the trial, during the course of which very many and astounding and ludicrous licentious privileges were given to the witnesses.

The general line of defense entered was that Hamlet was insane, with a permission to amend the same as often as it should seem feasible and to the interest of the prisoner to do so. The jury selected was a representative one, consisting of lords, ladies, officers, soldiers, sailors, messengers and other attendants. The prosecuting attorney began and ended in the usual manner, such as has come down to us from the time when men were first accused of crime. The corpus delicti was shown, my Lord Polonius having been present at the killing, or at least being ready to swear that he was there, and the general fact of the homicide was not denied. Everything was therefore as it should have been to secure the execution of Hamlet; and, says the chronicler, he would have been hanged forthwith had not his counsel brought in the strange and unusual plea of insanity. When it was seen what the defense was to be, continued the chronicle, everybody was bewildered, for no one knew whose ox or ass might be killed or stolen by the nearest madman. But, as it appeared further on, these objections had nothing whatever to do with the question of life or property.

When the court was opened and the prosecuting attorney had done his work and been briefly answered, the main business of the defense began. I could, if it were absolutely necessary, republish verbatim much of the testimony that was given, but suffice it to say that the defense first called a sister—a very aged lady—of old Polonius, who testified that when the queen was confined of Hamlet there had been a great storm all through Denmark. On being cross-questioned she admitted that she knew only of a storm in the palace which had been occasioned by Hamlet's father, who had insisted upon being within the chamber at the time of the birth, when he certainly should have been in the next room. No; she had not noticed anything unusual in the way in which the young Hamlet had held the sugar to his mouth. On the re-direct examination, however, it was brought out that the child had sometimes put the sugar in his eye when he ought to have put it to his lips. The nurse was then dismissed, being, however, permitted to sit close to the prisoner, for whom she had an evident affection.

Horatio and Marcellus were then called. They had been with the prisoner upon the platform; had said to the prisoner that they had seen a ghost. They believed it to have been the ghost of Hamlet's father because it looked like the old gentleman. Had informed Hamlet of the occurrence, and induced him to meet them on the watch. Were not superstitious, but believed in a ghost when they saw him. Were standing on the platform with Hamlet when the ghost appeared. Hamlet had seemed to see it, and if they had not caught him he would have followed it into the abyss.

On cross-examination they confessed their inability to distinguish between a ghost and a spook. Confessed that they were very much under the influence of late hours on the watch, and for several nights had been in such a state that they were afraid to be alone. This might have induced them to call Hamlet, but still, as he was the prince, something in connection with the state of his pocket might have had an influence on them. Had not heard the ghost say anything, and were half asleep when they did so. When the prince returned he talked very incoherently about old moles, but they could not testify as to what he had meant by such an expression. Had never heard of moles that could talk, but thought there might be such animals. Horatio had been at school with Hamlet; had never noticed anything peculiar about him except when he—Horatio—was not in the room. Then Hamlet had talked to himself.

Polonius was then called and testified that Hamlet, when asked how he did, made incoherent replies; the prince had said that witness was a fishmonger. Had never dealt in fish. Prisoner had asked him if he had a daughter, when the prisoner knew that he had, for he was engaged to be married to her. Had had long conversations with the prisoner, at the end of which prisoner would say in a most unaccountable manner: "These tedious old fools." Thought that any man who couldn't tell a whale from a cloud was insane.

On cross-examination witness admitted that he didn't know whether he had a daughter or not. Was the confidential adviser of the prince's father, and also of Claudius. Could tell a hawk from a hand-saw, as anybody in his senses could. Had dandled Hamlet on his knee, and always thought there was something peculiar about the boy.

An officer, a lady, a lord, a soldier, and a sailor were then examined. They considered Hamlet thoroughly insane; had never conversed with him, but had heard him converse with himself, which in their opinion amounts to the same thing. Had heard him express a desire that his flesh would melt. Soldier had heard him say something about the Almighty fixing his cannon, and lady had heard him remark that the uses of the world were stale; in general they had no doubt of his insanity. Had never heard him say anything about his father's ghost. On cross-examination the sailor said that he had heard him say something about his father's ghost being "all in his eye" or in "this mind's eye," or something of the sort.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were then called by the defense, the purpose being to show that there was a real and substantial difficulty in the affairs of the state of Denmark immediately prior to the removal of Claudius which would have caused any sane man to become insane, or any sensible insane man to attempt to remove the difficulty. They acknowledged that they had heard something about intrigues with the successor of Fortinbras, and had thought that they might have been benefited had the schemes they had heard of come to a head, but as for themselves, they had never dreamed of such a thing as murder. They were allowed to leave the stand, neither party caring to have anything more to do with them.

Osric then took the stand and asserted that Hamlet had always been odious to him. There was a horribly disgusting flavor of earnestness about the man which, if he (Osric) had ever given it much attention, would have immediately brought on a fit of the vapors. On being asked if he knew what a crank was he replied that he certainly did not know and had no wish to know. A gentleman was then called who said that it was preposterous to suppose that he could know anything at all about the case or the other witnesses, or, indeed, anything about the matter. The keen indifference with which the gentleman treated the lawyers, the judge, the audience and the jury, was greatly enjoyed.

As I have already said, the *corpus delicta* having been proved and admitted, except as far as the corpus might interfere with the animus, the twist of the case on which both sides were trying to twine themselves up to the greatest hight was the question of responsibility, and as only ordinary people had hitherto been brought forward as witnesses and the result had been nothing, it was then the plan of both sides to bring in men who, knowing nothing whatever about the particular case in hand, were supposed to know all about it in a general way. So both the prosecution and the defense produced on the stand doctors, of whom it is asked that when they disagree who shall decide, and in regard to whom it is now known that as they always disagree everybody must decide for himself. Then there arose a confusion which, I must confess, old jurist that I am, I never thought could have been aroused in prince Hamlet's time, although professor Edward Freeman may think differently, for, as is known, the Norman conquest was just preparing to present itself upon the stage.

Dr. Spitzkin was called for the defense. He testified that he was a great man at the Sorbonne—not so great as those pre-vivisectionists who are spoken of in "Tristam Shandy," or perhaps as Dr. Brown-Monstier, but still a great man. He had studied insanity in cats and dogs, and was persuaded that any man who had a head like that of Hamlet could not, even if he had the most intense desire to do so, avoid being insane. He had examined Hamlet's skull and seen that the helmet which he could wear could never have fitted his father. Considered everybody probably insane whom that helmet would not fit. Had visited the prisoner in his cell at the capital and heard him remark that "to be or not to be was the question." Had construed this observation in his own way, and had his opinions about it. He had asked the prisoner if he could see the opposite wall, and was satisfied from his replies that he could not. Also, he had had the prisoner protrude his tongue, and when the tongue was out he had observed that it went a little to the left, and therefore had concluded that the prisoner, like the tongue, was out of his head. When asked if he believed in ghosts he said he had no desire to enter upon that question; being still further pressed he said it was nobody business whether he believed in ghosts or not; so far as killing cats was concerned he was always on hand—but as to ghosts, he eschewed them.

Hamlet was then permitted to testify for himself. He had had an express command from his father to remove Claudius, although he had concealed this at first on the platform where he called his father's ghost an "old mole." It was nobody's concern whether it was just or right to kill the king or not, the ghost had bidden him to do the deed. He was pressed by the ghost and had to do as it said. For Polonius he had only one word—he was an old fool, and for the rest they were either liars or whelps.

Ophelia was here called upon the stand. At her appearance even the wretched Hamlet hung his head and begged that she should not be questioned over-much. She sang a little song which seems to have had some effect upon the jury.

Then after all this more experts were called up. One expert testified that in his opinion anybody who had ever seen anything out of the ordinary way was a lunatic and had better go out of the ordinary world and live there. On cross-examination the doctor said that he had never seen a ghost, but on re-examination he was compelled to admit that inasmuch as he had never seen a ghost, and therefore had not experimented with this sort of existence, he was not an expert on the subject.

Several witnesses were then produced with the purpose of showing that insanity was hereditary in the Hamlet family, and had shown itself in the form of homicidal mania in the prince's mother. It was proved that she had been accessory to the murder of her first husband, and the conclusion was drawn that the knowledge of this fact preying on the weak mind of the prince had produced in him an uncontrollable impulse, acting under which he had committed the homicide. The prisoner, however, insisted that he was compelled to do the deed by the supernatural pressure and command of his father's ghost.

To make a long story short, Judge Yorick in charging the jury said that if, in their opinion Hamlet was insane at the time of the homicide and irresistibly pressed by the ghost of his father, it would be necessary to acquit the prisoner, since if the pressure was irresistible it was manifest that it could not be resisted. If, on the other hand, they believed that he was sane, he must be held responsible even if he was irresistibly pressed, for in such a case the power of resistance would assume a moral phase, and Hamlet would be culpable because of his simple neglect to fortify his mind, as he might have done. As to insanity being hereditary in the present case, the experts were evidently of different opinions, and the jury must decide what weight was to be attached to their views. In short, the judge charged directly into the air, as it seems then to have been the judicial fashion to do.

In a rude and uncultivated age such as was that in which this great tragedy occurred, it was almost a foregone conclusion that the jury would be fuddled by what they had heard and consequently disagree. Such a conclusion, however, is not justified by the facts, since Hamlet was brought in guilty of murder in the first degree. A new trial was granted, but with the same result, and the unhappy prince paid the penalty of his crimes, being hanged on the very platform where he had first met the ghost. The result was greeted with acclaim, the general opinion being that if one will associate with ghosts he must take the consequences of rashness and folly, and be judged by the company he keeps.

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"What is this talk about Queen Victoria wishing to marry the Princess Beatrice to some distinguished American? My address is Gramercy Square, New York."—S. J. Tilden.

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## THE COCK INN.

### Final Disappearance of a Famous London Hostelrie.

### A TRULY TENNYSONIAN TAVERN.

Demolition of a Famous Retreat, well Known for its Strong Ale, Juicy Steaks and Portly Head Waiter.

Another famous London tavern, the name of which is familiar to all readers of English literature, is about to pass out of existence, or at least to suffer a landchange into something new and undetermined as yet. This is the Cock, in Fleet street, which the poet laureate has immortalized in his "Will Waterproof's Monologue," along with its plump head-waiter, and its sign, which last, it is whispered, if it is brought to the hammer, is altogether likely to take another flight this time across the Atlantic, a commission having long ago been given to secure it for an eastern hostelry. That increase of traffic in Fleet street, before which Temple Bar went down has demanded the setting back of the building, the roof of which has been removed and the upper portion taken off, so that even if the room and its boxes larded with the steam of considerably more than 30,000 dinners be retained, a new front will have to be built and the size of the apartment will be lessened. The Cock, the most primitive of London places of the kind, stands just to the east of Appollo court, which commemorates the Appollo club at the Devil tavern, and anciently

THE COCK AND BOTTLE.

The sign meaning that liquors were on sale on draught (cock-tap) and by the bottle—a sign, by the way which has, by a not unnatural process of evolution, became in many places the Cork and Bottle—the mighty ale within the receptacle being shown as sending the stopper forth as from a volcano, and boiling over the sides of the vessel in amber floods of promise. The gilded bird above the low doorway is ascribed—not upon incontrovertible evidence—to Grinling Gibbons, the famous carver in wood. The narrow passage leading to the ground-floor dining-room and the dining-room itself were all that remained of the ancient inn, and they had a long history. Pepys frequented the Cock, or, to speak more accurately, visited it, as he records under date of April 20, 1668: "Thence by water to the Temple, and there to the Cock Alehouse, and drank and eat a lobster, and sang and mightily merry. So almost night. I carried Mrs. Pierce home, and then (Mrs.) Knipp and I to the Temple again and took boat, it being now night." Three years before that the landlord, the plague, then raging, had

SHUT UP THE TAVERN

And retired into the country, advertising his intentions as follows: "This is to certify that the master of the Cock and Bottle, commonly called the Cock Alehouse, at Temple Bar, hath dismissed his servants and shut up his house for this long vacation, intending, God willing, to return at Michaelmas next, so that all persons whosoever who may have any accounts with said master, or farthings belonging to the said house, are desired to repair thither before the 8th of this instant, and they shall receive satisfaction." The farthings alluded to were "tokens" of the sort that were to go out within the decade. In the middle of the seventeenth century there was a lamentable want of small change, very inadequately met by the coinage by government of silver pence, half pence and farthings. The great monastic establishments issued Abbey pieces of copper, and the merchants imported "Nuremberg counters" and put out their tokens—small accommodation bills in metal payable on sight. In effect Elizabeth was too much opposed to putting her august effigy on anything but the precious metals to favor the scheme for replacing these tokens by a legitimate copper currency, and the monopoly of the copper coinage given by James I, to lord Harrington was abused so abominably that the people preferred the irregular

PENNIES AND FARTHINGS.

Thus it came about that under Charles I, and the commonwealth nearly every trader and tavern-keepers carried his own tokens "for necessary change." Some of the Cock tokens are extant, and show on one side a cock, surmounted by a star, with the inscription: "The Cock Ale Hovse," and on the other "G. H. M," surrounded by the legend, "At Temple Bar, 1655," (star). One of them, worn to the thinness of a wafer and scarcely decipherable, is preserved at the Cock, in a little round ebony box in the custody of the head-waiter. The dining-room of the Cock is a long low room, divided into snug boxes of blackened mahogony, brass-rodded and green-curtained, with a sanded or sawdusted floor, and large open fireplace surrounded by a carved black oak mantelpiece, all being in much the same condition as when the plague was devastating the city round about, and the Great Fire raging only a few hundred yards away. Timbs records, apropos of the carving of the time of James I, over the mantelpiece, that in the first quarter of this century the whole room was similarly carved, and furnished with a huge black-and-gilt clock and settle.

TRUE TO ITS TRADITIONS.

Though some slight innovations have in modern times been permitted in the cuisine Cock long restricted its bill of fare with great jealousy to chops and steaks, sausages and kidneys, cold beef, Welsh rabbit and eggs on buttered toast, primitive cast steel forks of the trident variety being in use. For libations there were the port Tennyson has described, and the famous stout, the only malt liquid drawn within the doors, although later Burton pale ale made its insidious way in. Spirits of noted strength and quality were also at call. Dickens was a habitue of the place, and from his favorite seat by the fire used to take special delight in one of the grinning heads carved on the ceiling. Tennyson, who immortalized the place, used to dine there when he lived high up under the roof of 57 Lincoln's Inn square—frequently, according to Mr. A. H. Wall, who writes a very sloppy article about the tavern in *Time.* (The bard now frequents Verrey's, in Regent street, when he dines in town.) But Mr. Wall is a very poor authority, as he lalso is under the belief that the laureate's plump head-waiter still comes and goes, returning like the comet, whereas "William" was called from the boxes by mellow death many years ago and never was quite reconciled to the fame that had been thrust upon him and which really

MADE HIS FORTUNE

"You see, sir," he said, with his customary affable condescension to a guest, who had started the inevitable subject, "it isn't as if Mr. Tennyson had been, as you may say, a reg'lar customer; he only came in just off and on like; and so, I think, you know, it was rather of a liberty on his part." William's special cause of complaint was the couplet about the "certain pottle-bodied boy, who knuckled at the taw." He ruled, we head, with undisputed and benignant sway, not unmixed with a certain tone of severity towards the chance visitor who demanded strange and contraband refreshment. The diner who deposited the statutory penny was received with a gracious and patronizing "Thankee sir!" Whoso doubled the amount was regarded with suspicion and distrust and a rather stately "Thank you!" was returned to his misplaced act of generosity, but the luckless wight who exceeded the latter amount in the lavishness of his gratuity, was plainly regarded as an imbecile and unworthy of serious notice, whose money was swept off the table without any further remark.

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**John Roach, the American Shipbuilder.**

Perhaps no one of America's industrial men is more frequently talked and written about than John Roach, the American shipbuilder, whose name was the most conspicuous among the speakers of the recent tariff convention in New York city. He is a strenuous advocate of congressional subsidies, in order to secure the restoration of the strength and prestige of the United States commercial marine.

Mr. Roach was born in Ireland, but came to this country when 16 years old. Finding no employment in New York, the poor friendless boy crossed over into New Jersey in search of a man who had worked for his father in the old country. He found him at the Howell Works, sixty miles from Jersey City, and procured work in the same establishment, which was owned by James Allaire. Three years from his beginning life in the United States, he had accumulated $1500, and leaving the balance of his savings in the hands of Mr. Allaire, took a small amount of cash and started for the west with the intention of buying land. Mr. Allaire's failure in business killed this project and left the young man under the necessity of working as a laborer in order to live. He returned to New York, and shortly afterward—he was a married man by this time—set up in business, in which he prospered for a while, but was afterward financially ruined by the explosion of a boiler. Undaunted, he started afresh, and became the owner of the foundry in which were built the largest engines ever constructed in the United States up to that time. After a few years he bought the Morgan iron works, the Neptune, the Franklin forge and the Allaire works. In November, 1871, he also bought the shipyards of Chester, Pa., owned by Messrs. Reaney & Sons. Since that time he has built some fine steamships, but has failed to successfully compete with the builders of the Clyde and elsewhere in Europe, because of the high duty on materials. His plan to overcome this difficulty is for Congress to liberally subsidize ship-owners, and not to revise the tariff in the direction of free trade.

## TWO VIEWS OF THACKERAY.

### How Widely Men Differ as to His Greatness.

London Athenæum.

It is odd to note how opinions differ as to the greatness of Thackeray and the value of his books. Some people regard him as the greatest novelist of his age and country, and as one of the greatest of any country and any age. They hold him to be not less sound as a moralist than excellent as a writer, not less magnificently creative than usefully and delightfully cynical, not less powerful and complete as a painter of manners than infallible as a social philosopher and incomparable as a lecturer on the human heart. They accept Amelia Sedley for a true woman; they believe in Col. Newcome as in something heroically lofty; they regard William Dobbin and "Stunning" Warrington as finished and subtle pieces of portraiture; they think Becky Sharp an improvement upon Madame Marneffe, and Wenham a better work than Rigby; they are in love with Laura Bell, and refuse to see either cruelty or caricature in their author's presentment of Alcide de Mirobolant. Thackeray's fun, Thackeray's wisdom, Thackeray's knowledge of men and women, Thackeray's morality, Thackeray's view of life, "his wit and humor, his pathos and his umbrella," are all articles of their belief. Of Dickens they will not hear; they are inclined to despise Balzac; if they make any comparison between Thackeray and Fielding, or Thackeray and Richardson, or Thackeray and Walter Scott, or Thackeray and Disraeli, it is to the infinite disadvantage of Disraeli, and Scott, and Richardson, and Fielding. All these were well enough in their way and day; but they are not to be classed with Thackeray. It is true, they admit, that Thackeray could neither make stories nor tell them; but he liked stories for all that, and could talk charmingly of "Ivanhoe" and the "Mousquetaires" by the hour together. It is true that he was very much afraid of passion, and was not too capable of understanding a vice, especially if the passion and the vice were gigantic or extraordinary. But, *en revanche*, how severe he was upon snobs, and how vigorously he lashes the smaller vices and the meaner faults! It is true that he was not good at romance, and saw most things—character and nature included—rather prosaically; and rather ill-naturedly, to boot, as one might, see them who had been for many years a failure, and is (naturally) a little resentful of other men's successes; but then how excellent are his pictures of club humanity and club manners, and how thoroughly he understands the feelings of those who go down into the west in broughams! If he writes by preference for people with a thousand a year, is it not everybody's duty—everybody with a particle of self-respect—to have that income? and can any one who has it not be possibly endowed with either wit or sentiment, either humor or understanding? Thackeray, it is argued, writes of gentlemen for gentlemen, therefore he is alone among artists—therefore, he is "the greatest novelist of his age." This is the position of those who are thoroughgoing believers in Thackeray.

The position of those who wear their rue with a difference, and do not think that all literature is comprised in the "Book of Snobs" and "Vanity Fair," is—to those, at all events, who are no longer young and inclined to be cynical and superior—more easily defended. They like and admire their Thackeray in many ways, but they look upon him rather as a writer of genius who was innately and primarily a Philistine than as a great novelist or a great man either. To them there is something artificial in the man and something insincere in the writer; so that it is natural, after all, that his best book should be a literary *tour de force*, rather than an organic and individual work, and that he should never have been seen to such advantage as when, in "Esmond" and in "Barry Lyndon," he was working imitatively and writing up to a standard and upon a model not wholly of his own contriving. They admit his claims to eminence as an adventurer in "the discovery of the ugly;" but they contend that even there he did his work more shrewishly and pettily than he might and ought; and they go so far in this connection as to think that a snob is not only "one who meanly admires mean things," as his own definition declares, but one who meanly detests mean things as well. They consider him narrow and vulgar in his view of humanity, very limited in his outlook upon life, inclined to be envious, inclined to be tedious and pedantic, prone to repetitions, and apt, in bidding for his readers' applause, to appeal to their baser rather than their nobler qualities, and to secure their sympathies by making them feel themselves spitefully superior to their fellow creatures as he loves to portray them. They look on his favorite heroines—on Laura and Ethel and Amelia; and they can but think him stupid who could have believed them either interesting or admirable, either true or attractive. They listen to him as he regrets that it is not possible for him to attempt the portraiture of a man; and, with Barry Lyndon in their mind's eye, and the knowledge that Casanova, brilliant blackguard that he was, had suggested no more than that to him, they wonder if, after all, the impossibility he complained of was not rather fortunate for him than otherwise. They compare his fear of, and contempt for, Becky Sharp with Balzac's attitude toward madame Marneffe; and they suspect that the Englishman was the Frenchman's inferior, not only in genius, but in humanity as well. They grow weary, easily and often, of his dogged and determined pursuit of the merely conventional woman; they cannot always bring themselves to be interested in the cupboard drama, the tea-cup tragedies, and check-book and bandbox comedies, which he regards as the whole stuff of human action and the very web of human life; and from their theory of existence they positively refuse to eliminate, with him, heroic qualities like romance and mystery and passion, which—as they have only to open their newspapers to see—are essential conditions of human existence, and integral elements of the human character. They hold that his books contain some of the finest work in English prose—as, for instance, Rawdon Crawley's discovery of his wife with Lord Steyne, and Henry Esmond's return from the wars, and the chapters in which the Colonel and Frank Castlewood give chase to and run down their kinswoman and the prince; but they hold that, in the man, their influence is a dubious influence, and that few have risen from them one bit the better or one jot the happier for their perusal.

That is, perhaps, their strongest argument. Genius apart, Thackery's morality is that of a highly respectable British cynic; his intelligence is mainly one of trifles; he is wise over little and trumpery things. He delights in reminding us—with an air—of such facts as that everybody is a humbug; that we are all rank snobs; that to misuse one's aspirates is to be ridiculous and incapable of real worth; that Miss Blank has just slipped out to post a letter to Captain Jones; that Mrs. Dash wears false teeth and a wig; that General Tufto is almost as tightly laced as the beautiful Miss Hopper; that there's a bum-bailiff in the kitchen at Number Thirteen; that the dinner we ate t'other day at Timmins' is not paid for; that all is vanity; that there's a skeleton in every house; that passion, extravagance, excess of any sort, is unwise, abominable, and a little absurd, and so forth. Side by side with these assurances are admirable sketches of character of a certain sort, and still more admirable sketches of habit and of manners—Major Ponto and Captain Costigan, Gandish and Talbot Twysden and Major Pendennis, old Sir Pitt and Brand Firmin, the heroic De la Pluche and the engaging Farintosh and the versatile Honeyman, and a whole crowd of amusing portraitures besides; but they are not different—in kind, at least—from the reflections suggested by the story of their several careers and the development of their several individualities. Esmond apart, there is scarcely a man or a woman in Thackeray's works whom it is possible to love unreservedly or to thoroughly respect. That gives the measure of the man and determines the quality of his influence. He was the average clubman plus genius and an incomparable style. And, if there is any truth in the theory that it is the function of art not to degrade, but to ennoble—not to dishearten, but to encourage—not to deal with things ugly and paltry and mean, but with great things and beautiful and lofty—his influence, it is argued, is emphatically one to be disputed.

## WORLD OF SCIENCE.

### t Busy Brains Effect Whil Sluggards Sleep.

### O TOIL FOR THEIR RACE.

dle of Brevities about those who ng over the Old Battles to Make the World a Better one.

t census of France shows a popu 000,000.

age of Amsterdam, N. Y., nearly booms are made every year.

rabbits from gnawing young tre little blood on their trunks. Th

ross, the largest of the sea bird velocity of one hundred miles a

usand dollars have been subscrib oposed car manufactory in Mon

nts in Mississippi are held to pro seed oil, for frying purposes, lard, there being no rancidnes lackening.

state has 1,500,000 cows, $965,000 l in dairy interest, and a yearl 100,000,000.

nal Rubber Company of Bosto double their capacity in the pro gossamer goods.

l hardly class Pennsylvania among states, but successful efforts hav there in raising it.

sylvania Hardware Works, of Re ing an addition that contains fo and will employ 600 men.

the total amount of corn cann 400,000 cases of two dozen ca lue of which is $1,000,000.

al invested in iron industries in t ea during the last ten years has as much as nearly ninety per cent.

o and organ manufactories in th ploy $10,068,518 capital, and tu 000 worth of instruments annuall

ated that the production of sh country during 1881 will be 3,50 and the imports about 500,000 box

ad four gold mills in 1875 and pr year $40,000. In 1881 she had se mills at work, and will approximat production.

anks second in the manufacture of e country, with twenty-three esta representing a capital of $1,673,00 al product of $2,166,960.

nbach, in noticing the stateme C. Spitzga found in the egg of maggot, says he once found in all piece of printed paper.

product of the Schuylkill regi k ending December 24, was 156, ainst 160,224 tons for the week 29,520 tons for the correspondi t year.

ned that many skin diseases a difficulties are produced by eat ich had been too long kept withe al of the entrails. The flesh th isoned and is unhealthy.

t the population of Key West, incl the corporation boundaries is e om 12,000 to 16,000, of whom gaged in the manufacture of toba ther half are dependent on fish -gathering.

itain employs in underground o fewer than 378,151 persons, and he galleries where the mining is is found to be 58,744 miles. pth of the coal mines is 2800 level of the sea.

aking in California is progress large sections of the state be clusively to the manufacture of California raisins are superior the best imported Malaga, but th oom which the latter have.

man by the name of Price, is almost blind, and who is wh and not at all sprightly in ot said to be able to solve almost mathematics that is given him. ures, but makes his calculations

shermen kill their fish as soon them from the water, prevent dying slowly and having their ed. The superiority of the fla killed by Dutchmen, when compa which die slowly in French mark at.

s of a series of very interesting regarding the muscular power F. Plateau has discovered rse cannot exert a stress beyond th of its weight, a cockchafer a load equal to fourteen times d a bee can draw a little wa es heavier than itself.

the observations on meteors ve led to the conclusion that the reaches a height of more than place's limit would allow a poss more than 26,000 miles. The th miniferous ether is only a very osphere, would make the por enge to the earth of the same he 's limit.

owing very interesting fact has d in Berlin: Among Roman ca prohibit marriages between pers ear blood relatives, the propor ses is 1 in 3000; among protesta such marriages as permissible, n is 1 in 2000; while among Je rage intermarriages with blood o deaf mutes are as 1 in 400.

large business has been done past season in the shipment of yo es to Kansas. Trees from twelv inches in height are selected, pa ads or crates, and forwarded by r e is found to take more kindly d climate of Kansas than any o and grows very rapidly, mak rotection against the high winds.

element, called actinium by its exists in considerable quantitie ads of commercial zinc. The p m which it derives its name is a sulphide of it darkens in inutes and turns black when exp light, this does not happen if by a piece of ordinary window g

Lauer, an Austrian engineer, experiments on the Danube, w reat attention. He placed a cyli th dynamite upon the surface d rock and exploded it by an ele However small the quantity al er, the rock was so crushed th y washed away by the tide. of this method will reduce the co submerged rocks 40 per cent.

rgest bell in the world, intended Cathedral in London, was rece cestershire, England. About two of molten metal were used, and will weigh more than seventeen to eight times as much as the Indepe steeple gong. The Midland Rail had declined to transport the pon o London, and it will accordingly b veyed by road.

r in the *Century* thus explains for embalming among the anc a: "An immortal second self, resembling the 'eidolon' of nd the shade of the Romans, wa spring into being with every mo h its growth, and accompany hi h. So close was the relationshi go double ka to man's proper li s of the greatest importance to th a material and imperishable should occupy after death, sh mummy the security of the It was believed that the shad me out of this statue and peramb en in true ghostly fashion, retur will. This stony body for the was naturally made in his exact also bore an inscription stati qualities. But a single statue nd future happiness be thus forti at most unique feature of Egy the multiplication of the port ceased in his tomb."

el Valle, of Santa Barbara, Cal ate friend of Mrs. Blanco. twenty years ago the latter gave $20,000, charging her solem possession a secret until Maria B aby, became 21. Mrs. Blanco banks or wills, and died satisfie hter would receive the treasure e form of diamonds. Miss Bla as married on her twenty-first among the wedding presents w Mrs. Del Valle had kept the secret husband.

and chronic complaints DR. J. H. PILKINGTON ing and Washington

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## COWBOY POETRY.

### THE FESTIVE COWBOY.

owboy o'er the prairie wide,
pon a mustang, staunch and true,
o' cacti wet with morning dew,
earch of roving cattle hied.

ll the cowboys fierce and wild,
e fiercest wildest boy was he,
as he skimmed the dusty lea,
oked like nature's petted child.

across the weary plains
cast his eager, flashing eye,
saw a heifer, lean and spry,
eading toward a field of grain.

his foaming mustang's side,
plunged his spur, and with a moan
mustang bucked, despite the groan—
ha! ho, ho," the cowboy cried.

it bucked—this time with care—
ere the cowboy guessed the cause,
knew where in the world he was,
hed into the startled air.

robabilities are, we ween,
still going up or coming down,
nor in country nor in town,
that cowboy since been seen.

was eighteen months ago;
mustang waits upon the plain
his beloved to drop again,
give him just another snow.
—*Eugene Field in Denver Tribune.*

y to the cowboy when he's "off of Bit-
ground,"
he's wild and woolly—softly, gently speak.
ed-eye, he's a "war-hoss" and ruffled
his hair,
ls just like a wolf" startled from his

head of Bitter creek," and on that
you know,
"worse and worser" the higher up

hippopotamus," without a *mark or*

little fresh meat to mix in with his

menagerie, all combined in one,
a dangerous "varmint," his ivory
—*Texas Live Stock Journal.*

## ITTLE NEAR-SIGHTED."

be the very place for our picnic," sley.

ld," said Maude Venner, "only we n get it."

t we get it?" said Mr. Elsley, turn- moons of his big-lensed specta- with argumentative mildness.

insisted Maude, "it belongs to and Miss Rexford is one of those ladies who think children are all the plagues of Egypt, and I there is money enough in the her to allow our Sunday-school hold their picnic in the Deep Hol-

lly, too," said Mr. Elsley, medi- is such a sylvan spot, with turf like velvet, and such delicious old mulberry tree in full fruit- would delight the little ones! I must see Miss Rexford myself.

of no earthly use," said Maude

ounts, no harm can be wrought the clergyman, gently.

know Miss Rexford," said

myself."

the parish clergyman, a mild, man, very near-sighted, very in his manner, and quite of Davenport. But he was and entirely devoted bible classes and relig- and it rather distressed him the mistress of Deep surroundings of umbrageous sweeps of velvet turf, had

the mild parson to himself, ful of my duty. I will go plead the cause of the Rexford. Peradventure I guerdon of success."

out on his broad-brimmed black kid gloves, and set

gates were padlocked. That to Mr. Elsley's enthusiasm. been annoyed with the children, who broke off flowers, and recklessly flung arrows and chipping birds, special fancy to shelter and consequently bidden the and fastened. But Mr. Els- couraged, scrambled through precipitated himself triumph- Rexford's gravel walk. carefully guarded domains all an Enchanted Land! The calceolaria, and scarlet gerani- of colored fire; the great maple trees swayed soft- here and there the white through the trees.

r. Elsley to himself, "the a person of means—a I wonder if she couldn't be liberally to our mission- must be the direct path to the best of my way to the

portico was deserted—the wido- they admitted air and sun- dwellers beneath the lofty

Mr. Elsley, "they are out in back of the house. I will

spectacles, meaning to write a the mosaic top of the hall they were nowhere to

me," said the clergyman, in must have left them in the coat! Well, I must do the

along in his odd, near-sighted started for the walk at the

there, nor anywhere was and not until he had field of young corn at the did he encounter anything extending a stern arm to warn him away, was a dingy black dress, with an bonnet dangling down over

do, ma'am?" said Mr. Elsley, hat and bowing. "Miss Rex- ? (Dear me, how extremely be!) Very glad to make I am sure. (I'm almost nodding her head to me—and I me to come that way!) certainly—in half a minute,

was making active prepara- the pair of bars which sep- the female figure and the growing corn, when a low growl significance upon his ear, bull, with his tail lashing his head suspiciously near the stalking along the fence. Mr. in dismay, but, to his great lady did not budge a step.

ordinary," said Mr. Elsley. like a German field laborer, of savage bulls. I have always as a peculiar personage. all representations that have Ahem! Miss Rexford! If me to advise you—" beckoning motion.

me back this time," said the receding. "She's mo- go away. How have I been so to offend her? A-hem-m! I to you, Miss Rexford—"

the bull gave a threatening low, and Mr. Elsley, starting two, found himself treading on looking lady, in black silk straw sun hat, and a white parasol

pardon ma'am," said Mr. Elsley. dangerous?"

rous?" said the lady.

said Mr. Elsley.

dangerous," said the lady. you suppose we'd shut him up?"

Rexford! She will be killed," pointing to the figure in the still stood stolidly regarding umbrageous—I will go to her rescue!"

He had already begun to climb the bar with headlong haste, when the lady in the black silk dress stepped forward.

"Man alive," said she, in quick, abrupt accents, "do you take that scarecrow for a woman?"

Mr. Elsley stared, still hanging on the top bar of the fence. "Isn't it Miss Rexford?" said he, breathlessly.

"I'm Miss Rexford," said she, "and that is the scarecrow that the farmer dressed up last night to keep the birds out of the young corn! And the bull is in quite another field, only you don't see the wire fence."

"I beg your pardon," said the parson, covered with confusion. "I—I went up to the house, but there was no one at home, and so I came out here, supposing, of course, that that was Miss Rexford. I'm a little near-sighted, and I've been so unfortunate as to leave my glasses at home, and—"

"A little near-sighted?" said the lady, laughing good humoredly. "I should think so. Pray walk in Mr. Elsley. I've heard a great deal of you, and I'm very glad to meet you!"

As thus pleasantly talking, she ushered the confused clergyman into the house. Could they have the use of Deep Hollow for the Sunday school picnic? Of course, they could, Miss Rexford pleasantly said. She didn't like a swarm of children as a general thing, but if the parson and the teachers were there to superintend, why, that was quite a different matter. And the little ones were welcome to the mulberry tree and its black and glistening treasures—and Miss Rexford's man should put up swings, croquet arches, and benches by the brook. She was very glad to oblige a gentleman of whom she had heard so much that was good and self-denying.

Mr. Elsley went home with great satisfaction, and told Miss Venner that he had succeeded, although he went there minus spectacles, and plus bulls and scarecrows.

Miss Rexford herself came down to the Deep Hollow on the day of the Sunday-school picnic, and was infinitely agreeable.

"She's not young," said Mr. Elsley, afterward, when some of the pretty teachers rallied him on his evident interest in the lady; "but she is very sensible and agreeable—very indeed. And she's going to take a pew in church; and I am delighted to see how much she has thought upon serious subjects—and—"

And the next year, when the Sunday-school picnic met at Deep Hollow, Mr. Elsley himself was the master of the fair domain, and Mrs. Elsley, "fat, fair and forty," stood by his side, smiling and hospitable, to welcome all his guests. It was an autumnal kind of a match, at least so the sixteen-year old girls said, but it was a happy one.

For you see, Mr. Elsley was not young himself except in heart.

## A PRISONER'S RIGHTS.

A writer in the *National Republican* shows that for the scandalous scenes in Judge Cox's court the law is not to blame. He shows by authorities that a prisoner may by violent and bad conduct deprive himself of the right to be present at his trial. The statement may be presented briefly, thus: In a prosecution in the United States circuit court of New York for the crime of perjury (6 Blatchford's U. S. Circuit Court Reports) Judge Benedict said:

The next point in behalf of the defendant is that he was not personally present during a portion of the trial. * * * During the opening he commenced interrupting the district attorney and persisted in denying his statements in a loud voice, although admonished by the court to refrain from interrupting. The action of the prisoner continuing to be such as to make it impossible to proceed in the trial with due decorum, he was ordered to be removed from the court room by the marshal and to be detained in an adjoining room, with liberty of access for his counsel. * * * The right of a prisoner to be present at his trial does not include the right to prevent a trial by unseemly disturbance. The defendant had the opportunity to be present at the whole of his trial. He was in fact present while the jury was being empaneled and the evidence was being introduced. He was absent during a part of the opening only because of his own disorderly conduct. It does not lie in his mouth to complain of the order which was made necessary by his own misconduct, and which he could at any time have terminated by signifying his willingness to avoid creating disturbance.

Wharton, the best authority on criminal law, commenting on the foregoing case, says:

That a waiver may be so implied it was held in a trial for perjury in the United States circuit court for New York, where the defendant's conduct during a portion of the trial was so violent that it was necessary to remove him from the court-room, and place him in sequestration. And, unless such a check is applied, the defendant, by violent and turbulent conduct, could at any time either bring his trial to an end or compel its extension under circumstances destructive of public decorum. On the same reasoning rests a case already noticed, in which it was held, in Ohio, that a defendant, in a case of counterfeiting, in which he was under bail, could not stop a trial by running away from the court. (Wharton's Criminal Pleading and Practice, Sec. 543.)

The foregoing authorities established the proposition that a man can not be compelled to enjoy a right that he despises, and that he cannot claim to have been deprived of a right of which he refuses to avail himself. It is not reasonable that, by boisterous conduct or a refusal to observe common decency, an accused person can compel a court of justice to endure his insults and interruptions because to protect him from tyranny the constitution gives him the right to a public trial, the assistance of counsel in his defense, and to be confronted with his witnesses. The supreme court of the United States has decided that a man can deprive himself of one of these rights without vitiating his trial. Following is an extract from an opinion of Chief Justice Waite unanimously concurred in by the court:

The constitution gives the accused the right of a trial at which he should be confronted with the witnesses against him, but if the witness is absent by his own wrongful procurement he cannot complain if competent evidence is permitted to supply the place of that which he has kept away. *The constitution does not guarantee an accused person against the legitimate consequences of his own wrongful acts.* It grants him the *privilege* of being confronted with the witnesses against him; but if he voluntarily keeps the witnesses away he cannot insist on his privilege. If, therefore, when absent by his procurement, their evidence is supplied in some lawful way, he is in no condition to assert that his constitutional rights have been violated. (8 Otto's U. S. supreme court reports, p. 158.

## CROMWELL'S HEAD.

### The Protector's Head as it is Preserved To-Day.

Dublin Times.

It is not generally known that the embalmed head of Oliver Cromwell is extant. Some few years since, at any rate, it was said to be in the possession of Mr. Horace Wilkinson of Sevenoaks, Kent. It was then in good preservation, and its phrenological aspect presented several striking peculiarities. Thus the length, from the forehead to the back of the head, is quite extraordinary—far greater than in ordinary men. The forehead, or frontal portion, is low but very broad; the orbits of the eyes are very large, the cheek bones and the bridge of the nose are high, and the lower jawbone, which is ordinarily curved, is short, straight, and forming a right angle with its point of insertion. The head is one indicating a brain (which is but the instrument of the mind) of great activity and great capacity, corresponding with the remark of Cromwell's secretary who said that "it was at once a shop and a storehouse." From its being embalmed, such flesh as remains on it is of the consistency of hard brown leather. The eye-brows met in the middle, and between them was a small wart now worn away—one of those which Cromwell, when sitting for his portrait, ordered the painter on no account to omit representing, as his duty was not to flatter in any way, but paint what he saw exactly. In life his complexion was fresh, and of the hue known as "salmon colored." The hair, which was of a fairish or a redish tinge, has mostly been cut off, and the beard is now stained brown by the embalming fluid and drawn under the chin, where, when the head was exposed on the top of Westminster hall, it was tied close to the spear-head which had been run through and mounted on it. Several teeth remain and the eyelids, but the brain was removed during the embalming process.

Enameled women should make it a rule never to go where there is the electric light.

## M'CULLOUGH'S BRUTUS.

### A Searching and Analytical Criticism of a Classical Portrait.

### JOHN HOWARD PAYNE'S PLAY.

### Splendid Mounting of a Roman Drama—The Pupil of Forest in one of His Departed Master's Noblest Efforts.

N. Y. Tribune, Dec. 28.

Last night, in the Fifth Avenue theatre, Mr. McCullough appeared as Brutus, in John Howard Payne's well-known tragedy of "The Fall of Tarquin." The part which, in its possibilities for acting, is certainly greater than the piece comprises some of the attributes that constitute the character of Virginius, and thus it kindles in this actor the same robust manliness, splendid dignity, and heroic exhaltation that make him the perfect ideal of the Roman father. Both men are depicted as fine, tender, simple, magnanimous and just; both are patriotic; both sacrifice all for the public welfare; each destroys his only child; each perishes of a broken heart, under a weight of misery so terrible that human nature cannot bear it; and in each case there is the element of insanity, that of Virginius being real and that of Brutus assumed. But, while certain of the attributes of character are coincident and certain lines of the experience are parallel, the identities of these two Roman heroes remain distinct, and Mr. McCullough shows the fine intuition and the conscientious thoroughness of his artistic study, in giving to each a distinctive individuality. Brutus is not made by him as

DELICATE IN FIBRE

Or as sweet in temperament as Virginius, for the life of Brutus has had no sunshine in it, but only wrong and violence and discord. Repressed passion has wrenched it; suffering has despoiled and blighted it; long brooding over the purpose of revenge has embittered and hardened it; long simulation of madness has given to it a sardonic light. All this the actor makes perfectly clear. His Virginius, on the very threshold of the story, has already won by the fascination of love. His Brutus, beginning at once in a bitter and afflicting affectation of gleeful delirium, wins by the fascination of terror. It is not till the thunder-cloud has burst, and the lightning launched its bolt, that the spell of human tenderness begins to make itself felt—through the workings of the father's heart, and in that awful climax of heroic misery which is at once his victory and his death. Mr. McCullough has never exhibited a more unerring intellectual purpose than in thus individualizing Brutus, so as to make terror paramount above pathos, and to crown a life of remediless suffering and consecrated struggle with a death of awful sublimity. His Virginius lives in the affections; his Brutus in the imagination. The one burns with a steadier light, and is more massive and more lovable; the other shines with the portentous glare of the midnight beacon, and is the more rugged, wild and brilliant. Together they show the tragedian in the variety, as well as the amplitude of

HIS EXTRAORDINARY POWERS.

If the crime upon which the story of Payne's "Brutus" is made to start were not of such a sinister and odious character—so foul and hateful, and altogether shocking—this tragedy would, no doubt, be held in higher esteem. But, in this respect, its suggestions are very horrible. The piece suffers, likewise, from a defective constitution. Payne's "Brutus," as theatrical students are aware, is, to some extent, a cento of different works, and for this reason it produces a series of episodes of Roman history, rather than a single dramatic narrative. The story of Brutus, the story of Lucretia, the story of Tarquinia and Titus, and the story of Tullia are all knotted together in it, and the latter half of its action is almost disjoined from the former half. The consequence is that, in the reading of the piece, attention is somewhat distracted from a central figure, and that Brutus seems to be several persons rather than one. To neutralize this diffusion of interest the actor must, in a representation, so dominate the part as to weld all its elements and phases together, and make it a unity. In the performance last night Mr. McCullough gave

UNUSUAL DIRECTION

Of his efforts to this end, so that there was no longer any variance of nature between the Brutus who arrests Tullia and the Brutus who has cursed the Tarquin. To show the steady radiance of reason behind the glare of lunacy, to reveal in fitful glimpses the majesty of iron virtue beneath the vacant aspect of jocular imbecility, to be always one splendid and terrible personification of ideal heroism, while seeming to be a broken and heedless wretch, was to offer a great and thrilling embodiment, and this Mr. McCullough presented. The execution, also, was invariably that of a thoughtful artist, fulfilling a definite purpose. Nobody could go through the tempest-scene of this piece without violence; it was devised, most evidently, for a tremendous outburst, but Mr. McCullough, even here, subdued the tumult of the situation, and greatly augmented its power, by intense, concentrated emotion, and a low, restrained, but incisive and most righteously vindictive utterance, withering, ominous and dreadful, and set off by action that fully conveyed the delirious ecstasy of triumphant vengeance. The brilliant climax of the play is here; but it is in the judgment scene that Mr. McCullough reaches to the grandest attitude of his embodiment.

THE SITUATION,

A broken-hearted father condemning his beloved son to death for the good of the commonwealth, would of itself do much to allure the pity of mankind. But only a manly and tender nature could undeviatingly sustain the burden of this scene and keep the illusion unbroken. Mr. McCullough bore this test so entirely well that no listener could have remembered that this was only a stage spectacle and "the painting of a sorrow." Volumes of reasoning could not be so eloquent as this single work to avouch the dignity of dramatic art and the social beneficence of a well-ordered stage. The beautiful delicacy of Mr. McCullough's acting in the first scene that Brutus has with his son Titus, cast upon his audience the glamor of most impressive solemnity. The sudden access of tenderness at once restrained by prudence, and then the resumption of levity, made up an image of such pitiable and forlorn misery as no heart could resist. There was a hush of suspense throughout this scene, and at its close a tumult of enthusiasm. When the storm scene ended the tragedian was three times called before the curtain. During the judgment scene the strained excitement of the audience was that of painful grief. Not a touch of the actor's consummate art was lost; not a tone of his deep and tender voice—most melodiously and touchingly sad—but found

ITS WAY TO EVERY HEART.

Never before have we seen him so thoroughly pervade this embodiment with mournful gentleness. A certain physical lassitude, resultant from illness and fatigue so far from marring, only increased the effect of simple nature. The most notable of the subsidiary performances was that of *Collatinus*, by John A. Lane—an actor who has real tenderness and constant grace, and whose by-play, like his direct action, is that of a true, vigilant, conscientious and thorough artist. This was the full cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Brutus | John McCullough |
| Sextes Tarquin | Edmund Collier |
| Titus | Frank Lane |
| Collatinus | John A. Lane |
| Valerius | H. A. Langdon |
| Aruns | Frank Little |
| Claudius | H. C Barton |
| Horatius | J. J. Enright |
| Lucretius | J. H. Shewell |
| Centurion | Henry Chanfrau |
| Coruona | C. H. Kidder |
| Messenger | Geo. Griffith |
| Tarquinia | Miss Kate Forsyth |
| Tullia | Mrs. Augusta Foster |
| Lucretia | Miss Mittens Willett |
| Lavinia | Miss Hughes |
| Priestess | Miss Alice George |

## Crimean Town Life.

Temple Bar

The bazaar, or public market, is a collection of roofed stalls, in which most of the buying and selling in every Crimean town is done. Hither in the morning, the peasant women in short petticoats, with huge long boots, wrinkled by wear and weather into all unwieldly elephantine shapes, come to sell their wares. Hither the long-haired Ivan, red-bearded and pink-shirted, comes to sell the grebe he shot yesterday or the fish he took in the straits by last night's toil. Here when their goods are sold Ivan and Macha simple souls, get drunk on their earnings at the little stalls where "Uncle Stepan" sells the potent *vodka*, nastiest and cheapest of spirits. Here a few hours later you will find them in loud-tongued strife, but though the noise of it is great, the storm is not a dangerous one and in a few more hours they will both be peaceably asleep on the broad of their backs by the wayside. You think the police will move Macha or Ivan. Yes, if they are in the way, but otherwise they may crack a joke on them, though it must needs be an old one, and let the sleeping dogs lie. All day long the bazaar is loud with the shrill voices of quarrelers of both sexes, but blows never follow the oaths, unless a Tartar or a Greek be mixed up in the row; then there is a bright flash of steel, and murder is done in the broad daylight. In the morning when Ivan and Macha have slept off the effects of their carouse, no sense of shame takes hold of them; on the contrary, a glow of self-gratulation at the memory of the good times they have had possesses them, and they trudge home to lead a hard, early-rising, thrifty, but ye gods! what a slovenly life, until the accumulated kopecks shall warrant another spree. Hither, too, Katia, the young housewife comes in the yet early morning, when the fishers are just in from the sea, and their glistening spoils are still lively on the fish mongers' carpets of brown matting. Over her head a modest shawl is tied, under her arm is a vast basket, and in her hand she grasps tight the ruble or ruble and 50 kopecks which is to buy the day's provisions. Day by day she gets all she wants for herself, not purchasing through another or laying in a store for the week, but rather looking forward to the marketing as a pleasant exercise for her keen wit and shrewd tongue. A smart little woman of business is Katia and loud of tongue to boot, as all Russian women are, in the drawing-room as in the bazar, in the higher circles as much as in the lowest. Our Katia has an accurate knowledge of prices, aye, and of the individual character of every shopman she deals with as well, but in spite of it all I doubt if she ever gets the best of a bargain. Every rascal in the bazaar is prepared for the haggling match that takes place with each successive customer, and if our housewife goes away with a purchase obtained for one-half the first price demanded for it it is only because the vendor rather more than doubled the price in the first instance to allow for the reduction he knew must follow. This evil habit of bargaining for everything falls heaviest on strangers. Here in the bazaar all the necessaries of the kitchen are to be found spread out before the housewife's eyes, and as all the shops are open and close to each other, a vigorous and noisy competition for custom goes on which distracts the purchaser but prevents exorbitant charges. In reality every article of food except groceries is extraordinarily cheap here, but those are as extravagantly dear; the only really bad time for the kitchen in Kertch is about Easter, when there is such a glut of lambs in the market that for weeks nothing else is killed, and the whole town has to subsist on abominably gelatinous mutton of the tenderest age.

## SOLD INTO SLAVERY.

### The Story of Boma Fulah, Son of an African King.

American (Ga.) Recorder.

As a landmark of a time ineffaceably engraved upon the memories of the older class, we came across a relic in the shape of an old negro whose life and history might well be woven into a tale as thrilling with romance and adventure as was ever born in the fertile brain of a Dumas. Old Cyrus is a remarkable specimen of the genus homo, bowed with the weight of an hundred and ten years, with eyesight dimmed and mind beclouded, he still bears traces of that muscle and manhood so noticeable in the first Africans brought to this country. Cy is perhaps the last living African born freedman in this section, and up to two years since, at the remarkable age of 108, retained his mental faculties to an astonishing degree.

Nearly a century ago, at the age of sixteen, he was brought over by a slave-trader with a large number of others, all of whom have long since been gathered to their fathers, while this old man had lived on and on, past his day and generation, a lingering landmark of an epoch of our people now historic. A talk with the old fellow is highly entertaining and amusing. Of course due allowance must be made for his somewhat tropical imagination. Old Cy claims that his capture by the traders was a case of the basest perfidy and kidnapping on record. He belonged to the Fulays, a powerful interior tribe of the Liberian country, and was no less a personage than the son of King Boma Fulah. The facts of his seizure, as told by himself, are briefly these: He was sent by his father with a number of captives from a hostile tribe, with his agents, to sell them to the traders.

The sale having been duly effected to the satisfaction of all parties, Prince Boma Fulah (now old Cy) with his retinue, were invited to a fete on shipboard. It was the old game. When the prince and his attendants awoke from the effects of the New England rum, they found themselves leagues from their loved land, and what was worse, treated with no more consideration than the very slaves they had sold. For seventy-eight long years old Cy bore the yoke of slavery, to be freed in his second childhood. The old man's lines, however, have fallen in pleasant places, and in the helplessness of old age he is well cared for, and nothing is lacking to ease his way to the grave. Any bright day he might be seen sunning himself in front of his comfortable cabin.

## HOUSE DECORATION.

### The Present Rage for Carved Wood and Hammered Metal.

From the New York Times.

Wood carving and hammered metal now perform a conspicuous part in interior decoration. In the elegant mansions of the rich a great deal of wood carving is introduced. The dining-room of Cornelius Vanderbilt's new house will have a series of very elaborate and beautiful panels of mahogany, inlaid with white and colored marbles, mother-of-pearl and verd antique and ornamented with figures in hammered metal. Massive wainscotings and doors, richly carved, are considered necessary features in almost all of the large houses. In nearly every kind of interior woodwork the natural woods, polished or carved, have totally supplanted the old-fashioned specimens of procelain finish and imitation graining. Nothing so well becomes a library or dining room as simplicity, and this desirable feature is readily secured by the use of carved woods and leather. In drawing rooms and sleeping apartments some very elegant effects are produced by the use of draperies. Embroideries in silver and gold cloth, velvets, silks and different colored plushes are used quite extensively, and there are many who will have nothing whatever on the walls of an apartment except embroidered draperies. There is an establishment on Fourteenth street devoted exclusively to embroderies of this character. In the furnishing of houses which are decorated artistically care is usually taken to have the principal articles of furniture made expressly to correspond with the plan of decorations.

### The Wisconsin Vaccine Farm.

Madison (Wis.) Journal, Dec. 14.

The Wisconsin state board of health runs a vaccine farm near Fond du Lac, under the charge of its president, Dr. E. L. Griffin of that city. During the past two weeks Dr. Griffin has produced from 60,000 to 70,000 points, which have been distributed throughout the northwest, where the smallpox excitement exists. These Wisconsin points are considered the most desirable of any produced throughout the country, and the Chicago health department uses all of them it can get. At the Wisconsin farm Dr. Griffin and his associates have vaccinated about 1000 heifers since they commenced their work of production. Two car-loads of young heifers have just been received from New York state. They now vaccinate three a day, keeping about twenty or thirty in the stable to be used when needed. The most successful operations are upon the light haired heifers, those dark in color always having tough skins. From some animals 1000 points are taken, while others produce none at all.

### Franklin's Papers.

The United States is to have another opportunity to purchase the literary relics of Benjamin Franklin, now owned by Henry Stevens. The matter was presented to congress last year, with information that the documents, generally manuscripts, might be had for $35,000. Congress didn't enthuse, public sale of the papers was announced, but, at the request of Secretary Blaine, was withdrawn in order to afford the United States another chance to purchase. The papers are said to possess great historic value.

The building of Mexican railroads causes a superstitious panic among the Indians. In some places the savages regard the locomotive as a sanguinary god, think its whistle a scream for blood, and expect to be sacrificed to appease its wrath. At Pueblo it was believed that the fat of dead Indians was used to oil the machines, and the alarm was such that for a long time no savage could be induced to enter the town.

## THE INTERIOR INDIVIDUAL.

### A Brief Discussion upon Everything that we Eat.

### "NATURE ABHORS A VACUUM."

### A Column Devoted to Cultivation of the Appetite, as well as to the Ridiculous Side of the Banquets.

An exchange says the difference between a hungry man and a glutton is, "One longs to eat and the other eats too long."

Appetite extraordinary: He had eaten nothing for twelve hours. He hastened home, ran into the house, and bolted the door.

"Dried tongue" was the answer made by a minister to an inquiry as to the contents of his carpet-bag, which was full of sermons.

The origin of the saying that oysters must not be eaten during "months without an R" is found in Butler's "Dyet's Dry Dinner," written in 1599.

H. T. Howe, inspector of butter, has sworn out warrants against five Chicago jobbers for dealing in adulterated goods. One sample was found to contain 80 per cent. of lard.

A New York judge, in sentencing a man convicted of selling adulterated milk said: "I consider the man who adulterates food and the man who deals in adulterated food worse than the assassin or the sneak thief."

A tourist in Switzerland finding a charge in his hotel bill for stationery, and being sure that he had ordered none, investigated the matter, and learned that the "stationery" was the ink and paper used in making out his bill.

"Bridget," said the mistress to her servant, "put a little nutmeg in the custard this afternoon;" and Bridget picked out the smallest nutmeg she could find and threw it in the custard where it was found entire at the evening meal.

The royal baron of beef which graced Queen Victoria's table on Christmas day weighed about 300 pounds. It was cut from a prime red and white Shorthorn, fed by the duke of Connaught at Bagshot Park, which fetched £78 at her majesty's recent sale at Shaw farm. The huge joint was roasted at Windsor Castle and forwarded to Osborne.

John H. Crisp has twice been a candidate for congress from the Kansas City district, Mo., and he announces that he will stay in the race until he reaches Washington. He has just been indicted on a charge of stealing thirty-eight turkeys from a neighbor, but does not mean to let that "vile political plot" (such it indeed appears to be) hinder him in the least.

Pretty doylies or small napkins to pass with finger bowls, or to lay under the finger bowl on the table, are made of white or ecru linen with the edges fringed, and odd designs worked on them in outline stitch. Use the soft, untwisted silk to embroider them with. They should be folded twice only, and the entire design should be on the upper side, and so arranged that when the napkin is folded every part of the picture will be in sight.

Not every cook knows how to broil quail as it should be. There is as much difference in broiling as in any other way of cooking, and it requires a good deal of character to do it to perfection. In the first place pick the quail with care, not saving the suspicion of a feather or bit of down on it: then cut it open down the back, pound it just enough to make it lie flat on the gridiron; sprinkle salt and pepper on and cook until you know it is done and until the outside is a delicate brown; dip in melted butter and serve on thin slices of hot toast.

Bronson Alcott's latest instruction for his esthetic disciples is that the purest food is fruit, and that, if animal food be eaten at all, it is best in the mild form of oysters and eggs. "Beautiful diet, beautiful form," he exclaims. "All pure poets have abstained almost entirely from animal food. Every animal feeder sometimes a tyrant. If one would abate that fate he must omit it entirely, but by a gradual process. Compare a table of the present day with that spread by the hands of Eve in Paradise to feed her ethereal guests. Then was gathered together a feast of the purest, a banquet of right.

It often happens that one has left slices of cold boiled ham, which are nice in every way, but still are not presentable on the platter. There are two ways in which they may be used to advantage. The first is to chop the ham fine, and mix it with bread crums which have been moistened with well beaten eggs. Make in the shape of balls, and fry in a little hot lard. The other way is, after chopping the ham, to mix egg with it, heat it in a sauce pan in which you have first put a lump of butter. When the eggs are cooked, serve with dry toast. This may be spread on the toast, if you choose.

A table daintily arranged with food daintily cook and served produces a more favorable impression upon guests than one overburdened with elaborate decorations and an unending variety of perhaps poorly prepared dishes with no regard for order or appropriateness. The fashion of serving one or two articles at a time, and having a number of courses does away with a great deal of the confusion which characterized an old-fashioned dinner. Really there need not be any very great variety for a nice dinner, or supper, but served separately it seems more, as longer time is consumed by the meal, and greater opportunity is afforded for sociability.

Dr. George Johnson in the *Practitioner*, proposes the following as an anti-fat diet: May eat—Lean mutton and beef, veal and lamb, soups not thickened, beef tea and broths, poultry, game, fish and eggs, bread in moderation, greens, cresses, lettuce, etc., green peas, cabbage, cauliflower, onions, fresh fruit without sugar. May not eat—Fat meat, bacon or ham, butter, cream, sugar, potatoes, carrots, parsnips, rice, sago, tapioca, macaroni, custard, pastry and puddings, sweet cakes. May drink—Tea, coffee, cocoa from nibs, with milk but no sugar, dry wines in moderation, brandy, whisky and gin in moderation without sugar, light bitter beer, soda and seltzer water. May not drink—Milk, except sparingly, porter and stout, sweet ales, sweet wines. As a rule alcoholic liquors should be taken sparingly and never without food.

About the same time that New York lost her greatest caterer, whose will was proved under $2,000,000, London sustained a similar loss in the person of Mr. Pond, of the firm of Spiers & Pond, whose will, lately proved, points to almost as large an amount. The career of these gentlemen was widely different, but both were largely indebted to both countries of adoption. Mr. Pond and his partner found themselves in Melbourne after the gold fever had subsided as clerks on small salaries, and were much disgusted at the atrociously bad restaurants where they had to get their meals. One day they laid their heads together and resolved to start a luncheon-bar. Albeit on a very modest scale it was admirably conducted, and soon gained popularity. Their next step was a refreshment buffet on the line between Melbourne and the great mining centre Ballarat, and they adopted the plan of having an agent who entered the carriage en route, sold tickets for a meal and then telegraphed on the orders. Hence, on reaching the buffet you presented your ticket, and in a moment a chop or steak, grilled to a turn, was before you. Ere long they had effected a culinary revolution of the most desirable kind. Their Cafe de Paris in Melbourne, whence you could pass into the theatre royal, was most comfortable and in excellent taste, and this latter feature, due, perhaps, to the French origin of Mr. Spiers, pervaded all their enterprises. Having realized about one hundred thousand dollars they sighed for fresh fields and came to London. They had read Dickens' satire on railroad refreshment buffets, "Mugby Junction," and sagaciously recognized a wide field. They soon found it at the chief station of the underground railroad, then in its infancy, and by degrees ran, on various lines, about three hundred buffets, besides two or three hotels, and must often have fed hundreds of thousands daily. Mr. Pond's will shows him a kindly man. He leaves 500 guineas to his partner, in memory of old friendship, and old employes, even to the butcher, are substantially remembered. He was not much past 50, and he and his partner had in 20 years really gone far to redeem their country from the reproach of villainous railroad refreshment rooms.

### Two Ways of Looking at Things.

N. Y. Independent.

Two boys went to hunt grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said: "I am better to-day." The other said: "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains one man says: "This will make mud." Another: "This will lay the dust."

Two boys got an oyster. One looked at it and declared it nasty. The other tasted it and declared it good.

Two boys examining a bush, one observed that it had a thorn. The other that it had a rose.

Two children looking through colored glass, one said: "The world is blue." And the other said: "It is bright."

Two boys eating their dinner, one said: "I would rather have something better than this." The other said: "This is better than nothing."

Two men went to see New York. One visited the saloons, and thought New York wicked. The other visited the homes and thought New York good.

Two boys looking at some skaters, one said: "See how they fall." The other: "See how they glide."

A servant thinks a man's house is principally kitchen; a guest, that it is principally parlor.

Two boys got each an apple. One was thankful for the apple; the other was dissatisfied because it was not two.

"I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry I must die," says another.

"I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

One man is thankful for his blessings. Another is morose for his misfortunes.

One man thinks he is entitled to a better world, and is dissatisfied because he hasn't got it. Another thinks he is not justly entitled to any, and is satisfied with this.

One man enjoys what he has. Another suffers what he has not.

One man makes up his account from his wants. Another from his assets.

One man complains that there is evil in the world. Another rejoices that there is good in the world.

One says: "Our good is mixed with evil." Another says: "Our evil is mixed with good."

## MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS.

Senator Hawley: "Ours is the most honest government in the world."

The Rev. Mr. Talmage: "I find that religion is not a groan, but a song."

Ex-Governor B. Gratz Brown: "The electric light will be the light of the world."

Gambetta said recently: "I believe emphatically in the higher education of girls."

Aaron Walker, who was hanged in Texas last week, exclaimed: "I'm going home to glory!"

David Talbot, a Colorado murderer, as he was being hanged: "In ten minutes the devil will have me."

Governor Porter says: "I propose to do all I can for the enlargement of women's rights while I am governor of Indiana."

Speaking of Thackeray the other day, Mr. Longfellow said: "I like him because he was so great—so honest as a writer."

General Prado, ex-president of Peru, says that the Peruvians will never consent to the surrender of the least part of their territory.

A remark by Henry Watterson, editor: "I think that Judge Cox and Corkhill have been wise in giving Guiteau all the rope he wants."

The Rev. Dr. George Spalding of Dover, N. H., says that most of the high school graduates are invalids for ten years after they have graduated.

"Take from the Bible all that fair criticism may dictate," says Professor Huxley, "and there still remains a vast residuum of moral grandeur."

Governor Neal, of Idaho, strives to impress upon the people in the states that "the Mormon church is more of a political than a religious organization."

Henry Ward Beecher at the New England dinner in Brooklyn: "Are we going to maintain what our fathers believed? Are we children worthy of the fathers? I say we are."

Senator Edmunds, writing of Mormonism: "If suitable laws were enforced with the same vigor shown in punishing illicit distilling the practice of polygamy might in a few years be broken up."

The Rev. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, the chief belligerent representative of the Congregationalists in England, calls the title "Rev." the last rag of sacerdotalism. He will be plain "Mr." Dale hereafter.

Edison on the dioscope, the alleged new instrument for the transmission of pictures by wire: "In turning sound into electricity you are able to move matter, but to turn light into electricity is a very different thing, especially as it would be necessary to transmit all the hues of a picture or a scene of an opera. Still it is not an unreasonable plan nor one impossible of accomplishment."

## GARFIELD'S GUARDED TOMB.

### Sentries Watching the Vault, which is Filled with Flowers.

Cleveland letter to Cincinnati Enquirer.

So long a time has elapsed since the obsequies that many strangers visiting Cleveland are surprised to learn that a detachment of United States infantry are still detailed to watch the vault wherein lie the remains of our honored president. Night and day can be heard the measured tramp, tramp of the sentry on duty, and it is intended to continue this watchfulness until the body is deposited in the ground. Through the grated door of the vault can be seen the elegant casket given by the Masonic brethren. Covered with beautiful flowers, kept fresh by loving hands, is visited daily by hundreds of people, many of whom eagerly seek the cast off blossoms as mementoes. Near the vault is the shelter-house and on the other side of the lake the white tents of the soldiers are pitched. At the base of the hill upon which the monument is to be placed, a glass-house is erected, inclosing the funeral car, still trimmed with immortelles and the trappings of woe.

An aged couple who had been gazing with tear-dimmed eyes upon the casket, approached the guard and asked if they might not be permitted to have a few flowers from off the coffin. He told them that he could not open the vault. They were much disappointed, and said that they were from the distant south, had always been rebels, but that the death of Garfield had changed their feelings, and that they had journeyed far for the privilege of standing by his tomb.

Among the numerous evidences of the progress of the Japanese people in acquiring the habits and fashions of western civilization none is perhaps more striking than the humble but not altogether unsuccessful efforts of the native papers to import into that eminently progressive country the true style and flavor of what is known as "society" journalism. Thus in the Osaka *Nippo* we read that "the female hairdresser who waits upon the lady of a certain statesman was requested by that personage to retail to him all the news she heard in other private houses. The woman," it is added, "thus acquired influence, and every month one or two of her friends received situations under government. Now she is sought by many persons, and even men of education are paying court to her in order to secure her kindly notice." This, it must be confessed, is not a bad attempt at the vaguely virulent style of gossip. A little further on we come upon another paragraph not unskillfully combining this style with the more directly personal. "Several detectives," it is observed, "are said to have arrived in Kioto, and to be watching the behavior of those who are intimate with the imperial princes and nobles who reside in that city." On the other hand, the *Kobe Shimpo* seems to prefer to cultivate the valuable art of appearing to be on easy terms with high official and ex-official personages; for here we read that "when Mr. Okuma was in office the great respect with which he was treated precluded him from accurately ascertaining the feelings and wishes of the people. Now, however, that he has resigned," we learn that "he can freely mix in all public gatherings, and is only anxious to receive invitations." It is difficult to say what may not be expected of a country which, suddenly throwing off the the exclusiveness and self-conceit of ages, begins to develop another sort of civilization at this tremendous pace.—*London Daily News.*

The late William F. Weld was claimed to be the largest ship-owner in America. His first ship was the Senator, of about 400 to 500 tons, then a large ship. He ordered her built by Robertson, in Charlestown, alongside of the state prison, with Joseph W. Green, then a well-known merchant and bank president of Marblehead, as his partner. She was so large in those days that the Charlestown bridge draw had to be widened to let her through. Mr. Green outgrew Marblehead, and removing to Boston, commenced a West India and fish business on T wharf, where he continued for years, at last ending his commercial career on Long wharf. Although one of the most energetic and industrious of business men, while Mr. Weld was amassing his millions, Mr. Green was hardly holding his own, and was finally obliged to succumb after one of the most active lives passed by any merchant, and was obliged to secure a home in the Old Men's Home at the South End where he died at a good old age, more of grief than of any disease, thinking over his rich associates in life and his own condition in what he called a charitable institution.—Boston Traveler, Dec. 31.

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE UMBRELLA.

Mr. Alden in New York Times.

National characteristics afford an interesting study to the truly philosophic mind. Why does the American differ from the Englishman, and what is the reason the Frenchman is morally so widely removed from the Englishman? It will not do to say that national characteristics are purely, or even chiefly, a matter of blood. If an Irishman emigrates to this country his children will be Americans rather than Irishmen, and the children of the English settler in this country have few, if any, distinctively English characteristics. Still less can we believe that national characterics are due to climate, for no matter how long an Englishman may live in India, he remains an Englishman, and his children, if born on the banks of the Ganges, cry with their earliest breath for bitter beer, and grow to manhood and old age with unswerving British contempt for the beastly natives. It is evident that something more than blood and climate goes to the making of national character, and thoughtful men will learn with pleasure that an eminent medical man of Boston has at last definitely ascertained the active principle—to speak chemically—of at least one nationality. Thanks to Dr. Brewster, we now know what it is that makes an Englishman English, and how to develop in ourselves and our children distinctively English characteristics.

Every Englishman carries an umbrella. The state of the weather has nothing to do with this national custom, for the Englishman who visits New York carries his umbrella under our clear skies as faithfully as he carried it under the weeping skies of his native land. The origin and meaning of the custom are lost in the darkness of antiquity. There can be no doubt that the so-called horn of the alleged British unicorn is really nothing more than an umbrella, and that the animal is simply an ordinary British horse, and it is likewise believed by antiquaries that the sceptre which the queen always carries in her right hand is the modern substitute for the royal umbrella which was king Canute's emblem of royalty. Beyond any question the umbrella was originally a symbol of the British constitution, and it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that to-day the constitution rests on the millions of umbrellas carried by loyal Englishmen.

The origin of umbrella bearing among Englishmen is, however, of less consequence than the results of the custom. It is the umbrella which has molded British character and given to Englishmen their peculiarly English characteristics. The man who carries an umbrella can no more escape its influence than the man who puts hot coals into his bosom can escape being burned. It is obvious that when a man has one hand occupied with an umbrella he is not in a condition to engage in street brawls, for the umbrella is useless as a weapon, and cannot be laid aside in a crowded street without being stolen. Thus it happens that the Englishman learns to control himself and to avoid flying into a passion which his umbrella would complicate. The Irishman, who carries a shillalah instead of an umbrella, and the Frenchman, who carries a cane when he carries anything, are ready at any moment to engage in a quarrel. Hence we find that extreme excitability and a readiness to engage in revolutions and other exciting pastimes are characteristic of Irishmen and Frenchmen. The excitability of Irishmen and Frenchmen and the impassiveness of Englishmen are due in the one case to the absence, and in the other to the presence, of the umbrella.

It is also to the umbrella that the Englishman owes his characteristic love of respectability. The man who carries an umbrella impliedly proclaims that he wears clothes which would be injured by rain, and that he does not intend to engage in any rash or turbulent adventure. In other words, he is respectable. That English respectability is argely associated with the umbrella is proved by the fact that when an Englishman is deprived of his umbrella he becomes reckless, adventurous, and even vagabondism. Cases have been known of respectable Englishmen who, on losing their umbrellas in mining districts of the Pacific coast, have soon become red-shirted "roughs," losing completely the reverence for bitter beer, and speaking with open contempt of the sacred British bath-tub. Dr. Brewster, in course of his monograph on the "Moral Influence of the British Umbrella," gives so many instances of speedy demoralization following the abandonment of umbrellas, that it is impossible to doubt that British love of respectability is inseparable from the belief of carrying an umbrella.

Having convinced himself that the impassiveness and respectability of Englishmen are the result of umbrella-carrying, Dr. Brewster obtained a boy of pure American parentage from the Boston orphan asylum and began with him a course of umbrella training. The boy was made to keep an umbrella in his hand every moment during his waking hours, and to sleep with it tied tightly to his wrist. Within six months the boy developed a love of Bass's pale ale, a tendency to speak about his bath-tub to every one whom he met, and a marked difficulty in the use of the letter "h," and at the end of a year he had become so thoroughly respectable that he would not engage in any games with other boys, but spent his whole time in taking solitary walks and staring silently at persons who ventured to address him. He has so far failed to show any longing for checked clothing, but Dr. Brewster records that last September the boy informed him that he "couldn't stand this beastly climate, don't you know," and requested to be taken where he could enjoy a nice comfortable fog. That he has developed all the chief national characteristics of Englishmen there can be no doubt, and it is equally certain that this result has been due solely to the influence of constant association with an umbrella.

### Shrinkage of the Comstock.

Letter from Virginia City.

And what is the Comstock lode? It is a vein of rock bearing both silver and gold, but silver chiefly, from 5 to 300 feet wide, coming to the surface, about three miles long, standing on edge with a slight dip to the east all encased in rock of another sort. Really only a small portion of this vein has ever yielded paying ore. Sixty claims or mines have been opened upon it, of which not one half have ever paid one penny; and of the remainder only about twelve have at any time been profitable. Among the more fortunate are the Ophir, Consolidated Virginia, California, Savage, Gould & Curry, Hale & Norcross, and Imperial. You will be surprised, no doubt, to learn that of all those mines only two to-day are paying running expenses and not one paying a profit. For more than six years the decline has been going on, till now the discouragement has become almost universal. The population has decreased from 27,000 to 12,000 and is still going on. The value of real estate has depreciated accordingly, while the shrinkage in mining stocks is something incredible.

### The Language of Wales.

The language of Wales is practically the only one of the Celtic languages that is not either dying or already dead. It was spoken by the ancient Britons before the German invasion and conquest of the island. Perhaps the man who has done most in recent years for its preservation is the Rev. J. Jones (or Idrisyn), vicar of a parish in Cardiganshire, who, in addition to numerous sermons, and other contributions to his native tongue, has published a popular five-volume commentary on the bible, and translated into Welsh Queen Victoria's journal of her life in the Highlands. Over 40,000 copies of his commentary have been sold. The queen, out of recognition of his services to Welsh literature, has just conferred upon him a pension of $250 a year from the civil list fund.

### Sorghum in Southern Oregon.

Jacksonville Sentinel, Jan. 14.

The question of the practicability of making sugar from cane raised in Jackson county seems to have solved itself. We were shown this week a sample of exceedingly rich and handsome crystallized sugar taken from the bottom of a syrup can by C. C. McClendon, of Sam's valley, superior in sweetness to the best Louisiana. The cane from which the syrup was manufactured was the "Mississippi Amber," grown on Mr. McClendon's farm, the stalks growing to the height of seven to eight feet. If syrup will thus spontaneously crystalize into sugar, the fact indicates that our soil and climate are very favorable to sugar production, when the cane is treated intelligently and with proper appliances.

### What Patti Thinks of Philadelphia People.

From an interview in Cincinnati.

"In Philadelphia I sang to large audiences. The people there I am very fond of; they seem [illegible] are, but they were thoroughly [illegible]. I think I completely captured the [illegible]rs in that city. Some of the papers in Philadelphia said I sang 'Home, Sweet Home,' [illegible]. Why, the tears were in my eyes when I sang it, for I was thinking of my dear old home in Wales and my dogs, parrots, and my ponies. Children, you know (with a sigh) I saw none."

# Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 22, 1882.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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The Iowa legislature is going to inquire into the railroad pass system.

It is again asserted that president Arthur would not do so "foolish" a thing as to make Conkling a member of his cabinet.

"Irresistible impulse" has been pleaded as a defense for murder at Newark. The verdict ought to be, We the jury, acting under irresistible impulse, find that the prisoner must be hanged.

"Growth of the monster" is the phrase with which a so-called anti-monopoly journal expresses its displeasure and alarm about the extension of the railway system for which our section has waited and hoped these many years. There are cranks and cranks.

The boy who cut up like blazes and drove his father nearly mad, said he acted on "an inspiration." And the father got a trunk strap, and after explaining that he, too, was subject to fits of inspiration, laid it on well. This "inspiration racket," as the slang of the day would put it, goes too far.

Helena, Montana, is going ahead. A young lady in one month as book canvasser took sixty-nine orders for the "Encyclopædia Brittannica," representing the value of more than $10,000. Is this to be used as an argument for the admission of Montana as a state, or in behalf of woman suffrage?

Even if the most liberal view possible be taken of insanity and delusion, not one single circumstance modifying Guiteau's responsibility can be found, and the most convincing part of the case is that this fact is established even by his own evidence. Of course is is impossible, even hypothetically, to admit that his unsupported statement that he was acting under divine impulse should have any weight; to do that would be equivalent to giving murderers *carte blanche* to slay whom they please, for, if a man is to be acquitted merely on his own statement, there is an end at once to all trials for murder.

The United States began the New Year with a public debt of $1,785,491,717, or about $1,000,000,000 less than the maximum amount reached by the debt in 1865. Our national debt is now less than one-half of that of the United Kingdom, it is little more than a third of that of France, and among other European nations it is exceeded by the public debts of Russia, Spain and Italy. The debt of Austria and Hungary is about the same as ours. Judged by any test of the ability of the people to pay it, the burden of the public debt of the United States is by far the lightest of that of any of the great nations of the world.

Beecher's church has again sold its pews, but the premiums do not amount to so much as in former years. Why this is so does not appear. Beecher's power has not abated, and his theology still commands a premium. With the abundance of our national products, a crop of great preachers is an exception. Still, Beecher should be happy. The total premiums amounted to $25,492, which, with the fixed rentals, $12,837, make the revenue this year $38,329, or $3983 less than last year, when the revenue was $42,312. In 1879 the revenue was $40,721, in 1877 it was $45,825, in 1876 it was $61,504, in 1875 it was $68,997, in 1874 it was $58,638, in 1873 it was $59,753 and in 1872 it was $60,185. The yearly average has been $38,308.

The postoffice department at Washington has found what, in its sublime intelligence, it is convinced is the solution of the Mormon question. Hitherto it has not discriminated in its appointments of local postmasters between professional Mormons and practical polygamists. It has now fully made up its ample mind that no one shall handle your Uncle Samuel's mails in the territories who is not an opponent of Mormonism. This grand movement is frought with great results. A gentleman with a variety of wives can't have his letters handed him by a gentleman of like equipment in a domestic way, what's left him to do but to abandon his ploygamous ways, and become a gentile? The postmaster-general should get a patent upon this process. It is original and striking.

The proposition to place a line of steamships between Montauk, on the end of Long Island and the port of Milford, on the coast of Wales, to make the run in six days, is meeting with a good deal of encouragement. The promoters of the enterprise point to the achievement of certain torpedo boats, of less than a hundred feet in length, which have proven themselves able to make the run in the time mentioned, and contend that passenger ships can be built that will make equally good time. The time has come, it is claimed, when the carrying of passengers may be separated from the freight business of steamers, and that vessels especially constructed for comfort and speed will do for ocean travel what fast trains and drawing-room cars have accomplished on land.

An interesting contribution to American history will be the forthcoming work of the Hon. William Henry Smith on the life and public services of Major-General Arthur St. Clair, once president of the continental congress and governor of the Northwestern Territory. The St. Clair papers are the property of the Ohio assembly, which last winter authorized their publication. The correspondence includes letters never before published from Washington, St. Clair, Greene, Gates, Paul Jones, Lafayette and others. These cover the period of the revolutionary war and the last of the colonial days, and give graphic pictures of the struggles and sufferings of the time. The work, which is to be published in two volumes, will contain in addition much fresh matter from other manuscript collections.

Dr. Howard Crosby, the president and chief spirit of the the New York city Society for the Prevention of Crime, has been engaged in warfare with the liquor shops for the last five years, regarding most of them as the primary school of crime. Unlike most temperance advocates, his remedy would not consist in wiping out the liquor traffic, for that he considers neither possible nor politic, but in limiting the number of grog shops to such numbers as would make it possible for the police to see that the liquor sold was not physical poison, and that the traffic was conducted according to law—no liquor sold to minors, on Sunday, or to drunkards. Dr. Crosby recently created a stir among his followers by declaring in a public lecture that he thought wine might be drank in moderation without damage to one's soul.

### THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY.

The principal difficulty which Mr. Oscar Wilde will have in this country will be to get to believe that there is really anything serious in the esthetic gospel which he is undertaking to preach. We Americans have all heard of Wilde and of his followers in a vague sort of way. All that we really know about them comes from Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, "Patience," which was written to make fun of them. From this we have obtained the "too utterly utter" slang which is supposed to be the natural language of the Wilde school, and the adoration of the lily, which is supposed to be the Wilde religion. These, with a few "utterly" absurd pictures of "intense" people in Greek costume doing various ridiculous things, with sunflowers in their hands, that have appeared in the New York illustrated papers and magazines, comprise all that the American public really knows about the London esthetes.

On the principal that a missionary has the most success where his gospel is the most despised, Mr. Wilde ought to succeed in preaching a great esthetic revival in this country. For nowhere in the world certainly is the doctrine that Salvation is by beauty alone likely to be received with such incredulous contempt as in this over-practical dollar worshipping America. If then Mr. Wilde can surprise us out of our propriety, show us that what we have been sneering and laughing at, as idle folly, is really the great thing for us to know in this life, and the life to come, panacea for all our woes, an intensifier of all our joys, the key to the realities of the universe, the promise of the future, and the earnest of immortality, the reaction may make our people all esthetes. But we doubt it.

### RELIGION AND INSANITY.

An idea prevails that because the delusions and freaks of the insane often take a religious turn, religion is to be accounted one of the causes of insanity; and that if there were less religion in the community, or if it were less earnest and emotional, there would be fewer lunatics. Some persons have said, apropos of the Guiteau case, that ministers should be careful how they teach a high view of inspiration, or preach on the story of Abraham, or inculcate the more solemn doctrines of the Church, for they may make their parishioners insane. Discussing the subject, the New York *Tribune* very justly remarks that in so far as this idea arises from attributing religious delusions to religion, it is simply foolish. The topics of a lunatic's wandering thoughts are not the cause of his aberration, and no one supposes they are except when religious delusions are in question. A man imagines he is a glass jar; no one calls the art of glassmaking the cause of the vagary. A woman is overcome by a diseased propensity to take goods from shop counters no one thinks the shops must be closed. In delirium tremens the patient sees snakes; are snakes the cause of delirium tremens? Or would there be less of the disease if there were fewer reptiles? Insanity is an impairment of the physical condition and powers of the brain, and its cause must be sought either in original defects or in influences which have hindered normal brain action. The tendrils of the vine wind around the oak, but the oak has nothing to do with causing the vine's growth. So the wandering thoughts of a lunatic stray toward all sorts of subjects, but that is no indication that the subjects have produced the malady. The insane belief that one is Jesus Christ, or that he is inspired, or that he has committed the unpardonable sin, is not in any sense caused by the doctrine of the incarnation, or of inspiration, or of future punishment. The cause is always physiological, and the errant mind takes hold of these and other topics, always distorting them. It is absurd to expect that the diseased mind will look on religious subjects in a rational manner, when it will look on no other class of subjects with judgment and rationality.

### ROMANCE ELIMINATED.

Leaf by leaf the roses fall;—and the leaves of history go much in the same way. "Nothing," says the greatest and subtlest of writers, "nothing is but what is not." "History," says Saint Beuve, "is in great part a set of fables which people have agreed to believe in." Much that is supposed to be history is fable or myth or the expression of prejudice—political or theological. The Trojan war and the siege of Thebes are common mythical heritages and special facts, belonging to a particular nation. Achilles and Helen, Œdipus and Jocasta, were not the special property of Greece, but have been found in India and Scandinavia. Romulus and Numa have vanished from the pages of history, while heroes of later date have so changed their identity as not to be recognizable. What Abbott did for the great Napoleon, Froude has done for Henry VIII. Hunchbacked Richard turns out to be the handsomest that man ever sat on England's throne; Edward I., just, and Wallace not so big a hero after all. Elizabeth is said to have clung to Mary Stuart so long as it was safe; Cicero turns out a miserable trimmer, and Tacitus' reputation is owing "to his ability to give false testimony with a grave face;" the gloomy Tiberius is shown not to be a bad fellow, and Cateline instead of being "an abuser of our patience, seducer of vestal nuns, and drinker of children's blood—whose very name suggests murder, incest and robbery—even Cataline has found an able defender in Prof. Beesly." Such the world over is history. Washington and his little hatchet, Columbus and the egg, and a host of other pleasing stories have gone to the land of myths, and now joins them Whittington and his cat. All the romance of the story has to leave us—we cannot see the barefooted, tired boy, listening to the Bow Bells and imagining them saying, "turn Whittington, thrice lord mayor of London." The historian now tells us that the ordinary ideas about Whittington's origin are groundless. He was not an outcast, nor was his first employment in the house of a London merchant that of a scullion. He was of gentle birth, his father being a knight and county 'squire, while his mother belonged to the family of Mansel, a Devonshire house of the same rank, and had married for her first husband Sir Thomas de Berkeley.

The cat still has some show, though not much. This is about all that is left of the cat story. "It being admitted, therefore, that in the seaport towns on the west coast of Morocco the value of a tame cat and a good mouser may have been great, it is not difficult to believe that Whittington really made his first step toward success by the lucky sale of a cat confided to a friendly sailor. It is certain that the story may be traced back to the very life of Whittington, and it seems to have been believed by his executors, who rebuilt Newgate in accordance with his instructions immediately after his death."

Now all this has its moral. History has been defined as philosophy teaching by example—not a good definition we admit but correct in part. If then much of present belief is based upon what may be false, we should not be so sure of our position as to be illiberal. Every day statements are being made only to be contradicted. We believe just what agrees with our prejudices and no more. To weigh facts requires time and judgment. A strong mind is always a doubting one. If we only knew the exact facts of history it would change our theological, political and ethical beliefs. As it is, seeing that history is being rewritten, and even holy writ being revised, and that our opinions will change with these revisions, we should be taught that toleration is the noblest of human attributes.

### DEATH OF DR. JOHN W. DRAPER.

John William Draper, the celebrated author of the "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," died on the 4th of January at his residence at Hastings-on-the-Hudson. He was born near Liverpool, England, May 5, 1811, came to America in 1833, and graduated in 1836 at the university of Pennsylvania. He was soon afterward appointed professor of chemistry and physiology in Hampden-Sidney college, Virginia, where he remained for three years. Going to New York in 1839, he became professor of chemistry and natural history in the university of the city of New York, and his connection with this institution continued until his death. He gained great success both as an experimental scientist and as an original and brilliant writer. His earlier works treated of various subjects in the great science of chemistry, and brought him high reputation. Yet he was anything but a specialist. His treatise on "Human Physiology, statical and dynamical; or, the conditions and course of the life of man," published in 1856, was followed in 1861 by a remarkable work intended as a complement of the first, but of a broader scope and destined to be more widely known than anything Dr. Draper had yet published. While his physiology considered man as an individual, in his "History of the intellectual development of Europe" he set himself to demonstrate that "social advancement is as completely under the control of natural law as is bodily growth," and that "the life of an individual is a miniature of the life of a nation." This was immediately republished in England and has been translated into Arabic, Turkish, Servian, Russian, Polish Hungarian, Italian, French and German. *The Westminster Review* said: "What Comte showed might and ought to be done for the whole world of man, what Mr. Buckle commenced for England, France and Spain, Dr. Draper has effected for the whole of Europe." The work was universally considered one of the most remarkable achievments that the positive philosophy had produced.

Another remarkable work was his "Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America," in which he emphasized the influence of physical conditions, studied the effects of the groupings of many nationalities, and concluded that America would become the theatre of a vast conflict of ideas and that her safety required the abolition of the "European method of government through the morals" and the adoption of an "American method of government through the intellect." His ruling ideas reappeared in his "History of the American Civil War" (1867-70), which afforded freer scope for brilliancy and dramatic effect in writing and for mustering facts to the support of his theories. In 1874 was published Dr. Draper's "History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science," which excited more active criticism than any other of his works. The cause was plain. Dr. Draper, in all matters, held firmly to freedom of thought. The objection to his book was summarized by a critic, who said: "With Dr. Draper the word 'religion' is a symbol which stands for unenlightened bigotry or narrow-minded unwillingness to look facts in the face." But his name will always have an honorable place in the history of thought, speculation and scientific discovery. The New York *Times* says of him: In Dr. John W. Draper has passed away a man of international fame in science and literature, and one whose reputation, great as it is, will surely grow with the course of years. Very few men have so successfully united the qualities of the patient, plodding investigator of nature with those of the bold and brilliant generalizer. From the pursuit of some of the most subtle and elusive problems of physics he rose easily and vigorously to the unfolding of the most comprehensive conceptions of the development of the individual and the history of the race. His best known work has been translated into almost as many languages as the most world-famous novels, and there is no land where the pursuit of truth for its own sake has its votaries in which the author of 'The Intellectual Development of Europe, will not find sincere mourners. Dr. Draper came of a strong race with a picturesque history, and in his sons he has left behind him conspicuous examples of hereditary ability. He was an excellent type of the men who constitute true aristocracy of a free country and to whom the yielding of honor and reverence is a tribute no less ennobling to the giver than to the receiver."

One of the curiosities of medical history is the never-ceasing opposition in some circles to vaccination. Dr. Buchanan, the medical officer of the London board of trade, has prepared statistics from the official records of that for the year ending May 30th last, which are pretty conclusive. He shows that the death rate from smallpox in that city among people who have been vaccinated, was ninety to one million, while among the unvaccinated it was three thousand five hundred and fifty to a million. In other words, that an unvaccinated person in London stands 394 chances to die of the smallpox to one chance by the vaccinated person.

Speaking of silver, the London *Economist* remarks that "the best thing that can happen is to have all attempts to artificially regulate the price of the metal abandoned." This is sound doctrine. The price of silver can no more be artificially regulated than the price of wheat. It would be as easy to establish by international agreement the market ratio between pig iron and gold as between silver and gold. The natural laws of trade will have their proper sway in spite of all such agreements.

America is able to derive some consolation from having no mercantile marine. When the list of marine disasters is published annually, the number happening to American vessels is not distressingly large. In 1881 there were 198 steamships wrecked, with the loss of 145! lives. Of these 141 were to British steamers and 15 to American. The total tonnage lost was 200,000 tons, of which only 11,568 were American.

#### Joan Harvey's Epitaph.

From the Detroit Post.

We have read a good many epitaphs, which have been quoted more for their oddity than anything else. Here is a genuine one, which for beauty of sentiment and expression we have never seen surpassed. It is that of the mother of William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and is to be seen on a monumental tablet in the church at Folkestone, England. It is supposed to have been written by her distinguished son:

"A. D. 1605, Nov. 8. Dyed in ye 50th yeere of her age, Joan, wife of Tho. Harvey, Mother of seven sones and two daughters; a Godly harmless woman, a chast loving wife, a charitable quiet neighbovr, a cofortable friendly matron, a provident diligent hvswyfe, a carefvl teder-harted mother, deere to her hvsband, reverensed of her children, beloved of her neighbovrs, elected of God; whose sovle rests in Heaven, her body in this grave: To her a happy advantage; to hers an vnhappy loss."

### LITERARY NOTES.

The seventh volume of Mr. Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War" is now preparing for the press. The fifth volume of the "Metternich Memoirs" has just made its appearance in England.

M. Zola receives larger sums for his works than almost any other author in France. He has just finished a new novel called "Pot-Bouille," for which he was paid $6000 merely for the right of first publication as a serial.

Mr. Bentley, the English publisher, has brought out a cheap edition of "The Ingoldsby Legends," and 60,513 copies were subscribed for on the day of publication—a fact which ought to convince the reluctant Briton that cheap books will "pay." It is sold for sixpence and illustrated by distinguished artists.

Among the books which are to be brought out soon by G. P. Putnam's Sons is a volume by Professor G. Guthrie called "The First Book of Knowledge," and planned to present to children in a simple manner the information they need concerning the common objects about them. This house is also about to publish the Hibbert Lectures for 1881 and a volume entitled "Pen Pictures of Authors," by Mr. Shepherd, author of "Authors and Authorship."

M. Henri Cailleux, a Belgian professor, has published a voluminous work in which he proves to his own satisfaction that Homer was born at Brussels of respecta de Belgian parents, and that the great epic poet wrote his Iliad and Odyssey in the Greek language because he attached greater importance to their dissemination among the peoples of Southern Europe than to achieving a mere local reputation as a ready rhymester in his own semi-barbarous country.

The *London Spectator* tells aspiring novelists that Irish people never drop their *h's*, and out of Mr. Boucicault's plays they never say "slape," "kape," or "be'ave." The vowel combinations which they do mispronounce are *ea* and *ei*, as in "leave" and "deceive;" these they make "lave" and "desave;" but *ee* and *ie*, as, for instance, in "weep" and "believe" are never misused. The only English writer who thoroughly masters and never forgets these distinctions is Mr. Thackeray.

The death is announced of William Harrison Ainsworth, an English novelist whose works are widely read in the circulating libraries of America and England. He was born in Lancashire in 1805, and in 1824 went to London, where he published the romance of "Sir John Chiverton," which was highly praised by Sir Walter Scott. "The Constable of the Tower," "The Lord Mayor of London," "Cardinal Pole," or "The Days of Philip and Mary," "Constable de Bourbon," "Myddleton Pomfret," "Hilary St. Ives," and the "Tower of London" were the novels of Mr. Ainsworth most popular in America.

Just before his death, Dean Stanley wrote for the *Century Magazine* his estimate of the life and influence of F. W. Robertson, in his opinion the greatest preacher of the nineteenth century. Unfortunately for the immediate publication of the article, the corrections and marginal additions were in the Dean's own handwriting, which, to any one except his amanuensis and perhaps himself, was about as intelligible as the Mexican hieroglyphics. The article was sent back to England to be deciphered, and with what interesting results will appear to readers of the February *Century*. A portrait of Robertson will accompany the article.

### CURRENT RELIGIOUS NOTES.

As the seat of insanity is the brain and its cause some vice or misfortune farther back, so the seat of the insanity of wrong-doing is the heart, and its cause is sin.—Thed Avance.

The outrages perpetrated on a few thousand Greeks aroused the indignation of the civilized world a few decades ago. Shall the continued persecution of four million Russian Jews evoke no outspoken remonstrance from the powers? —The Jewish Messenger.

Julius Hare said, with much insight into character, that one should never check the enthusiasm of youth, because we need a good stock of enthusiasm as a sort of reserved force on which to draw as we go on in life. The person who arrives at a new year without any special stir of desire to be better, and to do better during its golden possibilities, is to be pitied. He has lost his enthusiasm, and the embers of his life's happiness are faded and wan.—The Christian Intelligencer.

Communion rolls are counted by quantity rather than by quality. Missionary visits are made and reported too much on the principle of arithmetic. Too little weighing of worth and working in spontaneousness and spiritual power. When men and women have to make so many visits daily or fail in the scale of comparison, there is not always room for God's silent working and sovereign leading.—The Word, the Work and the World.

Most men know everybody but themselves. The day, or the eve of the day, is a good time to cultivate self acquaintance, and pledge yourself as your own ally. We trust that many will volunteer the self-interview and come forth all the stronger from the experiment. Some who try it will see how the account is all against them. Happy if they consent to go into human bankruptcy, turn over all they have and are, and rebegin life in the strength of omnipotence.—The Northwestern Christian Advocate.

The British museum has recently purchased a collection of biblical and other oriental manuscripts, which are considered of great importance to the criticism and exegesis of the old testament. The collection, which was made in South Arabia, consists of forty manuscripts. Fifteen of these are portions of the Hebrew scriptures, and two are probably the oldest which have as yet come to light of the old testament scriptures. A third, which contains the Hagiographa, exhibits a trecension of the Hebrew text, the other two portions of which are already in the museum, thus completing the whole Hebrew bible. Several of these manuscripts have the Arabic translation of Saadiah in alternative verses with the Hebrew, while others have the superlineary, or Assyrian, vowel-points, which, till comparatively recent times, were unknown. The remaining twenty-five manuscripts are Midrashim, or homiletic commentaries and Liturgies, which are more or less unknown.

With the creation of four new saints that took place the other day at St. Peter's Basilica, the number of eminent personages upon whom the holy see has conferred the highest honors in its gift since the termination of the tenth century has been brought up to a total of two hundred and twenty-five. The present century has added more largely to the calendar than any of its precursors. Forty-nine ecclesiastical worthies and martyred lay-folk have been canonized since the 1st of January, 1800; whereas during the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, respectively, only eleven church notables were sanctified by the reigning pontiffs. A list has been published of the names, callings and qualifications for canonization of the two hundred and twenty-five saints in question. Members of the legal profession who may chance to glance over this interesting catalogue *raisonne* will observe with regretful surprise that only one lawyer has been deemed worthy of supreme distinction by the Roman church during a period of nearly a thousand years. The largest contingent—sixty-one—is furnished by the minor catholic clergy. Next come the martyrs, forty-seven in number, and thirdly, as many prelates, save one. Only two popes, three cardinals, three hermits, three doctors of the church and three unmartyred laymen are set down in the list, which, however, records the canonization of an emperor, an empress, seven kings, two queens, two dukes and one duchess as well as of three wonder-working virgins and one widow. Pius IX. made more saints than any of his potent predecessors, probably with a view of vindicating the spiritual privileges of his office at the time when its territorial jurisdiction was rapidly narrowing down to the minute limits within which it is at present confined.

A new monthly publication, *The Word, The Work and The World*, presents in its first number some interesting figures in connection with the work of the different churches and religious organizations of New York city: "The various Protestant churches afford accommodation for about 275,000 people, and there are ordinarily present at public worship about 150,000 persons. The Roman Catholic church has the largest number of communicants, amounting to 162,000, for which there is accommodation in 55 churches for only 70,000. The Presbyterian church, including the Reformed, is the largest of the Protestant bodies, numbering, in all its branches, 111 churches and missions, and 20,000 members. The Protestant Episcopal church is second, with over 20,000 communicants and 85 churches and missions. The Baptists are third, with over 11,000 communicants 48 churches and missions. The Methodists follow closely, with over 10,000 communicants and 62 churches and missions. Including the 10 African Methodist churches and missions, with 700 members, they would take the third place. The Evangelical Lutherans and Evangelican associations, take the fifth place, with nearly 6000 communicants and 29 churches and missions. There are 35 Union churches and missions reputed with 2000 members. The Congregationalists have 9 churches and chapels, with 670 members. The Universalists number 3395, with 6 organizations; the Unitarians 550, with 4 churches. There are small organizations of Disciples, Friends, Moravians and Second Adventists. There are 23 Jewish organizations, with nearly 3000 members, and property valued at nearly three and a half million dollars. The Episcopal churches are the wealthiest, owning property valued at $14,000,000. The Roman Catholics own $10,000,000. The Presbyterians, $9,000,000; the Baptists, nearly $2,000,000, the Methodists, nearly $3,000,000. It is interesting to notice the relative cost for salaries of the various denominational agencies. The Roman Catholics sustain 55 churches for $60,000; an average of $1000 each. The Episcopalians sustain 85 churches and missions for $250,000 or $3000 each. The Presbyterians support 111 churches and missions for $281,000, or about $3200 each. The Methodists support over 80 churches and missions for about $91,000, or about $1300 each. The Baptists sustain 47 churches and missions for $76,000, or $1600 each."

### VARIOUS ITEMS.

There are in the Canadian provinces 91 Congregational churches, with 61 pastors and 5635 members. Their church property is valued at $500,000.

Prof. Davidson, of the Scottish Free church, denies that the book of Job is the oldest in the world. He thinks it was written between the time of David and the return from exile.

Three Congregational churches have been dedicated in Denver, Col., within six months without debt. The last of the three, the Second Congregational, was dedicated in December.

Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick has added $50,000 to his previous gifts to the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Chicago, which makes a total of $200,000 he has given to that institution.

The Central Congregational church of Brooklyn has a body of 60 Chinamen under its care. The recent Christmas festival in which they participated was a novel and interesting affair.

There are in Philadelphia 14 churches, 8 of which are German and 10 missions bearing the Lutheran name. They have an aggregate of 8785 communicants. In their parochial schools are 702 children.

There are 13 missionary bishops in the Protestant Episcopal church, each receiving $3000 and having charge of about 400 missionaries. Three hundred of these labor among white people, 41 among colored people, and 52 among Indians.

Mr. Kimball, the church "debt-raiser," has assisted in freeing 175 churches from burdensome incumbrances. The largest amount he encountered was on the Memorial Presbyterian church, New York city, (the Rev. Dr. Robinson's) $110,000.

The Year Book of the Unitarian churches for 1882 gives as the whole number of churches 344, seven more than for 1881. The whole number of ministers is 404. Of the list for 1881, 14 died the past year, 10 were graduated from the two divinity schools, 6 from Cambridge and four from Meadville. The names of four women are in the list of ministers.

The South Congregational Sunday school of New Britain, Conn., pays its superintendent a regular salary, and he devotes his whole time to the interests of the school visiting families, looking after absent scholars, &c. It is the largest Protestant Sunday school in the state, and numbers about 1000 members.

### THE GUITEAU CASE SUMMED UP.

Of Guiteau the New York *World* says much in small space, as follows:

Here is an able-bodied criminal, forty-one years old, in excellent health, who for twenty years has led a roving and unsettled life of deceit and depravity. So far as appears, he has never been suspected before of being mentally irresponsible. This criminal dabbled in politics and played the fly on the wheel in the presidential campaign of 1872 with the avowed hope of obtaining an office of some kind, and his candidate was defeated. He again engaged in the campaign of 1880, got a speech printed, haunted committee-rooms and earned a reputation as a bore. But nobody suspected him of irresponsibility as a bore. His candidate in 1880 was elected, and he at once began to clamor for a consulship. He wrote to president Garfield extolling secretary Blaine, of whom he asked the consulship. Secretary Blaine listened to him, got bored by him and finally, so to speak, slammed the door in his face. The criminal on this wrote to the president abusing secretary Blaine, and about the end of May, 1881, asked for an office from the president in person only to be again rebuffed. Meanwhile the factions of the president and the vice president fall to fighting and much bitter feeling towards the president begins to show itself. Disappointment drives the criminal into the faction of the vice-president; he broods over his repulse for a fortnight. At the end of that time he buys a pistol and cartridges and practices shooting, not in a public gallery but in an isolated spot. He meditates shooting the president who has repulsed him and wounded his self-love, and after selecting two opportunities for the crime, each of which he abandons, deliberately lies in wait for the president on a third occasion, follows him and mortally wounds him. Shortly afterwards he writes in a letter: "I have just shot the president; his death was a political necessity, because he proved a traitor to the men who made him, and thereby imperilled the life of the republic." The criminal, while deliberating on his deed, was evidently aware of its criminal quality and of his own responsibility, for he wrote in a sort of diary: "This is not 'murder;' it is a political necessity." In all this criminal story there is no sign of a delusion. The man acts upon well-ascertained facts in a logical manner throughout. Nothing connected with his deed, with its contemplation or its preparation, has escaped his recollection. He undertakes to establish a defense of insanity. The burden of proof is upon him. Yet so far from offering any proof of legal irresponsibility, he does not even succeed in showing that he suffers from any form of mental disease recognized in medicine only, and a throng of experts in insanity declare him to be sane enough fully to appreciate the moral quality of his crime. It would certainly seem that to elaborate such a case in long speeches and in a charge as grievously to add to the time already wasted on this trial, and most superfluously to disgust an already disgusted country.

#### Estimating Arthur's Difficulties.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

One of the immense difficulties of President Arthur is that the great majority of persons who talk to him are disposed rather to make themselves agreeable than to tell him the useful truth. He has been so fiercely and furiously assailed by the third termers, claiming everything and doing it exultingly, demanding that he shall whirl the wheel in the lottery of assassination at high speed, that he is naturally led to believe that he has been exceedingly conservative in resisting their ferocious importunities. The funeral of President Garfield had hardly taken place when Arthur was urged vehemently to put Blaine and James out of the cabinet right away and to remove Judge Robertson. There was a Guiteau revolution required without delay. Of course Arthur is impressed that, in proceeding decently and in order, he has deserved well of his countrymen, and certainly so he has; but that which we want to call his attention to is that the gang that roared at him to the effect that we have described were guilty of shocking impropriety, and deserved the execration of mankind. The president deserves credit for resisting the old gang here (in Cincinnati), and no doubt feels that he has had a hard time. He does not know that the demands upon him have been at once preposterous and scandalous, and that those who profess to be of an exclusive sect of his friends are his most dangerous enemies. It is well to go slow. If the minority faction are to be preferred before all the rest of the human race, because Garfield was murdered, we should at least have the murderer hanged before the bloodstained spoils are parcelled out.

### NORTHERN PACIFIC.

#### The Late Deal in Northern Pacific the Wonder of the Philadelphia Stock Exchange.

[Special Dispatch to the Chicago Tribune.]

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 30.—The Northern Pacific deal has been the wonder of the Stock Exchange. More so because the biter has been bit, and the men were squeezed who expected to be squeezers. The outsiders were large buyers at 80 and 86, and when the stock broke with the other specialties—when it got down to 80—several large holders had already unloaded but not a few of the Villard party party, and some very close to headquarters, began to buy. It still kept on downward, however, as the margins became exhausted, and Philadelphia, which has been a free buyer at 76@77, sold again to New York at 3 per cent. lower, when the friends of the road had to come to the rescue of their indiscreet associates, who had loaded up at the highest prices, and they themselves came in as buyers when the short interest was quite heavy at 70@80. One of the largest stockholders who had orders in to sell at best, when it was at 84, was in the market to buy at 72. The shorts have been pretty well frightened now, and before the stock reaches 60, which looks a probability for the first of the week, they will be pretty well out.

#### The Guiteau Trial in England.

Smalley's London Letter.

Englishmen now point out that Justice Cox's excuses for not interfering with Guiteau's constitutional rights do not cover what they think are among the most scandalous incidents of the trial, such as allowing Guiteau to have newspapers, to write and receive letters, and to issue addresses. The *Spectator* observes that Justice Cox's idea of constitutional rights includes the right to discredit the administration of law by weeks of brutal buffoonery. The *Times* itself remarks that the impression made by Garfield's dying scenes, of which the pathos and dignity fixed the attention of the civilized world, is weakened by the protracted wrangle into which the trial has been allowed to degenerate. American acknowledgements for this humiliation may be divided between Cox and Cook.

#### Blaine and Arthur.

"Perley," in his Washington letter to the Boston *Journal* says of Mr. Blaine's recent reception: "A bountiful collation was served in the dining room. When Mr. Blaine escorted President Arthur to the table he handed him a glass of punch, saying: 'Mr. President, I drink to the success of your administration.' 'And I, in return,' remarked the President, 'drink to the success of yours.' This reminded a gentleman present of an incident at the Yorktown celebration. A few gentlemen were speaking one night when President Arthur remarked: 'One of your great grandchildren will be president, then, Mr. Blaine!' 'Ah!' replied the secretary, 'I don't propose to wait that long.'"

## NEW TO-DAY.

WANTED—ROOMS IN CENTRAL LOCATION, for use of gentlemen's club. Address "W.," Oregonian Office. It

**NOTICE.**

ALBINA—THE DEEDS FOR ALL LOTS SOLD by us are now ready for delivery.
22d3t J. FRED CLARK & CO., 28 Washington St.

**ALBINA.**

A LIMITED NUMBER ONLY OF LOTS OF this beautiful property remain for sale at $200 each.
22d4t J. FRED CLARK & CO., 28 Washington St.

**FOR SALE.**

HOUSE, BARN AND 2 LOTS IN COUCH'S ADdition; price $2100—cheap enough.
22d4t J. FRED CLARK & CO., 28 Washington St.

**FOR SALE.**

A LOT ON G STREET, WITH TWO GOOD 11-roomed houses, yielding rental of $45 a month; price $4400.
22d4t J. FRED CLARK & CO., 28 Washington St.

**FOR SALE.**

AT BEAVERTON, CONVENIENT TO PORTland by road and railway, choice farm and dairy lands, on easy terms.
22d4t J. FRED CLARK & CO., 28 Washington St.

**FOR IMPERATIVE SALE.**

TEN TRACTS OF LAND, FROM 4 TO 15 MILES from Portland, belonging to an absentee proprietor, at prices ranging from $2 to $30 per acre.
22d4t J. FRED CLARK & CO., 28 Washington St.

**DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.**

THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXISTing under the firm name of James G. Fairfowl & Son is this day dissolved by mutual consent, James G. Fairfowl, Jr., retiring. James G. Fairfowl, Sr., assumes the payment of all debts of said firm and collects all outstanding accounts.
JAMES G. FAIRFOWL, SR.
JAMES G. FAIRFOWL, JR.
22d3t

**FOR SALE.**

COMPLETE FIXTURES OF A BUTCHER SHOP. Inquire at saloon No. 11 Third St., between Pine and Ash. 22d2t

**NOTICE.**

I WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY debts that may be contracted by my wife, Walley Cline, she having left my bed and board without just cause. JACOB CLINE.
Portland, Jan. 21, 1882. 22d2t

**NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.**

THE COPARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXisting between the undersigned, under the firm name of, Shindler & Chadbourne, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. G. Shindler assumes the payment of the liabilities of the late firm and the collection of the debts due the same.
Portland, Jan. 19, 1882. G. SHINDLER,
E. S. CHADBOURNE.

The business heretofore carried on by Shindler & Chadbourne will be continued by the undersigned in all its branches with increased facilities for satisfying the wants of all the old as well as new patrons, with new, fresh, stylish goods, at reasonable rates.
20d6t G. SHINDLER & CO.

**SAFES! SAFES!!**

OWING TO CHANGE IN BUSINESS, FOR SALE at low figures four new safes of Best Manufacture. Propositions Received till February 1st only. Inquire of W. G. WILLIAMS, at Mark Levy's commission house, 122 Front street, or by letter. Box 480, Portland, Oregon. jan15-12t

## SLEEPY PEOPLE

NEVER WIN. PUSHING, PROGRESSIVE, practical, painstaking, persevering men whittle out a place for themselves with their own jack-knives. These remember

[illegible]

When needing anything in his line, and always go to the Red Front, 5 Washington St., to have their orders filled, knowing they will not be expected to pay for work unless well executed. YOU, dear reader, remember this. Ja22

## FOURTH ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE

In Accordance with our Custom of reducing Stock before the arrival of Spring Goods, we shall commence on

## MONDAY, Jan. 23d

Our FOURTH annual clearance sale, and offer without reserve our ENTIRE assortment of

DRY GOODS
AND
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

## AT COST!

We will conduct this sale strictly on the plan of our three preceding ones, only making it much more attractive. This is the only house in the city that has held former "Annual Clearance Sales." We have the best lighted dry goods store in Portland and since our removal to 186 First street we have carried a much larger stock than before. We solicit the attention of every buyer to this sale, which will be found to be a bona fide transaction.

COME EARLY AND SECURE FIRST CHOICE.

OLDS & KING,
186 First St., bet. Yamhill and Taylor.

## CAPILLINE.

THE BEST HAIR TONIC

In the world. Removes dandruff, promotes the growth of the hair and leaves it soft and glossy. Prepared only by W. N. Wallace & Co., Druggists, No. 23 North First St., Portland, Oregon. d4lm

**FOR SALE.**

DAIRY FARM FOR SALE.

THE DAIRY FARM ON COLUMBIA SLOUGH with cows and all appliances necessary for class dairy. For particulars inquire at
near Taylor.

FOR SALE.

96 ACRES OF IMPROVED LAND, TWO MI from the O. C. R. R., at Canby, in Clack county; 80 acres in cultivation; two dwelling barn and outhouses; a thrifty young orchard. half cash, balance on time. A splendid bargain.
JOHNSON, McCOWN & MACRUM
Oregon C
ja19d2w

A BONANZA FOR SOME ONE.

A STOCK OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE about $6000, together with store ground, etc., is offered for sale for the best is located in one of the richest and healthiest the country; very handy to shipping; daily mails, and among the most prosperous to be found anywhere. Object in selling, and a change necessary. Persons meaning can get particulars from FERRY & W
Ja19 Real Estate Agents,

FOR SALE.

52½ ACRES OF THE KITTRIDGE CLAIM miles below the city; also 96 acres of ter claim, 3 miles below city, by PARRISH & NELL, Real Estate and Loan Agts, 147½

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

A SMALL PORTABLE FIRE-PROOF ing, nicely fitted; ground rent only See owner on premises, 54 First street.

FOR SALE.

ONE BOILER, TOGETHER WITH ALL tachments, in first-class condition. lars apply at the office of the Oregon Co., First and Yamhill streets.

FOR SALE AT A SACRIFICE

ONE HUNDRED TOWN LOTS IN THE little town of Canemah, on the banks of lamette river, adjoining Oregon City. portunity to invest a small amount will in the near future pay you an your investment. Call at my office maps and plats of the property. one hundred acres adjoining Canemah ed up into tracts of from one to forty timber; others adapted to garden stone quarries, and others carp ponds ling to engage in the fishing business want. Just call around, make a you will get yourself a home for a of money. This property is to be will bring—first come first served dress HARRISON
ja10d1m S.E. Cor. First and

FOR SALE.

ONE OF THE BEST IMPROVED Washington territory; 740 acres fty of land, and all well fenced with and subdivided into fields; good rooms, kitchen and cellar; barn building 32x42 feet; granaries wells, springs and a running stream acres in farm cultivation; meadow; about 1500 fruit trees in good neighborhood and six miles pot; plenty of timber for firewood perfect, and the best inducement including farm machinery and wheat, $19,500. Some time may be the price. This offer stands good uary, 1882. For further particulars
J. D. LAMAN,
No. 7 Third St., Walla
December 26, 1881.

PRIVATE BOARD

ELEGANT FURNISHED

BY THE WEEK OR MONTH, out board. Transient best in the city. Address P.

TO LET

FOR RENT

A LARGE FRONT ROOM nished, suitable for a family near the postoffice.

FOR RENT

A COTTAGE HOUSE, of J. EPPERLY & CO.

TO LET

BY THE DAY, WEEK furnished rooms Second and Oak. desired.

PROFESSIONAL C

COOK'S MUSIC

TWENTY YEARS structor, enables time of the pupil. Third Floor

WANTED

WANTED—SEVERAL to engage in a Oregon. Apply at and 9 P. M.

A Furnished good location.

WANTED—A GOOD for the Univeral forms for unmarried right man. Local Oregon and Washington WELL, General Agent Territory, Room 40,

WANTED—A PARTNER means in a prosperous est in the real estate cash. Apply to E. MARTIN

SPECIAL

PAINTER WANTED anteed. Only a good KROSEL, Astoria.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY enced woman cook None but first-class "Portland," Oregonian office.

NORWEGIAN BK. "CARL" N. A. Maroni, from master of the above sible for any debts crew. 21d3t

LOST.

TWO NOTES, VALUE Amos J. Richardson lost on the Dalles boat please leave at the Burton

FOR SALE

LOTS 3 AND 4, BLOCK C, Tenth sts., with Large Lots 1 and 8, and north ket, between Tenth and property is very desirable, gain.

TO LEASE

FOR A TERM OF TEN YEARS Block 100 Couch, cor. Also Lots 6 and 7, Block 127, teenth streets. ATKINSON Stark and Front streets.

The Bishop Scott Grammar

A Boarding and Day School

WILL BEGIN ITS EASTER ty weeks Jan. 21, 1881. advantages to those who wish or business, and to those who special course of study. and the instruction thorough. paid to ungraded scholars thorough and practical training watch is kept over the and no one is admitted factory certificate of good catalogue or any further the Rt. Rev. B. Wistar Morris ter,
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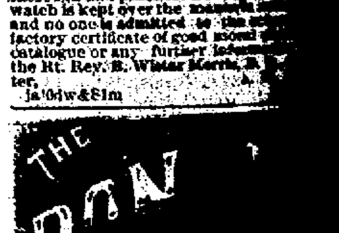

GILMAN & CO.

GREAT AUCTION

OF

CHOICE JAPANESE

INDIAN CURIOSITIES

AND

BRIC-A-BRAC.

We are favored with instructions MARSH & CO., Importers, to at the room corner Third and Masonic Temple,

Commencing Tuesday Evening

At 7 o'clock P. M.

By Catalogue.

A large consignment of the above consisting of

A Large and Elegant Satsuma, Imarie, Kaga, chu and other Wares, tique; Superb Cloisonne, Tortoise Shell, etc.; Metal Work, Limoges Ware, general assortment of

This choice collection of fine goods will be of without reserve, affording an opportunity citizens of Portland to purchase goods offered in this market.

Goods will be upon exhibition on Monday from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M., and we invite and inspect this rare collection of curios.

Catalogues will be ready for delivery ing. Seats will be provided for ladies and the room will be comfortable.

GILMAN & CO.,

ay Oregonian.

MORNING, JANUARY 22, 1882.

## BOUT PORTLAND.

G. Struve of Seattle is at the Clar-

Pottinger of the Albany *Herald* city.

bia arrived down at 8 A. M. yes- crossed to sea at 1 P. M.

Sheldon returned on the last steamer tended trip to the eastern states.

gon arrived in Astoria at 3:30 P. M. and leaves for Portland at daylight.

No. 4 on the O. & C. railroad is re- brakes—the first introduced in Or-

ed that a Mr. Wood will build a building on Fourth street, East

Wills' saw mill, at Willsburg, has been Wm. Wills and R. O. Palmateer for

week will close the half year of the schools. There will be vacation from ning until Wednesday morning.

Burgy, formerly mate, is now in com- the steamer Washington. The boat hereafter for Vancouver at 2:30 P. M.

of Akin, Selling & Co. was closed on account of the death of San Fran- of Mr. L. Hess, father of Mrs. Ben

F. McCartney, formerly chief engi- Pend d'Oreille division of the North- left by the last steamer from San

Pope, for many years head sales- Ackerman Bros., of San Francisco, a similar position with Messrs. & Co. in this city.

night the residence of Mrs. Rip- corner of Sixth and P streets, in was broken into and robbed of small articles.

Hibernian Benevolent Society appointed the following delegates to for preparing St. Patrick's Day Daniel Magill, James Wilson, W. John J. Murphy.

#### NEW BOOKS.

new books have been received the Portland Library: Encyclo- tanica, ninth edition, vol. 1. The its inhabitants, by Elisee Reclus, British Isles.

#### POSITIVELY DANGEROUS.

on the Washington street that greater caution is prevent teams or foot-pas- ing that bridge in its pres- condition by placing danger end, besides making stronger which will be more certain to keep in crossing.

#### WAREHOUSE BURNED.

night the warehouse on the about 9 miles from Eugene, Luper Bros., burned to the cause of the fire is unknown, to be of incendiary origin. The follows: Luper Bros'. ware- chinery, $1500; insurance $1500 Samuel Meek, 2000 bushels surance; W. H. Baber, 400 bushels insurance; A. H. Friendly, 900 fully insured.

#### HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

o'clock yesterday morning Frank bar tender in Prang's saloon, was the street by two men, whom he to rob him. He called to Har- who had just left him on the cor- and together they succeeded men at bay until policemen came to their aid, and took police station, where they gave Pat Lynch and Frank Carrol, offender, having been in jail a watch. They were arraign- court in the afternoon charged intent to commit robbery. examination was continued

#### BROTHER REPORTED HERE.

Portland *Vindicator* is au- the statement that a brother Guiteau's lawyer and brother- in this city. It says: a miner by profession, though college. For the past ten he has been on this coast and along with Buffalo Bill, Wild Jack Crawford and others. In he resembles a Span- he has more elegance and He is tall and sinewy, with beard and flowing hair, and middle life, is yet upright and lately been in the northwest- Washington territory, and came northwestern metropolis for a He thinks his brother is acting ding Guiteau, as the claims of very strongly, and he thinks the family and the odium to be escapes hanging, it demands brothers' efforts should be put him." His opinion of Guiteau is crank of the first water, and not for his actions; that he is, in fact, has strong hope of his brother be- clear him, or at least to save his gallows."

#### DANGEROUS BUILDING.

ected that the present grand jury a tour of inspection through all ings to investigate into their safety, means of egress in case of fire. strictly a public building the Chi- on Second street, should be looked of the worst man traps in the city alone on account of the one narrow which leads out of it, but more espe- it is in continual danger of being Directly beneath the stage and occupying a space of probably feet, is a kitchen, which is in con- night and day, with the utmost comfort, cleanliness, or safety of people living in that block. One narrow room is occupied by a long, range, running its full length, scarcely room enough for the cook and attend his work. Adjoining box of an apartment used for cleaning vegetables, etc., above small platform, scarcely far enough ceiling to allow a person to sit on it ing, on which the employes of the In the floor near the cooking a hole, into which they throw their refuse matter, making it as shocking a place, as one can imagine. There is tion of any kind in the room, and fires in the range, the sparks and ascend to the ceiling, which is liable into flames at any moment. The smoke the ceiling and stands in volumes staging of the theater, from which small doors are opened comes a sick- stench. Beside being in constant danger fire, the place is the vilest in all town, and should be abolished by the a nuisance, if the grand jury do not torn down.

## REAL ESTATE MARKET.

following special report of the real estate is furnished THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN by J. Clark & Co., real estate agents:

most important question to the real estate is the direction or locality to which pop- is presently directed; the next, the pros- outlook for other sections. In answer to the position we can only refer to the analysis of records given hereunder. The second is the finder of its solution will have a prize within his reach.

special characteristic of the present market is round dealing. The current of business for week, if judged by the amount involved, has been of Couch's addition, if by the number of then East Portland carries the palm. the fact remains that *bona fide* investments in properties and in home sites are being in every part of the city and suburbs, indi- general confidence in the permanence of prosperity of Portland.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| and northward | 14 | deeds | $47,652 00 |
| | 2 | " | 500 00 |
| | 5 | " | 36,625 00 |
| Portland | 23 | " | 20,491 00 |
| and suburban | 13 | " | 14,035 00 |
| and southward | 7 | " | 5,456 00 |
| | 1 | " | 75 00 |
| tery | 2 | " | 60 00 |
| Total | 65 | deeds | $124,464 00 |

W. Gayler, of the Columbus (Ohio) *Dispatch* says: "If every medicine possessed the cu- rative properties of St. Jacobs Oil, there would be a great diminution of medical graduates. used it lately in a very severe attack of and the result was gratifying. Rankin, of *Journal*, had something like the mumps a few ago. He bought a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil it did him more good than all the doctors. It is splendid thing.

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Miss Minnie Brackett is visiting Miss Ella Grubb at Roseburg.

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Sites left by the Columbia on an extended visit east.

Mrs. Rev. J. W. Sellwood will return by to-night's steamer from a visit east.

Col. J. W. Nesmith is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Levi Ankeny at Walla Walla.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Jacobs return by the Oregon from a visit to San Francisco.

Miss Chitwood, of Ashland, is the guest of Mrs. C. B. Watson, of East Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter V. Smith left by yesterday's steamer for a short visit to San Francisco.

The Concordian club give their second domino party at Turn Hall on Wednesday evening of this week.

The Hook & Ladder company of Corvallis gave a very enjoyable and successful masquerade last Monday night.

Mr. Jesse Applegate of Linkville, the well-known and honored Oregon pioneer, is the guest of Mrs. Brackett.

Miss Sallie Bradbury of Milwaukie is visiting Mrs. F. C. Middleton.

Mr. and Mrs. Apperson of Oregon City entertained a large number of friends last Friday evening.

Miss Emma Steward of Vancouver has been visiting friends and relatives at Lafayette during the week.

Miss Hensley of Salem will spend the remainder of the winter in Klickitat county with her sister, Mrs. Wm. Millican.

Mr. Werner Breyman, of Salem, left by the State for San Francisco, where with Mrs. Breyman and daughter he will spend the remainder of the winter.

Gen. and Mrs. Miles entertained their friends at Vancouver post Friday evening of last week in elegant style. Among the guests were a large number from Portland.

Mr. James K. Bingman and Mrs. Jennie Stevens, of Canemah, were married at the Baptist parsonage in Oregon City on the 5th inst., Rev. J. H. Teale performing the ceremony.

Mr. Sig Rosenthal, of Sacramento, is visiting his sister, Mrs. H. Sonnenfeld, prior to his departure for St. Louis, where he in the future will be one of the firm of Rosenthal Bros. of that city.

The marriage of Mr. F. C. Perrine and Miss Irene Cosper of Salem was celebrated at the residence of C. L. Keller, Esq., in that city, on the evening of the 18th inst., Rev. P. S. Knight officiating.

Thos. Huntington, an old and esteemed citizen of Portland, left on the steamer yesterday morning on a visit and business trip to Europe. He will go first to England, and after visiting the continent, will return home in April next.

Captain Spencer, of the steamer Gold Dust, was married on the 10th inst. at New Westminster, B. C., to Miss Lizzie Irving, daughter of the late Captain Irving. The newly married pair reached The Dalles, where they will reside in future, early this week, and on Tuesday evening an elegant reception was given them by the many friends of Captain Spencer at the parlors of the Jackson house.

Reed's Opera House at Salem was filled on Thursday evening last, on the occasion of the public installation and ball, under the auspices of Olive lodge No. 18, I. O. O. F. At the conclusion of the installation ceremonies an excellent and appropriate address was delivered by P. G. M., H. G. Struve of Seattle, W. T. The floor was then cleared for dancing and everything passed along nicely, and those who held tickets express themselves delighted with the terpsichorean part of the programme.

#### SURPRISE PARTY.

Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. David Cole of East Portland, were suprised by a large number of friends, who invaded their house about 8 o'clock, bringing with them delicious refreshments. A most agreeable evening was passed. Those present were: Judge and Mrs. Bellinger, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Meussdorffer, Joseph Buchtel and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Dond, Mr. and Mrs. Sliker, Mr. and Mrs. Gillispie, Dr. and Mrs. Josephi, Dr. Raffety, Mr. and Mrs. Dent, Mr. and Mrs. Bullock, Mr. and Mrs. DeClark, Mr. and Mrs. Underhill, Mr. and Mrs. West, Mr. and Mrs. A. H Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Wash. Allen, Mr. T. J. Matlock and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Nottage, Mr. and Mrs. John Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Stafford, Mr. and Mrs. Welsh, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Magress, Mr. and Mrs. W. Kerns, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. N. Curry, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Lyniff, Mr. and Mrs. Brickell, Mr. H. P. McGuire and a large number of young people.

## BOARD OF TRADE.

### Appropriation of $1000 to Continue Dredging on St. Helens Bar—The City to Vote Money for the Willamette.

Yesterday afternoon, the board of trade held a special meeting, President Donald Macleay in the chair.

The following letter from Capt. Powell, of the engineer corps, was read:

U. S. ENGINEER'S OFFICE,  
PORTLAND, Jan. 21, 1881.

*To the President of the Board of Trade, Portland:* SIR—In answer to the inquiries made this morning by Mr. B. I. Cohen, I have to state:

First—That if this season continues to be favorable like the corresponding part of 1880, as much as $50,000 could be advantageously used in continuation of the execution of the projects for the improvement of the lower Willamette and Columbia rivers; that even with a poor season, which does not seem probable, as much as $5000 could be judiciously expended on the projects, even at this late time.

Second—That the dredge-boat has made a channel at St. Helens giving 16.5 feet at zero of the local guage, which is set at mean tide on an extreme low stage of river; that the current expenses of the dredge-boat and the tender for the time probably required to increase this depth to 18 feet are about $600.

Third—That the cost of desirable dredging in the ship channel for use this season is from $3000 to $5000—depending on the stages of the river.

Fourth—That, except a small reserve fund for use next summer in the Columbia river bar, and for local surveys, if necessary, and for office expense, the government appropriation is exhausted; and on that account it is intended to stop dredging and construction of auxiliary works at Willamette slough dam right away. The stoppage of auxiliary works will probably cause increased expense in their subsequent execution, and also from the consequent need of a greater amount of dredging when dredging is resumed.

The authority of the Hon. secretary of war is required for the continuation of government works by donated fund. Yours very truly,

CHAS. F. POWELL, Capt. of Engineers.

Without the least discussion the board unanimously appropriated $1000 from the funds raised to defray the expenses of Mayor D. P. Thompson, to be placed in the hands of Captain Powell to be used in continuing the dredging of St. Helen's bar until a channel of eighteen feet at low tide is obtained. This will require ten days' work.

Last night Secretary Arnold telegraphed the secretary of war for permission to continue the work. By this action of the board, stoppage of work at a critical point is arrested.

It is understood that Acting Mayor Honeyman will call a special meeting of the council this week to appropriate money for immediate dredging of the Willamette.

## ADVICE TO A "SINNER."

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN:

I discover under head of "Chaff," in THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN of January 8th, the grievances of some one who declares himself "a sinner." This benighted man's soul, it seems, is wrought up at the enormity of the sin committed by a certain choir which saw fit to rehearse its Sabbath music just before the morning service, and emphatically asserts "Sunday morning is not the time for it." He may be right; but "good people who pass by" are seldom shocked at this kind of worship—only now and then a sinner. I suggest that this misguided man, before making his next Sunday morning rounds, take down his bible, brush away the accumulated dust, and see if he can find authority for his rash assertion; and instead of condoling with "the hundreds of good persons who pass by" with him at one end of the church (where this rehearsing can only be heard through two partitions), he pass along to the front door, quietly walk in and join "the few score who sit waiting for service." It may be that after the first prayer the pastor will give out that good old hymn—

"Far from my thoughts vain world begone;  
Let my religious hours alone"—

Which all "sinners" may join. T.

## MADGE'S LETTER,

### Suggesting how the Rooms we Live in Can be Beautified.

### GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN DECORATIVE TASTE.

### What Æstheticism has Done in this Direction—Righteous Indignation at "Parlors" and an Appeal for "Living Rooms."

DEAR OREGONIAN:—It needs a braver heart and stouter hand than mine to take up the cudgel in absolute defense of æstheticism, particularly while Oscar Wilde on American shores is discoursing on the intensity of wan lillies; neither am I an enthusiastic believer in the "Inner brotherhood," and therefore fitted for the task. But when the whole world is tacitly accepting and imitating them, when Du Maurier acknowledges their triumph and with hold as his stinging lash and *Punch* is no longer bitterly, satirically funny at their expense, I feel my own courage bubbling up to the point of openly approving the æsthetes. I cannot, I am sure, sympathize with a "sentimental passion of a vegetable fashion," and at dinner time I am hungry with a modern hunger that does not find satisfaction in the contemplation of sun-flowers; I don't want my limp gowns to weep behind me, nor to wear my hair in artistic disorder unless it chances to be especially becoming; I don't fancy hollow and bony beauties perhaps, nor am I prepared to say that my highest aim is to live up to a particular style of tea-pot. Yet all this skepticism does not prevent me from honestly acknowledging the great improvement in various styles of personal adornment and the refined, cultivated taste visible in interior decorations as directly traceable to æsthetic influence. A few years ago public taste in the matter of house decoration had sunk to a depth of hideousness that defied rescue, and nothing but

#### THIS SUDDEN, STARTLING EXTREME

Of æstheticism could have produced the desired revolution. The dreadful whiteness of ceiling, wall and woodwork, weighty designs in plaster, stereotyped grate and mantel piece, glaring carpets, stiff cornices, unlovely lambrequin, and furniture whose fearful and wonderful make was equalled by its capacity for entire discomfort, have been replaced by mellow tones in woodwork, lovely high-art papers, graceful curtains swung easily from poles and rings, luxurious rugs and some well designed and comfortable furniture. The same ignorance of that detail on which the whole depends is visible here, as in the matter of dress, and the unfortunate disregard of consistency, when by the introduction of one discordant element the

#### HARMONY OF A WHOLE ROOM

Is marred. In the furnishing of a room the first items of important consideration are the walls, and two ideas must be carefully kept in view; first, that the wall, however perfect in itself, must be unobtrusive as the background for everything else, and secondly that the effect must lighten as it rises. For example should a room be papered throughout, more prominence should be given the dado than is shown in the coloring of the paper, and the paper in turn should be heavier in design than the frieze. The ceiling whether papered, tinted or frescoed, should always be light, both for the sake of giving height to the room, and that the effect to the eye is more pleasing. Following out this principle in papering, there is a strong objection to a paper whose general tone is gold—there will be too sudden a change where the line of the frieze begins, hence a darker paper with gold used freely in the design is to be preferred. Handsome paper commands such a price that it is a very expensive way of furnishing one's walls, and as the next best thing, and indeed in some rooms preferable, I should suggest a

#### ROUGH FINISHED PLASTER

Washed with water color. Venetian or Indian reds are very handsome for hall and dining room, and when there is a wainscoting around the room, these colored walls above are really beautiful. Large rugs are expensive—though not any more so than nice carpets—and a serious trouble generally presents itself in the floor, too apt to be rough and uneven, and of poorly matched boards. When one cannot afford to have a thin floor laid, a judicious use of sand paper and putty will remove the first two objections, and as for the last it must be swallowed with all the rest of things that can't be helped. There is a very good way of staining floors with Brazil wood (to be found at any wholesale druggist's), steeped in water until the water becomes a dark red, and rubbed on when hot just as one would wash a floor. When quite dry, rub on a coat of boiled linseed oil; not too thick, as it is apt to dry in a crust. As many coats of the Brazil wood water may be applied as taste prefers, but before the oil is used, and it leaves a rich, warm color, one of the shades between Van Dyck brown and red. These floors should never be washed with soap, but with clean warm water, and another coat of the oil put on if it becomes shabby. Every additional oiling improves it, and the floor will not scratch as shellac will. Total expense, $2 50.

#### STAINING FLOORS

Is to be preferred to painting them, even when shellac is used. Any one who has tried the rugs in place of carpets never returns to first principles, and they certainly do not cost any more, and they don't have to be annually taken up and beaten, since they can be shaken every day if you please. Think of the cleanliness of it and then talk of Axminster, Moquette and body Brussels. Having treated walls as a back ground, the next thing to be careful about is to avoid putting anything against them that is not worthy a back ground, and then a perfectly correct effect is produced. Of course this is an extravagant way of presenting the question, but I am firmly convinced that the height of extravagant folly is to invest fifty cents in a piece of cheap decoration. How many people who commence humbly, have in their mad chase to get furnished, crowded their rooms with tawdry ornament stuck around on little wooden brackets, filled every corner and available square inch, and left not a space where the eye might rest. It is very much better, if one cannot afford to buy everything handsome at once, to get one thing at a time, and that the best of its kind, than to load ourselves down with articles whose only recommendation—cheapness—they carry branded upon them.

I saw a pretty set of book-shelves the other day which was made simply of shellaced pine, well-finished but guiltless of ornamentation. It extends across the whole side of a room, the top shelf left for bric-a-brac, and the others adjustable in slots, so as to accommodate any size of volume. It was unique and had excellent effect. In the same house I gained an idea for

#### A PRIVATE ART GALLERY.

Here the wide hall had been converted into a gallery by letting in a glass roof. This caught every gleam of light, and on entering the house one was struck by its cheerfulness as the first evidence of the interior hospitality. I know that this is not generally practicable, since most of us live in the conventional two-story house, where the dining-room has been suffocated and the hall wiped out of existence, for the sake of having a parlor uncomfortably out of proportion. I should like to forget the word parlor and talk about sitting-rooms, or to be still more old-fashioned, living-rooms. Are they not always appalling, these lonely parlors which we keep for the benefit of other people? And I never go into one however handsomely furnished but I think of grandmother's best room which was only opened for the depression of occasional formal visitors, and had an odor disagreeably divided between musty age and dried rose leaves. One can make a living-room as handsome as one's purse can afford, furnish it with a taste

#### NO WEALTH COULD EXCEED,

And still invest it with that comfortable air of being lived in—so dear to a domestic heart. Curtains take one long stride toward the furnishing of a room, and they require much careful thought. It is rarely a good plan to allow them to lead in the color of a room, though often a red curtain of deep warm shade seems just the touch required, and is especially lovely for rooms where the light is cold. However, unless one is sure of a certain effect, it is best to trust to a material that gathers the various tones and does not accent the color of the room. Mrs. Julian Hawthorne writes cleverly of color, and says one should learn it in keys and scales as one learns music, and suggests that in arranging a room one should keep in the same key, unless proficient enough to venture successfully among the intricacies of modulation. *Portieres* are a vast improvement on stiff folding doors, and in rooms where it is not necessary to lock the doors I should have them at every entrance, but where a door is used, it is extremely bad taste to swing a *portiere* also. There has been many a long discussion about

#### HOW TO HANG PICTURES.

And it is a subject on which few people agree beyond the fact that pictures should be hung where the eye may reach them without performing gymnastic feats heavenward. A moulding is of course the best method of supporting pictures where the cord or wire is to be seen, but I prefer them hung from a peg, directly behind the frame, so that the wire is concealed, and the pictures tip outward but slightly. The habit of hanging one above the other is detestable unless one excepts a pair of small pictures, and then when the frames touch each other, the effect is sometimes good. It is in any case a dangerous experiment. The chief mistake to be guarded against is crowding walls, and a room with occasional bits of blank wall is a refreshing indication of good taste on the part of its owner.

#### EASELS ARE A PRETTY REMEDY

For awkward corners, but they should be used with discretion, support pictures worthy of such prominence, and never be so elaborate in design as to be more conspicuous than their mission allows. If it is necessary to have them very handsome, they can be gilded or ebonized relieved with gilt lines, but the ordinary artist's easel shape should never be departed from and bumps and knobs and welts can only mar that simplicity on which their beauty depends. Really uncomfortable furniture is never beautiful and if one could say with equal truth that all comfortable furniture is, the difficulty would be rapidly and easily solved—but at least today when odd pieces are quite the thing and the parlor set is not necessary to preserve one's social standing, one runs a better chance of uniting grace and comfort. Open fire places offer an unlimited field for housekeepers decoratively inclined, and I have purposely kept them for the last item of a living room since my enthusiasm never finds a final period when allowed much scope. They are warmly adopted by the popular voice, and in some of the handsomest modern houses grates have been banished in their favor. Tiles improve them, and as painting them is comparatively easy and very interesting work, many ornament their own chimney corners; but should no talent in this direction exist in the family, Dutch tiles or even the ordinary hearth tiles in conventional design can be used with good effect. The mantel shelf of the present is not an artistic success, but the decorative art schools offer tasteful designs for covering up these deficiencies and almost any woman with deft fingers and good taste can carry them into execution. Leather makes a suitable and handsome cover for the mantel piece of a dining-room, but I think I will not say anything about dining-rooms to day, as it is a subject which furnishes material for a letter by itself.

MADGE.

## AN ARIZONA AFFILIATOR.

### A Chat with the Discoverer of the Toughnut Mine.

### EDWARD SCHIEFFELIN'S EXPERIENCES.

### Interview with one of the Few Oregon Miners Who went to Arizona and has Made it Pay.

The great mining town of Tombstone, in Arizona, takes its name from that of the first claim located there. The three principal mines of that place, that is, the only three that are paying well, are the Toughnut, Tombstone and Grand Central. Hearing that the original locator of the Toughnut was in town, an OREGONIAN reporter started down to the Clarendon hotel on Friday night to have a chat with him. This gentleman is Edward Schieffelin, a native of Pennsylvania, who came to the coast in 1852 and was a placer miner in and about Jacksonville until the early sixties, when he and his brothers went over the Siskiyous and concluded to tackle the Comstock. Thence they drifted down to Arizona and located the far-famed Toughnut lodge. Fifteen months ago these brothers sold out their share for something over a million and a half and went east to live, but Edward soon grew tired of the close atmosphere of a crowded city and longed for the open freedom of the Pacific coast. He therefore revisited Oregon, coming up overland by stage in order that he might again behold the scene of his early struggles, and arrived here on Wednesday's train from Roseburg. Mr. Knowles took the reporter's card and said, "Mike, show this gentleman up to No. 27."

#### THE SPIRIT OF FORTY-NINE

Still lives, if the reporter is to judge by the appearance of Mr Schieffelin. He is a man about forty-five years of age, nearly six feet tall, and well proportioned. He has a face one would not be likely to forget, having curly black hair and beard, which he wears rather long, in the Argonaut fashion. A florid complexion, aquiline nose, and clear blue eyes having a very frank expression, complete the picture so far as nature is concerned. He was dressed in a plain blue flannel shirt with a crimson necktie, black cloth pantaloons rammed into a pair of long calf-skin boots and, in true miner's fashion, he was seated in his shirt-sleeves while his coat hung on the wall. He sat at the center table as the reporter entered and gave him a rather quiet greeting as he motioned him to a chair. It was plain to be seen that he was not used to being interviewed but as soon as the reporter had broken the ice he warmed up and proved himself an agreeable conversationalist.

Reporter.—Mr. Schieffelin, I heard you were in the city and thought you might have no objection to a little conversation with a newspaper man. If it is objectionable say so and I won't bore you with conundrums.

Schieffelin.—Not the least objectionable, I assure you.

#### FIRST GLIMPSE OF WEBFOOT.

R.—Do you find yourself lonesome here, sir?

S.—Not at all. The city is so full of novel sights that I spend a good deal of time on the streets.

R.—How are you impressed with Portland?

S.—Very favorably, indeed. It is a remarkable city for its size and population, and its business buildings compare favorably with those of Chicago or any other eastern city.

R.—It must be a great change to a man coming here from Arizona, of course you notice the difference in climate very perceptibly?

S.—I should say I did. But this climate is just what I am after. Coming back from a journey to my native State—Pennsylvania—I got a good dose of the malaria in Arizona, and took a trip to Oregon for a change.

R.—How does it work?

S.—Splendidly, as far as heard from.

R.—Did you know that people have chills here?

S.—Yes. But it is largely their own fault. Now, this evening is a little foggy and damp, yet it is much warmer than at Tombstone or Prescott. Still, your Oregon man goes out in heavy woolen clothing and walks about for hours, and then he goes home and sits right down without rubbing the sweat off or doing anything else to observe healthy precautions. No man need have chills here if he will take proper precautions to keep out malaria.

#### THE CLIMATE OF ARIZONA.

R.—I suppose the climate of Arizona is very hot and oppressing.

S.—That depends entirely in what part of the territory you visit. Should you go along the Colorado or Gila rivers you would find the thermometer at 110 to 118 at almost any time of year. Out in the mountains, however, the weather is a good deal like the dry climate of eastern Nevada.

R.—And what sort of an agricultural country is Arizona? Do you raise your own breadstuffs there?

S.—Not by a good deal. Arizona is consuming mostly flour from Oregon and California, as everything goes in there by the Southern Pacific railroad. And the tracts of good farming land are so small that as population increases the importation of breadstuffs must increase in the same proportion.

R.—And the population is increasing, I suppose?

S.—Yes, very rapidly; but it is hard to say whether the growth will be permanent or whether it will lapse backward as Nevada is doing. You cannot tell much about mining countries.

R.—You would not advise any young man to go there?

S.—Indeed, I would. These mining countries are just the place for young men to go and make a raise. But when they make a raise they must hunt up some old settled and well regulated community where they can have safe investments of the slow-and-sure style.

#### THE MINES OF ARIZONA.

R. Did you go down to Arizona fully impressed with that idea when you and your brother located the Toughnut?

S.—Certainly. I saw that the newer was the country, the better a poor man's chance.

R.—Well, you are about the first man that has brought back to Oregon more money than he took away. Most of our rich men leave here with plenty of money, and get broke by stocks in San Francisco or New York.

S.—That may be, but you must remember that I didn't take much money out of Oregon.

R. That mine of yours at Tombstone, is it a very wide ledge?

S.—Yes; a good ledge, and a very fair grade of ore.

R.—Was it a roasting rock or free milling?

S.—It was a tolerably free milling rock. We had supposed it would require roasting, and so erected a furnace; but the mill was done before the roaster, and so we began to crush without roasting. The rock yielded so well that we never used the furnace, and now it does all the work by dry crushing.

R.—Your expenses in running a mill were pretty heavy, were they not?

S.—Yes; it is a very costly country for fuel. If a fellow only had some of your Oregon fir forests down there, in the midst of the mines, he would have a better property than any mine in the territory.

R.—Are you going back there again?

S. Not immediately. I shall visit Alaska first.

#### "CAN'T TELL UNLESS YOU BET."

R. Have you much faith in the mines of that section?

S.—I don't have enough to warrant me in expressing any opinion about It is a good deal like the Wood river country in Idaho; it is subject to very conflicting reports. One man will tell you there is no bottom to it, and the next man will tell you it has as bright a future as any mining region in America. It is just so with the mines of Alaska. They have not been prospected to any great extent, nor are they likely to be for several years to come.

R.—Well, Mr. Schieffelin, I'm indebted to you for some valuable information. If you get time while you're up town, drop into our editorial rooms and look over the papers.

S.—You are perfectly welcome to anything I am able to give you in the way of information about Arizona or any other place where I've been, and I'm much obliged for your invitation. [Here a waiter stuck his head in the door and said, "Your carriage is at the door, Mr. Schieffelin."]

R.—Well, I'll say good night to you as I have to say the same to some friends who are going down to San Francisco on the steamer.

S.—Good night, and don't let this be the last of you. Come around some other night and have a quiet smoke.

And the reporter took his leave of a very pleasant acquaintance.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

A week from Monday night the New Market Theater will open with a company of minstrels headed by Burt Haverly as chief low comedian, the young man whose mouth was such a weary expanse of lip and who used to sing

"Oh Burt, tell 'em to stop,"  
This was the song of Maria:  
The more she cried "whoa,"  
The boys let her go  
And the swing went a little bit higher.

And we hope he'll leave the man who swallowed his head and then sang "Give me back my heart," and those ubiquitous persons who were known as the Arnolds in one act and the Diamonds in the next. That was a degree of versatility for which our good people are hardly prepared.

And let us fervently hope that there will be some man in the party on whom the mantle of poor old Horn has fallen, somebody who can portray the genuine plantation darkey of the "cruel slavery days." There was no plantation man in any one of the twenty-six people that Dr. Quinlin brought up here last May; and without the quaint music of the cotton field, we would not give much for any minstrel show.

They have terribly queer minstrel troupes nowadays, alongside of the great troupe which filled Maguire's Opera House for fifteen months in 1856-57 with nothing but legitimate minstrel business. There was no Dutch dialect singer, no English clog dancer, no Irish planxty whistler with shillelah in hand. The party consisted of Billy Birch and Charley Backus on the ends, the emaciated Biron doing the bones; Charley Abbott and Napier Lothain, violins; Max Zorer, violincello and Chris Koppitz with the flute. Old Billy Burrage was the pianist, and most deliciously he accompanied the ballads. Then what a singing party it was, to be sure. Charles Henry and William M. Barker were the tenors; Sher. Campbell, the unrivalled baritone; Sam Wells, basso and middle man; and George Coes, banjoist and alto. These fellows had a repertoire of seventeen operatic choruses, of which nine were arranged for them by the late N. C. Bochsa, and have never since been sung by any other company. And Sherwood Campbell was the only man in the quintette that could read a note of music.

And yet they sang the "Liberty hymn" from Fidelio, the "Awake! Awake," from Zampa; the "Exultation," and "Crowned with the Tempest," from Ernani" the "Libiamo," from Traviata and the "Accusation" from "Lucrezia Borgia," besides choruses from Martha, Don Giovanni, Lombardi and Puritani. And on the night of Sher Campbell's benefit, as they were singing the finale to the third act of "Ernani," a sudden surprise greeted the audience as the sound of a pure and liquid soprano broke on their ears. It was the voice of Elisa Biscaccianti, standing in the wings and trilling forth the notes which had won her applause and garlands on the lyric stage in years gone by.

Now when American tourists visit the Eternal City a little old white-haired woman with piercing black eyes comes around with an inquisitive glance to see if there are any Californians in the party. It is the once famous Biscaccianti, the *diva* of '49 who has buried two husbands and ran away from half a dozen more. Her voice has entirely lost its *timbre* and she is poor as penury itself. And her husband Alessandro, the sweetest of violoncello players, he is dead and gone.

And there are others gone, too. Sher Campbell, the Santley of America, died of consumption in Chicago seven years ago. Sam Wells was thrown from a horse and fractured his skull, and poor Charley Abbott drank himself to death in Milwaukee. All these were men of genius, but Campbell was the only one who achieved greatness. Just as he had struggled up through burnt cork and obscurity to the proud position of being the foremost of American vocalists, the insidious disease laid hands on his powerful and graceful figure and wasted him slowly away.

And when we remember the minstrelsy of that day, the quaintness of Horn, Bryant, Birch, Backus and Murphy; the dancing of Mike Mitchell, Burbank and Tommy Peel; the singing of Campbell, Henry, Wells, Coes, Boley, Baker, Henry, Wambold; and the general merit of the performers of that day, it is no wonder that we are somewhat fastidious and can tolerate nothing short of Emerson himself.

If the Irishman of the stage (a libel at best) could be restricted to Boucicault's dramas and left doing a barn door jig; if the Dutchman could be confined to the dramas of Gus Williams and Joe Emmett; and if the clog dance could be relegated to its old use, as a prelude to sparring exhibitions, there might be some show for another wonderful comedian like George Christy or Eph Horn to come before the world again. But the programme is full without them, and the motto of to-day is, or seems to be, "quantity before quality." In 1856 Tom Maguire had ten men on the first part whose weekly salaries totaled up $670. Now Haverly puts on twenty-five men for the same amount of money. The thing speaks for itself.

We have read somewhere of an old man who was dying. He had eight sons, and he made them bring in eight sticks which he tied together. It was impossible to break the bundle, but when once untied each stick was broken easily. "Now then," said the old man, "I want you to be a bundle of sticks my boys." The last minstrel company that visited here, with the exception of Haverly and Slavem, must have been that old man's sons.

ANOTHER NEW WHOLESALE DRUG HOUSE.—Henry H. Kilinger & Co., formerly of Chicago, having decided to do business in this city, have leased the spacious warehouse at 42 Front street, and are rapidly preparing it for the reception of goods now on the way and expected within two weeks. Their stocks will include drugs, chemicals, patent medicines, oils and paints, and will be as large and complete as any establishment in the northwest. Coming here with a large experience in the business in Chicago, they are confident of being able to meet the wants of the trade, and solicit a share of patronage.

AT COST—Till March 1st, will be sold the entire stock of millinery goods at Miss A. I. Jorgensen's, 103 First street. The ladies should note this.

With a large experience here and elsewhere, Smith & Hansen, of the St. Charles restaurant, can and certainly do set for their patrons the best meals obtainable in the city. Indulge in a meal.

ONE OF THE INSTITUTIONS now is the German Bakery, which was recently removed to more commodious quarters, 145 Third street. Their cakes, pies and bread are unequalled. Leave orders.

## A TIMELY WARNING.

### Something for Our "Rod and Gun Clubs" to Consider Carefully.

### WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER OF DEER.

### What Hon. John Minto, of Salem, saw in the Ochoco Country, and how the Mule Deer is being Exterminated.

In a former issue of this paper we spoke very pointedly about the way in which deer are being slaughtered for their hides and horns, particularly in Grant, Wasco, and Curry counties in this state. If this reckless and wholesale slaughter were done in the interest of glove factories established at points within the state, thereby giving employment to poor girls and the wives of newly arrived immigrants, even then it would be bad enough. But when we consider that it is done to benefit glove shops in San Francisco and San Jose, run wholly by Chinese labor, the pill is not quite so easy to swallow. We need legislation on this subject and hope to see some game laws passed at the next session which will have some real force and power to punish the offenders. Oregon's wild game has, in past years, attracted many wealthy tourists who, coming here merely in search of pleasure, have had their attention directed to the latent wealth of our ambitious young state and have made heavy investments here. For that reason, as well as from a humanitarian view of the case, we hope to see more stringent game laws passed. Here is what Hon. John Minto, of Marion county, a shrewd observer and a very pithy writer, has to say upon the subject, writing to the Salem *Statesman*, from Prineville, Wasco county:

#### WHOLESALE MURDER.

"I have been out on the desert a little south of here, seeing for myself the process of hunting the mule deer. Hunting here at this season is the principal business of all that can muster a good gun and energy for the hunt. When I was at Prineville late in November, deer skins were almost everywhere in sight in the town, and they were being brought in by every kind of conveyance from every direction seemingly. This was early in the season, and must have been only the beginning of the season of selling pelts. Intelligent hunters estimate that 20,000 deer skins is not an over estimate of the number delivered there up to the middle of December. Two brothers named Martin have the name of making the largest delivery of any one firm of hunters. I have heard their sale stated at 2500 pelts, and from that down to 4000 pounds, which at four pounds each (about the average weight) would be 1000 skins. The 4000 pounds were sold at 40 cents per pound, making $1600 as the result of a season's hunt. I suppose. The men from four homesteads in this vicinity have killed about 400 deer. The brothers Rube and Joe Claypool had 99 killed on the 2d of this month. They had been away from home 24 days

#### EXTERMINATION CERTAIN.

The Cobb brothers, neighbors, had killed 117 in about two months. The hunting season will last till the last of February, and the deer got of less value but easier to hunt during that time. At present it is no child's play. The hunter leaves camp early, on foot, with a good dog that will either wait till he is told to go, or is led in leash till a deer is wounded. The brothers Claypool use cross-bred dogs in which the greyhound blood predominates, and rarely lose a deer they have wounded. The Indians, however, not having many dogs strong or swift enough to cope with a wounded deer, cripple a great many they do not get. Of course it is only a question of time, and short time (unless the laws are better formed and more generally enforced), till there will be no profit in hunting as a business here. The habits of the mule deer are gregarious during the winter season, and they seem to all move in one general direction at the same time; generally against the wind.

#### DANGEROUS WORK.

This brings them often in a small space of country, in large numbers, while extensive tracts nearly are almost clear of game. The hunters, camped in such a district, often find the game from different directions almost simultaneously, and the magazine guns are put to use so freely that the middle of a so-called desert is suddenly a rather dangerous place to be in; for many of the guns used throw their balls from 100 to 1500 yards. There is a great deal of ammunition wasted, even by good hunters, as the rapidity of fire and reach of the gun invite to a trial of chances. Yet still, as I have shown you, hunting here takes almost the character of a slaughter, and some of the smokehouses at the homesteads in this vicinity make a good showing to a generous-minded housekeeper, for they are remarkaby well filled with venison hams and such other portions of the deer as can be dried profitably."

#### CALL FOR LEGISLATION.

This indiscriminate slaughter of mule deer (the handsomest of all the cervine tribe, to our idea) should bring out the fullest expression of public sentiment in reference to the way these beautiful animals are being slaughtered by a class of lazy non-producers who are afraid of hard work. The letter quoted above is written by one of Oregon's most intelligent non-professional writers as well as one of her most reliable citizens; and of his statements we have not the slightest doubt. When we look at the fact that these deer are being slaughtered at the rate of $2.50 apiece, to keep alive Chinese glove factories in San Francisco, we think it is high time our Solons should do something about it. The *Rural Spirit* has been calling attention to it for some time and if we both keep on hammering away at it, we may get some more newspapers to help us. We wage no war upon any people whose necessities drive them to killing a deer for food. It is upon the lazy pothunters that we invoke the aid of legislation to compel them to abandon the slaughter of the deer and

#### GO TO WORK

At some legitimate calling. It is just now in Oregon as it was in Northern California some years ago. The time was when a man could leave Red Bluff and kill a deer within two hours' ride. Now he can ride for two days before he will see one. A fellow came in there with a lot of repeating rifles for sale and started up a glove factory. When the "squaw men" came in with deer skins for sale he would trade them his repeating rifles for skins, and in a short time he was overrun with glove work. The repeating rifles had slaughtered the deer so rapidly that he could not work up all the material which came to hand. And yet we must do him the justice so say that he employed no Chinese labor, but gave money and work to many a poor family in town. But he drove all the deer away from that region in two seasons. This case is just as much worse as can possibly be. Our deer are being exterminated on the one hand and our poor girls and needy widows are getting no employment on the other. We thank Mr. Minto for having shown up this glaring evil in its true light and can assure him that whenever the Rod and Gun Club shall become strong enough to put a ticket in the field, he will be its first choice for governor of Oregon.

## THE BISHOP AND THE LYNCHERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

Please allow one of your subscribers space to thank Bishop Morris for his timely letter in behalf of law and order. We depend on the press and the clergy to keep up a proper healthy public sentiment that is to make government stable and rights secure. Even though the press should fail us in times of high public excitement, it is a great bulwark of civil liberty that we have the unimpassioned clergy sitting in the background to recall us to the true course.

The assumed principle underlying the doctrine of lynching is the *necessity* that arises from the inefficiency or corruption, and some even claim the *tardiness* of courts. But, granting the evil, he is an anarchist and mobocrat, pure and simple, who claims the remedy to be lynching. If civil government means anything, then the remedy is the removal or punishment of the courts, correction of the machinery of law and order, by the regular constitutional and established methods of civilized governments. If the courts are tardy (and that is a great evil), let the press and the law-makers apply the corrections, arousing public sentiment to correct the evil by legitimate methods. But if you educate public sentiment into the belief that lynching is the remedy for the inefficiency of courts, you will soon find the principle of taking the law into their own hands permeating every avenue of human thought. Anarchy will be rampant, and every community will set up its own accidental and irresponsible tribunal. If the people begin to think that the courts are owned by corporations, for instance, they will rise up and take the law in their own hands. They will take the corporations, Kearnyism will be rampant, and so with every sacred right of property. The endorsement of lynching is the hoisting of the floodgates of anarchy. If we are to remain (un-Mexicanized) a civilized government under the control of laws, we must sternly insist that every case be submitted solely to the appointed tribunals established by the people.

LAW AND ORDER.

## PORTLAND PULPITS.

### Who will Fill Them To-day and what Their Themes will be.

Bethel ship services will be held on board the Jennie Landelle at 2 o'clock at the Pacific dock, foot of Salmon street.

Baptist Church—Rev. J. A. Gray, pastor, will preach morning and evening. Sunday School at 12:30. Seats free.

German Evangelical Church—Chas. Wachlte, pastor. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. All are cordially invited.

Y. M. C. A. gospel meeting at 3:30 P. M., preceded by fifteen minutes street service. Everyone, especially young men and strangers, cordially invited.

Hall Street M. E. Church—H. K. Hines, pastor; 11 A. M. subject, "Tabor; or Transfigured Men; 6:30 P. M. praise service, folowed by preaching 7:30. Sunday School 12:30.

Christian Church—Divine services in the morning; preaching by Elder J. P. Dickinson. Sunday School at 12:30. Evening services omitted. All will be welcome.

Presbyterian Church, corner Third and Washington streets—A. L. Lindsley, pastor. Public worship morning and evening. Ushers provide seats. All comers made welcome.

Plymouth Sunday school meets at 3 o'clock on the corner of Fourteenth and E streets; G. Shindler, superintendent; Geo. Best, assistant; Miss Slaughterback, secretary and treasurer; D. A. Shindler, organist.

Norwegian Dane Lutheran Church—B. R. Bull, pastor. Service every Sunday except the first Sunday in the month, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., in the Episcopal chapel on Sixth street. Pastor's residence, Sixteenth street, between K and L.

The German Lutheran minister, Ed. Doering, will hold service at the church in Stephens' addition, East Portland, at 10:30 A. M.; and 2:30 P. M. at the Congregational church, corner Sixth and Jefferson, Portland.

First Congregational Church—Holladay's addition to East Portland: Amos W. Bower, minister. Regular morning and evening worship at 11 o'clock and 7. Weekly prayer meeting Thursday evenings from 7 to 8 o'clock. All are invited to these services.

German Methodist Church—Sixth street, between Morrison and Alder; F. Bonn, pastor. Preaching in the German language at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sabbath school at 9:30 A. M. Prayer meetings every Wednesday night. Germans cordially invited to all the meetings.

There will be service in the Scandinavian language in the Baptist church, corner of Fourth and Alder streets, at 3 o'clock this afternoon. All are welcome.

Taylor Street M. E. Church—Geo. W. Izer, pastor. Morning discourse, 11 A. M.; subject, "Trinity of the Godhead Essential to the Soul's access to God the Father." Evening discourse, 7:30 P. M.; subject, "The System of Salvation." Praise meeting at 6:45 P. M. A welcome is extended to the public.

Congregational Church—There will be services at the First Congregational Church, corner of Second and Jefferson streets, Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, by Chaplain Stubbs. Those who heard him last Sunday morning were highly pleased, and a stirring discourse may be expected at this time. Sunday School immediately after preaching services; and all, especially strangers, are invited. An interesting bible class is connected with the school.

Services at the Episcopal Church—Trinity church (Oak and 6th), Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; St. Stephen's chapel, (Madison and Fifth), Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; St. Mathew's chapel, (First and Caruthers), 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Trinity mission chapel, (Watson's add.), Sunday, 7:30 P. M.; St. Timothy's chapel, (Grammar school), Sunday, 3 P. M.; Good Samaritan hospital, (21st and L), Thursday, 1:30 P. M.

## HOTEL ARRIVALS.

#### ST. CHARLES.

T B Allen, Albany  
P J Hemelly, S F  
Wm Hatje "  
C E Hagerty "  
G W Coplen, Spokane Co  
B Knox, Creswell  
W H Nash, S F  
W E Warren, Astoria  
Robt Miller, "  
A Stroud, Spokane county  
Ad Leibman, S F

J S Hurst, Oregon City  
Mrs Jno Anderson & 2 chn Dalles  
M A Burch, Pen 'd Oreille  
J W Lincoln, Ainsworth  
Geo W Fife, New Tacoma  
Adam Brown, Redway, Minn.  
Geo Peltheorck, N Tacoma  
Lee Hoffman, Sandy  
B T Leghtner, Salem

#### THE ESMOND.

F X Matthieu, Butteville  
J E Thomas, City  
Charlie Nichols, Dalles  
R A Smith "  
William Huntly, N Y  
James Mittison, "  
J S Robertson, W W  
F R Eastman "  
J H Ripley, E Portland  
James K Sears, McCoy  
Ben F Smith, E Portland

L G Hartman, Hartford, Ct  
John H Gaither, LaCenter  
Capt Weir "  
G W Church, O City  
Mrs. Harrison, Dalles  
Henry Wilson, Roseburg  
Henry Vincent, O City  
Wm Stephens Dalles  
W T McKay, Dalles  
James Wilson, City  
H L Martin, City

John Stanton, Mitchell's Point.

#### CLARENDON HOTEL.

J H Gwin, E Portland  
G E Cullint, "  
J C Kelley, Cascades  
H S Webber, "  
S Aldrich, W W

Dean Blanchard, Rainier  
R A Crandon, Astoria  
Geo Flavel, "  
J Wait & daught, Amity  
A D Guess, Comstock

J Grange, Bark Doon.

## REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

#### DEEDS.

F. B. Manning and wife to A. H. Johnson, 22 66-100 acres, S 11 and 12, T 1 S, R 1 E. Jan 19—$339 00.

V. B. Smith and wife to J. H. Smith, lots 3 and 4, blk 37, Tibbett's addition to East Portland. Jan 7—$100.

J. W. and Mary Shattuck to C. M. Wiberg, lots 5 and 6, blk 46, East Portland. Jan 18—$550.

David Goodsell and wife to Lizzie A. Struble, lot 6, blk 321, Portland—Jan 16—$1400.

F. J. Morgan to W. Kerron and W. Honeyman, 31 18-100 acres in all, near corner of S, 8 and 9, T 1 S, R 2 E. Jan. 20—$2100.

J. Wilson to F. Williams, lot 7, blk 170, in Couch's Add. Jan 20—$1500.

Geo. Elyer and wife to C. W. Nottingham, lot 7 in blk 117 in Caruthers' Add. Jan. 21—$1000.

P. A. Marquam and wife to W. M. and Emma Gilmore, lots 3 and 4, blk 79, Portland city homestead. Jan 7—$200.

Masonic cemetery Association to B. L. Hummess, lot 26, blk 6, cemetery. Jan 14—$25.

#### QUIT CLAIM DEEDS.

J. H. Steffen and wife to F. E. Northrop, lot 2, blk 72, town of Albina. Dec 17—$64.

Wm. Gray and wife to C. M. Wiberg, ½ lots 5, 6, 7, and 8, blk 18, East Portland.

NINETY-ONE (91) cases of the Household Sewing Machine have just been received direct from the factory ex steamer "State" at *Garrison's Sewing Machine Store*, 167 Third street, making the fourth heavy shipment of these superior sewing machines received during the last five months. The Household has become the leading sewing machine.

Shipments from the port of Duluth from the Northern Pacific railway for 1881 aggregate 231,923,630 pounds; receipts by lake 127,199,127, by rail, 124,164,919.

To-morrow morning Olds & King commence their fourth annual clearance sale, and offer their entire stock at cost. They are the only firm that have had former annual clearance sales, and will conduct this in the same manner that has made their preceding ones so popular.

Noah Webster once found himself in Baltimore without a red cent in his pocket. He started a singing school and soon had money enough to take him to Boston. Such is the historical fact just set forth at great length by the Baltimore *American*.

Best coffee in city. Eastern and local oysters in any style. White cook in charge of cuisine. Open at night. Burrows', 89 Second street.

A fine second hand Piano, good as new, at 153 Third street. Must be sold at once.

#### NEW HOME SEWING MACHINES.

A large shipment just received at Garrison's sewing machine store, 167 Third street.

#### OREGON TO MASSACHUSETTS.

Some time ago, Messrs Hodge, Davis & Co., of this city, read in a Massachusetts paper that Hon. Charles R. Ladd, auditor of that state, was afflicted with an incurable kidney disease, and had been obliged to give up work and return to his home. They immediately sent him a box of their celebrated Oregon Kidney Tea, and from time to time sent him other boxes. A few days ago they received from him the following letter:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,  
Auditor's Dep't, Boston, Nov. 11, 1881.

*Messrs. Hodge Davis & Co.:* DEAR SIRS—I have no hesitation in saying that I have been much benefited by the use of the Oregon Kidney Tea as a remedy for a kidney difficulty which has troubled me for six or eight years. I can heartily recommend it to those who are similarly afflicted, as a safe and agreeable remedy. I shall test its virtues further, for I have great faith in it as a specific for many diseases of the kidneys. Respectfully yours,

CHAS. R. LADD.

The original of this letter can be seen by calling on Messrs. Hodge Davis & Co., Portland, Oregon, and the Oregon Kidney Tea can be bought of any druggist or dealer, in Oregon or Washington. Price $1 per box.

Garrison is a public benefactor, because he sells better Sewing Machines for less money than has ever been done in Portland before.

MUSIC.—Wiley B. Allen, 153 Third St. Orders filled. Send stamp for catalogue and Musical Journal.

Fine oil paintings, engravings, chromos. Ornamental frames made and regilding done. Volney's, 153 Third St.

GARRISON'S SEWING MACHINE STORE, 167 Third street, Portland, is the best place in Oregon to get your sewing machines repaired and for buying all kinds of needles, attachments and oil.

Crayon and Oil Portraits, made from Photographs or from life, in first-class style, by J. E. Stuart. Studio, room 52, Union block.

Just received ex steamer Oregon, a new supply of latest Improved Crown sewing machines of superb styles at Garrison's sewing machine store, 167 Third street.

## THE KING OF YVETOT.

In the original measure of Beranger's song.

BY EDWARD S. NICHOLSON.

There was a King of Yvetot,
But little known in story,
Slept early, late and sound, altho'
He did not sleep on glory.
And for the crown that monarch's don
His cotton nightcap Jeannoton
Put on.
Haha! haha! hoho! hoho!
A good old King was he, I trow,
Hoho!

Within his palace built of straw
He took his four meals daily,
And on a sober paced hee-haw
Surveyed his kingdom gaily.
No fears had he his mirth to clog;
Sole escort at his side did jog
A dog.
Haha, haha! hoho, hoho!
A good old King was he, I trow,
Hoho!

Save for a thirst a trifle smart
He'd no expensive humors;
But kings of philanthropic heart
Can't cease to be consumers;
And at his board he needed none
To help him take pint duty on
Each ton.
Haha, haha! hoho, hoho!
A good old King was he, I trow,
Hoho!

Maids of fair lineage on him smiled,
And 'tis not to be wondered.
His people's father he was styled—
For reasons quite an hundred;
Besides, he levied horse and foot,
But once a quarter, then to shoot
Salute.
Haha, haha! hoho, hoho!
A good old King was he, I trow,
Hoho!

He did not aggrandize his states,
Of neighbors was a treasure,
And, pattern of all potentates,
Took for his law men's pleasure.
Living, he cost no eye a tear
—A weeping nation followed near
His bier.
Haha, haha! hoho, hoho!
A good old King was he, I trow,
Hoho!

His portrait to our day is seen,
This prince of worth and bounty;
It hangs the signboard of an inn
Well known throughout the country:
And oft the crowd that sits without
On holidays will quench its drought
And shout
"Haha, haha! hoho, hoho!
A good old King was he, I trow,
Hoho!"

## CHRISTMAS IN A CARAVAN.

The idea that ever I should possess a house upon wheels never entered my imagination; and that I should spend one of the happiest Christmas days in it seemed still more improbable. And yet here am I, on this my twenty-fifth birthday, while the Advent bells are shouting through the shutters the best of good news, ready to narrate, with a bumper of '47 port in my hand, how it all came about.

I was down on my luck. My father, a gentleman farmer, had given me a good education, "among the nobs," as he prided himself, at Rugby. Latin and Greek were more familiar to me than my mother tongue, French I knew by sight, and German from hearsay on the Margate sands. I could hunt, shoot, box and play cricket with any fellow of my form. In fact, I could do anything but the one thing needful—that is, get my own living. But where was the necessity for that?

The curriculum at Rugby completed, I entered another curriculum at Shrub Hill Station, Worcester, where my father and sisters welcomed me with delight; and we drove, with a fresh tiger in a brand new livery, to ——, Manor farm, some three miles west of the faithful city.

That was in 1872, when Plutus or Midas, or some of those fellows rocked the cradle of agriculture, and there was no cry except from repletion. The hops newly planted throve vigorously; pasture and arable vied in their abundance; the cattle multiplied until the gambols of the lambkins made one dizzy, and the stream of Pactolus seemed to murmur, "I flow on forever."

Ah, me! the strange reversal came all too soon. Blight blackened the hops. "An adventitious source of income," said my father, cheerfully; yet tiger's buttons flew off, and he reappeared in sober corduroy as "man-of-all-work!" Disease decimated the cattle. "Things at the worst are sure to mend," chirped the owner, while exchanging our chariot for a gig, because "it runs lighter on the road." Then followed three sunless seasons, drench and drought alternating, and the parental purse was as light as the parental heart. My sisters obtained situations; my venerable father divided his perplexities with a young lady of twenty-three. The delicate allusions of mamma numbered two to the fine climate of the antipodes, and the appearance of a double perambulator in the hall, at length reminded me that I was "de trop."

What could I do? Rugby to the rescue. Every avenue to clerkships and starvation in broadcloth was thronged with applicants. Intimate friends exclaimed "emigrate! Van Diemen's land is the place for you." I was willing. My fond father, rocking the new arrivals to rest, was willing also. He borrowed thirty pounds from a neighbor. "There, Dick," said he, handing me the money in the spirit of Artemus Ward, "bless you, my lad. Good-bye! good bye! Don't be returned like a bad halfpenny." His wife pressed upon me six white handkerchiefs against influenza. The scene was touching. All was in readiness. The anchor of destiny was lifted. Another week and I should have been off; when, lo! a circumstance happened which caused my temporary home to be not on the ocean wave, but still within the compass of the wooden walls of old England, in the more prosaic shape of a yellow caravan.

I went to Birmingham to take leave of one of the sweetest girls in the world. I am not usually sentimental; besides, people would only laugh at me were I to describe the fair maiden of nineteen summers whom I shall call "Lassie." "Think what a good wife should be, and she was that," says the old epitaph. Think what a blue-eyed angel would be in a polonaise and Dolly Varden hat, with flaxen hair floating down her shoulders, and a voice that would charm a bumble bee and civilize a Boer. To leave that precious jem among Brummagem jewelry was purgatory to me.

Now, it so happened that in passing through the Bull Ring I noticed near St. Martin's churchyard a large, dusky yellow caravan, with the following concise inscription stuck over the door:

"This Wan to be Soled Immediate. Apply within."

Happy thought! I would turn showman for the nonce, and this should be the mansion of my adorable. Love, methought, in such close quarters as a lucky box upon wheels would be a perpetual movable feast. One never dreamed of Dickens' antithesis, "Aggrawashun in a cart is aggrawshun."

Before I could mount the short steps leading to the mahogany door with two brass knockers, a gentleman with a wooden leg and a short pipe jerked it back and stared at me with some suspicion.

"What will you take for your caravan?" said I, looking extremely amiable.

"Take for my wan," echoed Timbertoe, contemptuously. "Air you likely to buy it?" A few minutes conversation convinced my querist that I was in earnest, and after bidding, Dutch auction fashion, backward, I secured the van for one-third the original cost, after certain workmen had certified the article to be in sound condition. We then adjourned to the neighboring "Black Horse" to confirm the bargain, and my companion became communicative over whisky toddy.

"Taint no good showing alone. You must tag yourself to some big circus or 'nagerie and pick up the coppers. I've drummed for a 'ole evening, and my missus has got stiff jumping in bangles and askin' folks to walk up; but jest ye get alongside some speckled hosses, or wild beasts, and there's a crowd at wunst, and the chaps that can't afford a tanner won't stand a penny, 'tickly when the young wimmin is with 'em."

I thanked the man for his advice, and hurried on to a prim villa at Edgbaston, where my inamorata and her father lived—the latter a retired silversmith with plenty of money.

"Dick," said the old gentleman, who liked me well, "you are going abroad, here's fifty pounds to make a start with. Don't ask me for Lassie until you have trebled it by hard work; then we will talk the matter over. But I fear, Master Dick," added he jocosely, "you'll let her die an old maid."

"May I see her?"

"Oh, by all means; she is in the greenhouse."

Lassie was terribly grieved at thought of parting. She had no mother to confide in; but a thoroughly fidgety, kindhearted, short-tempered, good-natured maiden aunt, Maria, received her secrets.

Seeing Lassie's emotion, I took advantage, while the tear was in her eye, to urge immediate flight and marriage.

For five minutes it was utterly impossible; for another five minutes she did not see how it could be done, and during a further five minutes she would like to know how I thought of managing the affair.

"First," said she, "there is my father, he will never forgive me!"

After showing that her father's anger was never known to last longer than a quarter of an hour, I reasonably concluded that to be angry with the being he most loved for more than a week was not to be thought of.

"Then there is Aunt Maria."

The idea of Aunt Maria's thunderbolt made us laugh. "Besides, you have no home to take me to," concluded Lassie.

"That is just what I have, dearest girl," said I, removing some little tremor of the lips with the pressure of my own. "A delightful home, high and dry, bright, airy, cozy. Venetian blinds, front and back door, and all that kind of thing."

But I could not bear to deceive my darling, and I told her all about my rather striking arrangements. To my surprise she entered cordially into them, winding up with, "We must tell Aunt Maria."

At first that lady's temper bounded to the north; cold, biting, gloomy; until a few tears from Lassie caused it to veer to the balmy west, and all was good will. The fact that we had honored her with our confidence, and the remembrance of certain withered letters in her own escritoire, may have had something to do with it. It was settled that Lassie should visit the school-fellow in Bath, where I would stay at a boarding house during the publication of the banns, after which we were to be married in the Abbey church. Our respective parents were still to think that I had gone abroad, and the letters of Lassie would favor the harmless deception originating from love.

I will not bore you with our preparations. Six weeks afterward we began our experiences in the small town of Bakewell, in Derbyshire, famous for its puddings. A caravan, nine feet by fourteen, resplendent in yellow and green, two tough cart horses, three dancing dogs and a tom-cat—intelligent animals, long before trained at home, and somehow disappearing therefrom under cover of my adieus—these formed our creature comforts. Being attached for a consideration to a fragmentary exhibition of wild beasts known as "Wombwell's menagerie," considerable sensation was caused by our entry, at the rear of two elephants, three camels, nine huge caravans, and "Walker's Emporium for Gingerbread, patronized by the Queen," with a litter of whirlabouts, shooting ranges and knock-em-downs following.

Talk of love and cottage bread; why, it is nothing to the ups and downs of love in a caravan; but I determined to breast the tide of adverse circumstances with a brave heart. 'Tis true, I should have to groom horses, polish brass finish and scrub deal boards. Well! I must have done this and much more had I gone abroad and harnessed myself to a Yankee farmer, or become an Australian squatter. The fellows who travel two or three thousand miles to do work which they are ashamed to buckle to at home are fools for their pains. Besides, thought I, abroad I should have been utterly alone; whereas, here am I with a charming bride, a carriage to ride in, and a genteel residence free of rates and taxes. As to feeling ashamed of honest work, the great master of Rugby used to say, "Never be ashamed of anything but sin."

And yet few would have recognized us in our altered state; for while I had allowed my beard and mustache to hide half the face, Lassie was shorn of her luxuriant locks, and in a trim cap and tiny apron, looked for all the world like an irresistible chamber-maid. We felt rather nervous in making a start. Our four-footed friends, Spot, Tim, and Jack, were Scotch terriers, rather like in appearance but as unlike in disposition as Messrs. Bright, Bradlaugh, and Parnell. Spot was fat, easy-tempered, though fond of bark; Tim demonstrative and pugnacious, and Jack, a smooth-speaking, a sly little rascal, not really reliable at a pinch. The cat, a diminutive tabby, docile and obedient to order.

Picture us, then, on a dull November afternoon, just ready to begin. A large square of canvas was hoisted in front, representing Newfoundland dogs in tail-coats and frills standing on their hind legs in a row for five o'clock tea; being waited upon by a magnified tabby robed in sky blue, wearing spectacles and a mob cap. My wife's first tattoo on the big drum caused me to roar with laughter; but Richard was himself again immediately afterward, guiding expectant juveniles up the steps, and scattering them on the lockers in the humble auditorum. The performance I need not particularize. The quadrupeds imitated bipeds with marvelous fidelity. They thrummed on miniature instruments, told fortunes, fought duels, feigned death, became circus horses and riders, and accomplished other feats "never before witnessed in this country," all in twenty minutes. It went off with eclat. Being repeated, positively for the last time, at nine o'clock, we found, on this our Derby day, that we had increased our fortunes to the amount of thirty shillings.

Lassie and I declared that never had we enjoyed a meal so thoroughly as our hot supper that night. The sausages were seasoned with the remembrance of success, the quartern loaf sweet with the satisfaction of hard, honest work; while Bass's bitter—"nectar," as Gladstone says, "fit for the gods"—was quaffed to future achievements, more after the fashion of frolicsome school boys than that of a sedate couple who had been married six weeks.

I could not help noticing the gentle influence exercised by my wife over our nomadic neighbors, who seemed also to partake of the *feræ naturæ*. The attendants of the tigers, elephants and camels—pale-faced, square-set men from the Yorkshire mines—treated her with a deference and kindness not usual. To please them she repeatedly mounted the broad back of an elephant, and traversed the arena on Old Tom, the camel, striving to conceal her fears by the sweetest of smiles. Even old Mrs. Buddicome, the proprietress, called her "my loove," told her in confidence all her complaints and domestic infelicities, magnified through a powerful glass of brandy and water, dwelling especially upon the crowning sorrow that a lady in the troupe, alternately Queen of Sheba and Sister to the Sun, had knocked her elegant tirra into a cocked hat; declaring in Oriental metaphor that she should never decorate her brow with a crown that more nearly resembled a saucepan lid than the badge of royalty.

This intimacy with our neighbors of the menagerie enabled Lassie to carry on the delusion that we were seeking our fortunes in some warm clime, where "every prospect pleases," including that of £ s. d. In a letter to Aunt Maria, carefully antedated, she exclaimed: "We have at length arrived at Melbourne," not adding "in Derbyshire," of course, and describing the happy contrast between our surroundings and those at Edgbaston. "I expect you are having at home the usual dreary November fog, with the sulphurous smoke of the town thrown down upon you; whereas in this country we have nothing but sunshine. It is full, too, of strange customs. The ladies next door ride on camels, which carry trunks like the elephants; monkeys disport themselves within ten yards, and we often speak to Chippeway Indians in feathers and war paint; and there is quite a surfeit of cocoanuts and oranges. The air must be balmy, for we daily see Englishmen pass the night under canvas. Oh, Auntie! fancy the night, when many shots are fired in our vicinity, to scare away the lions we suppose, whose majestic roar never fails to startle us about twelve o'clock. Dick is working an Eldorado copper mine up the country, and bids me tell father that he means to treble that fifty pounds in a few months."

These letters to Aunt Maria, with an ever-varying address usually illegible, were duly read to the retired silversmith, who never asked for the envelopes, and whose geographical knowledge was limited. He was usually quieted by the assurance that we were on our way home, while a private letter to our fond aunt revealed our actual situation.

Meanwhile, we managed to jog along the roadway of life with as few ruts as most people. Friendly with our caravan consorts, nevertheless keeping our own position and counsel, we worked hard. If stationary for a few days, every morning there were the horses to see to, the caravan to be cleansed, the dogs to be exercised, and the commissariat to be thought of; while Lassie, dear heart, who had never learned anything but fancy work at school, scratched her delicate fingers in stitching coarse canvas, mending the animals' toggery, and studying Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book. We dined like the medievals at 11 o'clock; our table, the big drum. "Dogberry's Delight" opened at 12, a convenient hour for school children, mechanics, and mill-workers. We had to guard against mischief. More than once, when my back was turned, pepper and snuff were sprinkled on the little stage, causing dire confusion. Scraps of meat have been thrown, and there has been a general scrimmage when the dogs were lying motionless after a battle royal. A young heathen at Tideswell patted pussy's back when the cat was scraping the violin, for which he received a pat on his back which sent him scudding down six steps.

But the most troublesome customers were children of the inquiring age of 12, who wanted to know everything, and were never satisfied, and to whom the exploits of our sagacious pets were nothing to what they saw somewhere else. I could have thrashed them, if the birch were not more criminal than the poker. Intoxicated gentlemen seldom trouble us; for, if they venture to ascend the steps without assistance, they rolled backward, as helpless as Lord Rollo at the queen's coronation.

I was really saving money. The performances on the average realized a pound each day, while household and other expenses were under three pounds a week. The life upon wheels was healthy, and we were happy, until a cloud passed between us and the sun; a slight sorrow, it may be said, but we did not think so. It came in this way.

We were stationed in the large market-place at Chesterfield, in the spring of 1880. Jim Ackers, a discharged helper from the adjoining menagerie, who had started with tame mice on his own account, planted the cage close to our steps, obstructing the entrance. He was a surly, ill-favored fellow, who presumed upon his strength and vindictiveness. He would not budge an inch. One of our pets, the pugnacious Tim, was at my side; and when I stormed, Tim, realizing how matters stood, barked furiously at the fellow's legs. Ackers declared the dog bit him, but I knew better. In a moment the bully's iron heel had stretched poor Tim moaning and bleeding at my feet; the next I had felled the brute to the ground. But he was strong, and rising, threw himself upon me in his hate.

Then the old boxing days at Rugby came to the rescue. Avoiding his sledge-hammer fists, I again set him down. Undaunted, though staggering, with head bent forwarded, he managed this time to close with me. "Now I am in for it" thought I, and involuntarily closed my eyes, when lo! strong arms wrenched us apart, and we were marched off to the police station for disturbing the peace of her majesty's subjects.

Luckily for me a county magistrate, a sporting friend of the late Lord Hastings, who had witnessed the assault, testified to the cruel provocation I had received, and kindly Mr. Reynard, after much hesitation, discharged us with a caution.

Ackers, finding all the menagerie men against him, and unwilling to face the battery of Mrs. Buddicome's tongue, disappeared altogether. I found that benevolent matron on my return administering such infallible consolation to my dear wife as: "No good crying over spilt milk; if Ackers hadn't kicked the dog, may be the horse would; it's done, therefore don't think no more about it." But we did think a deal about it.

As I entered the caravan door poor Tim tried hard to rise from a mat near the fire to welcome me, but fell back with a low, melancholy whine that went to my heart. Tabby tempted him to play with the paw, and purred against his side, while the other dogs came and looked at their companion, then at us, wondering why he did not get up. I gently carried him to Dr. Volker's surgery. "Better kill him outright," said the kind assistant; "it is all up with him."

There hung the small jacket, the scarlet cap, the tiny musket; would poor Tim never amuse us more? The thought was agony, for we dearly loved our loving little friends. There was no performance that night, our attention being fixed on the favorite. Surely he was in less pain. And now he turns over and attempts to place his legs at the sides. "Look! he is imitating Captain Dash in the duel," cried Lassie, bending over him; "he is better." For a moment I also was deceived. I felt the outstretched limbs, so near the fire and yet so cold. I gently caressed the dear dog, and there was the old friendly wag of the tail in response; yet even as I caressed a tremor passed through the body; the beautiful eyes looked earnestly in my face as if to say, "A long good-bye, kind master," and Lassie and I were not ashamed to mingle our tears together over the stiffening body of poor little Tim.

Nine months passed. We had moved to many places, and witnessed strange scenes, and "Dogberry's Delight," though a little on the wane, was still a paying concern. I had deposited £150 in a Birmingham bank through Aunt Maria and we were preparing to spend Christmas day, 1880, in a manner befitting the occasion. Drawn up within the shadow of an old gateway at Warwick, we decided to take our ease from Christmas eve until the Monday following, and, moreover, to have real Christmas fare. Matters had improved since the previous year, when my wife's plum-pudding turned out a mealy substance not unlike Byron's in Italy. Now we had full culinary confidence, and it was pleasant to see Lassie, with sleeves tucked up, rolling out the rich paste that was to melt in one's mouth, while I was plucking a prime turkey and practicing snapdragon with the chestnuts heating on the stove. The firelight quivered on the sprays of holly pinned to the curtains, and made the bunch of mistletoe dangle so mischievously that I could not resist, and received a cold patty-pan down my back for my pains. In fact, the caravan looked so cozy and cheery that we almost wished that it were Christmas Eve all the year round.

The following morning I attended St. Mary's church, and after service hurried back to help Lassie in the difficult management of roast and broil at a solitary stove. But it was all right. We were just sitting down to the banquet, thinking that a turkey was rather a large bird for a small family, when both the brass knockers were exercised violently. An elderly gentleman in a white hat, with a stout lady in sealskin and poke bonnet, were admitted.

"My dear father!" exclaimed Lassie, taking away his breath with a succession of kisses.

"Aunt Maria, by all that's lovely!" echoed I, saluting that ancient damsel under the mistletoe, too.

"Ah, Dick, you villain!" gasped the old gentleman, thrusting the fingers of his right hand between my ribs, and making a feint to knock me down with his umbrella. "I've unearthed you at last. Nice warm weather abroad isn't it?" rubbing his hands.

"Oh!" pleaded Lassie, "I know you will forgive him."

"Forgive him for what?"

"For making me happy, my dearest father."

"And leaving me alone and miserable."

"You never could be lonely or miserable with Aunt Maria," interposed I gallantly.

Another voice was heard.

"What the dickens, Dick, is that?" stepping to a corner of the caravan.

"That, my good sir, is Lassie's Christmas-box; a duplicate of yourself—baby calling for grandpa."

If any animosity lurked in the old gentleman's heart, our baby-boy dispelled it. Never was such an infant phenomenon shown in a caravan. It was kissed, hugged and dandled till our visitors tired with the exertion.

"Ah," said Aunt Maria, "I watched my opportunity. After softening your father by mentioning the £150, he said over the grog last night: 'I can't help thinking of my poor girl roaming in those foreign parts, with only the tigers and sharpshooters for Christmas company.' 'Should you like to see her at home?' I enquired. 'That I should,' said he. And then I told him everything. And Lassie when I saw tears come into your father's eyes I knew it would be all right."

"Yes," continued her brother, "when I heard where you were, I could not rest until we started, and here we are."

"A capital start, too," said I. "You are just in time for dinner, so sit down at once."

They were delighted. I know not who was the happiest. Even the near-hand chimes forgot to wail "There is no luck about the house;" and we had the coziest, merriest Christmas party in that ancient borough. Beds were ordered at a hotel for our relatives; but it was past midnight when the old gentleman hurried down our steps in Aunt Maria's poke bonnet, and that discreet lady was seen running along the High street, and stopped by a policeman for suspiciously carrying a white hat and two umbrellas.

The news of our interesting visitors and their liberal offer of a home for us had gone abroad. The next morning came benevolent Mrs. Buddicome in two odd boots and a flowing robe which had once adorned the ample shoulders of the Sister to the Sun, also to make an offer.

"You knows, my dear looves, the wan 'ud be in my way, and the dog's a noosance; but sooner than such kind creeters as you should be worritted, I'll take wan, horses and all, off your hands."

After saying that our pets would remain with us we produced a bottle of the late Mr. Taamley's fruity port. Mrs. Buddicome was overcome. She wept copiously; kissed us both, called us her "werry own children," and made such an excellent bargain that it must be a privilege to be disowned by the Buddicome bosom. Later in the day a cab heavily laden with a crate of dogs and a cradle on the top, drove to the Warwick station. We entered the train for Birmingham, and when I once saw again the tall tower of St. Mary's rise majestically over the quiet town, pleasant thoughts came unto me about "Christmas in a Caravan."—*The Argosy.*

## CHILI PEPPERS.

### To be Taken as Spice by Readers—Boiled Down Wisdom of Others.

### SAUCE FOR GOOSE AND GANDER.

What Smarter Folks than we're Think of this Wicked World and Its Woeful Works and Ways.

There is a town in Connecticut that has no fear of the measles. It's Haddam.

Nothing is prettier than the cards announcing the birth of a child; and yet an exchange mentions them as bawl tickets.

A Missouri doctor has been vaccinating patients with molasses. It's said to be a certain antidote for taffy in every form.

The following typographical error shows the vast importance of a comma. At a banquet this toast was given: "Woman, without her man, is a brute."

A St. Louis paper says that a woman of that city has gained a national reputation as a maker of boxing gloves. The name of the unhappy husband is not given.

The actors who travel with two paper collars and a gripsack, are all saying that they lost their wardrobe at the burning of the warehouse in New York.

Marrying at a distance by electricity may be legal, but it doesn't afford to the wedded parties one-hundredth part of the consolation that the old-fashioned way does.

The Chicago *Herald* says that Chicago and Detroit clergymen trade sermons. It's safe to say that everybody gets cheated all round.

Herr Krupp has over 30,000 men employed in making cannon, and yet we are constantly talking about the approaching millennium when nations shall learn war no more.

Professor Polit. Econ.: "What Latin word meaning money shows the fact that formerly cattle were used as a medium of barter?" Junior: "Bullion."—Argo.

In view of the way the gallows is so often cheated nowadays, the proverb should be altered to "Murderers will out."

Cincinnati has a fresh supply of water and coal. The only need it had for water was to float the coal.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"In ten minutes the devil will have me," said a Colorado murderer on the gallows; but the crowd was too polite to respond: "The devil take you."

The apple is now considered excellent food for brain-workers. Well, we believe this fruit originally came from the tree of knowledge.—Boston Courier.

A rich man can go to Mexico and buy a state and be the governor of it. It is much more simple and honorable than buying up voters, being elected and letting a ring do the governing.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Main street lady remonstrated with a green girl who had washed a table dish in a washbasin. She nearly convulsed the whole family by replying, "Well, mum, but I cleanes the basin agin, afore anybody washes in it."—LeRoy Times.

A calculating exchange says "it takes a woman ten times as long to dress as a man." Perhaps because her dress costs ten times as much as a man's. Anyhow, when she is dressed, the chances are that she looks ten times more paralyzing than a man.—Norristown Herald.

"I never ate a raw oyster in my life," said the Hon. Martin I. Townsend to a gentleman who was indulging his taste for the bivalves at an oyster stand the other day; "and I never smoked a cigar or drank a glass of whisky. Of what use can I be in the world, anyway?" queried the rugged old commoner.

"I guess dad wishes we'd all die and go to heaven," said a miser's son to his maternal parent. "Why so?" she asked, upon recovering from her astonishment. "Oh, 'cause heaven's such a cheap place to live in."

"You made a fool of me," said an irritated man to his wife. "My love," she sweetly responded, "you do yourself injustice. Call yourself a fool if you wish, but remember that you are in all respects a self-made man."

When Longfellow was a young man the close of day generally wore a long train. "I saw the trailing garments of the night."

The Elmira *Advertiser* thinks that the country is getting altogether too prosperous. There is a glut of smallpox. Too much pisty-Patti, as it were.

"The honest watch dog's bark," is a pleasant thing to hear, and an old sea dog's bark is a pleasant thing when you are going to sea.—Bos. Com. Bul.

A critic in the *Christian Union* suggests that in a couple of hundred years from this, if the bible is again revised to suit the times, the passage in the parable of the ten virgins, which reads thus: "Give us of your oil, for our lamps have gone out," will be changed to "Give us of your electric light for our circuit is temporarily broken."

Landlady, entirely innocent of grammatical knowledge, advertises that she has "a fine, airy, well-furnished bed room for a gentleman twelve foot square;" another has "a cheap and desirable suite of rooms for a respectable family in good repair;" still another has "a hall bed room for a single woman eight by twelve."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The salary of police captains in New York city is less than $2,000 each per annum. One of them died a few days since, and when his will was opened it was discovered that he had made a proper disposition of a snug little fortune of $200,000. The development has caused no little wonderment among the sturdy inhabitants of Manhattan Island. The discovery ought to be regarded as very commonplace in a city where municipal statesmen without any salary become millionaires.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Puget Sound logger to Judge Cox: "It seems to me, Jedge, that yer a wastin' a good deal o' valuable time on this yer Frenchman. We manage these little things differently in Seattle, as you will see of you take the trouble to read the papers."

The Philadelphia *News* says a pound of feathers is as heavy as a pound of lead. That depends. If a pound of feathers were to fall from a third story window and alight upon a man's head, and five minutes afterwards a pound of lead were to fall the same distance from above and strike him on the same spot, he would be willing to swear that the lead weighed a ton more than the feathers.

A street gamin was overheard in a crowd arguing: "Billy, how many Sunday schools do yer belong ter now?" "I've joined two till after Christmas," Billy replied. "Well, I've joined three of these heavengelical ones, but if them Christmas trees don't pan out more for me this year than they did last, I'll jine the Universalums next year. They believe all fare like, and if any snoozer there hangs a sealskin frock on the tree for his girl, I s'pose they manage to give a sealskin all around. A pair of sealskin gloves would fit me bully." After this speech the youngsters dispersed.—Norwich Bulletin.

It was announced in the local papers that a grand balloon ascension would be held on a certain peak above the springs, and prodigious accounts were given of this balloon. The natives for fifty miles around came to Hot Springs on the appointed day. The night before the boxes had been hauled to the top of the mountain and left there. The natives went to the spot and waited all day long, and there was no balloon, and finally they attacked these boxes with axes and discovered them full of sawdust. Inquiries were made for the bold mischief-maker, but it was not discovered for some time that he was one of the most pale and sickly-looking men around the Hot Springs, who had made good his escape to St Louis.—Hot Springs Letter.

### Up in a Balloon.

Laramie Boomerang.

Riding around through space in a balloon for three or four weeks, it seems to us, must have its drawbacks at this season of the year, and it must be doubly embarrassing when the boss don't know whether he is hovering over Cook county, Illinois, or Cork county, Ireland.

There is a hazy uncertainty about scooting around through the wide waste of atmosphere that is still open for pre-emption, which the world can never give or take away. Think of getting up in the night in your sleep and walking out of your bedroom door and falling 20,000 feet in a perpendicular direction! Think of being two miles above your hotel when the gong sounds, with no way of getting down except by your own weight.

In the interests of science it may be a big thing to freeze to death nine miles above the snow line, trying to run down some new scientific fact that you could have bought at home at the rate of sixty cents a bushel.

When we were a boy and hadn't learned very much of the ways of the world, we remember that we made the scientific experiment of trying to climb two adjacent trees at one and the same time. We got along all right till we got to where the trees got further apart than where they started, and then we came down to make a report. The report was heard about three-fourths of a mile, and we were carried home on an old cellar door.

If a man falling from a height of 5000 feet continues to acquire velocity in the same ratio that we did, he probably reaches the earth with an accelerated momentum that jars his vital organs a good deal.

The shock, too, must be very great to the farmer who goes out in the morning to milk the cows and finds an aeronaut on top of the barn with the lightning-rod run through him. Think also, of the air voyager's wife. Imagine her feelings when they bring her husband home in an old oyster can and she has to identify his remains by a gold tooth-pick and a wart.

Sailing around among the clouds is a good thing if you can come down with the same deliberation with which you go up, but accidents are liable to happen and then you don't seem to see anything that you can catch hold of to break your fall. You might reach out and grab the corner of a thunder cloud but it wouldn't stop the balloon for any great length of time, and you would probably go head first into the ground about two yards and a half.

When a man falls out of a balloon it is not the fall so much that mixes him up, but it is the sudden manner in which he stops. He generally hangs together all right while he is falling, but when he gets done falling the surprise and concussion seem to scatter him around over two or three counties, and they have to scrape him off the huckleberry bushes all over the state in order to hold an inquest on him.

## AH LUNG'S MISTAKE.

For five weary years Ah Lung toiled in his Mott street laundry; and now, having added to his already considerable estate the sum of $500 which had been paid him by his cousin, Wan Foh, for the good will and fixtures of the establishment, he was preparing to start for his native land. Seated on a tea-chest in the opium den next door to his place of business, he discussed his prospective journey with half a dozen celestial friends.

Ah Lung had good reason to look forward with pleasure to his return to China, and equally good reason to feel satisfied with his career in the new and grateful republic. For five years had he industriously washed, ironed, and carried home the garments of his patrons, conscientiously collecting his money whenever he delivered the clothes. In all that time, he remembered but two events which could bring the blush of shame to his bronzed cheek. These were the two occasions on which he had been overreached in business transactions. One was when a Bohemian for whom he washed, cheated him out of the amount of his weekly bill; the other was when his assistant absconded with whatever cash he could lay hands on. He could forgive the first offense, but not the latter. The Bohemian possessed two shirts and two pair of socks. It was his custom to wear one shirt and the blue pair of socks while Ah Lung operated on the other shirt and the socks, which had been white in former days.

One afternoon the Chinaman arrived, gasping for breath, at the little room up five flights of steep stairs where the Bohemian lived.

"Tlenty-fi' cent!" he said, with his customary grin as he handed the garments to his patron.

"That's all right," replied the other, with a responsive smile; "just you take a seat on that trunk in the hall while I put on my clean things and give you the soiled ones."

Ah Lung did as directed, and for half an hour waited patiently for the soiled shirt and usual "tlenty-fi' cent." At last, becoming uneasy, he opened the door and found that the bird had flown through the open window to a neighboring roof.

At half-past eight that evening one of the lodgers found Ah Lung lying across the threshold of the Bohemian's late apartment. His hands were clenched so tightly as to drive the nails into the livid flesh. The night wind fanned his temples and blew the froth from his mouth to the floor. Restoratives were administered, and within a week he was himself again.

Two years later he attached his quaint autograph to a document whereby he agreed to take into his employ one Hong Lee, known throughout the length and breadth of Mott street as a washman of unexampled skill and industry. Four months later his assistant disappeared, taking with him $13 72, six shirts, eight collars and a single cuff, the property of a one-armed customer. Then Ah Lung swore a terrible Mongolian oath of vengeance.

Seated on the illustrated tea-chest on the evening of which we write, his thoughts turned to his absconding partner. "With $1300 in my pocket, I shall be rich man in Canton," he said, proudly. "I shall become a mandarin of the third rank, and Ah Wash, the minister of the interior, will, for a trifling consideration, invest me with the insignia of the Ancient Order of the Starched Cuff. That will be a proud day for me; and yet I would cheerfully sacrifice much of this honor and glory could I but wreak my vengeance on the faithless Hong Lee. This is my last night in New York. I will attend the theater in order that I may be able to accurately describe to my countrymen the habits of the American people."

From his perch in the upper gallery Ah Lung watched with growing interest and delight the play of "My Partner." Suddenly he uttered a faint cry, and leaned forward to glare with compressed lips and wild, rolling eyes at an actor whose entrance had evoked a storm of laughter and applause. It was the hated Hong Lee; he knew him at once by his voice, face and walk. Making his way to the street, he found a policeman, told him in graphic pigeon-English the story of his wrongs, then took the officer into the gallery and pointed out the offending Chinaman.

"Allest him! allest him! Me gives you ten dollee!" he cried excitedly.

"Arrest who? you web-footed Chinese loper!" exclaimed the officer.

"Allest Chinaman! he stole my washi!"

For a moment the officer scratched his head in bewilderment; then a light illumined his rugged face, and he broke into a roar of uncontrollable laughter.

"Look here, you infernal rat-eatin' fool, that ain't no Chinaman; that's Parsloe, the play actor."

Whether Charlie Parsloe used the absconding celestial as the model for his famous impersonation, or whether the resemblance was merely accidental, has never been accurately determined; but to this day Ah Lung is fond of telling his fellow-Mandarins in Canton how he saw the faithless Hong Lee carrying an armful of clothes on the stage of a New York theater.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY CUSTOMS.

### Peculiar Observances in Different Countries—The Giving of Presents.

Like the customs of Christmas, which in their origin are a curious mixture of poetry and mysticism, of symbolism and superstition, those that belong to the observance of New Year's day are also, to a large extent, relics of usages and ideas that date from early heathen ages.

In France, New Year's presents play an important part. The French derive their terms for these presents, *etrennes*, from the Latin *Strenia*, the name of a goddess whom the Romans venerated as the patroness of gifts. There was a grove in Rome dedicated to the goddess where it was customary to get fresh twigs to give with presents to friends and relatives on New Year's day. At first the presents consisted of figs, dates and honey, which were intended to represent the sweet and pleasant elements of life: but they soon became more costly. During the sway of the emperors, Roman subjects made New Year's gifts to their sovereign. Augustus received such quantities of these that he had gold and silver statues made of them; Tiberius did away with the usage because he considered it too troublesome to express thanks for the gifts. Caligula, on the contrary, reintroduced the custom, and made up for his predecessor's refusal to receive presents by requiring those that had been offered to him to be given to himself as arrearages.

The custom of making New Year's gifts, notwithstanding attempts to suppress it, was continued after Europe became christianized. For a time present-making was transferred to easter, but later it was again associated with the 1st of January. At one time in France there was great extravagance in the custom. In the reign of Louis XIV, on the 1st of January, 1678, Mme. de Montespan received a cup of gold, set with emeralds and diamonds, besides two goblets, furnished with covers that were likewise studded with precious stones. At present *etrennes* most frequently consist in France of sweetmeats tastefully arrayed in handsome boxes or of vases, bronzes, rare procelain, or other works of art.

Many interesting customs had their origin in the early days of the German people, with whom the winter solstice was always a high festival. In Voightland, a district in Saxony, maidens are accustomed to walk on New Year's eve—and they prefer the hour of midnight—in retired nooks of gardens, and shade trees, or fence-pickets, or even wash-poles, and inquire about their future lovers; and from whatever direction they then hear the barking or howling of a dog, or any other marked or sudden noise, from that direction will the lover come.

On New Year's, or, as it is also called, Sylvester Eve, the maiden of Mecklenburg, with her back turned to the door, throws a slipper over her head; if the toe of the fallen slipper points to the door, she leaves the house during the following year to go into service; if not, she remains at home.

In the villages near the Vosges mountain range, the well-dance was a general custom forty or fifty years ago, and may still be retained in many places. Early on the morning of New Year's day, before the ringing of the church bells, the unmarried young women of a village would dance around the running well or fountain of the place, which they had previously adorned with a fir tree, and would sing a song to the dance that dated unquestionably, though in distorted form, from a dim antiquity. The object of this custom was to provide the dancing maidens with lovers during the coming year, and to bring good luck and fortunate crops to the village, and make the water of the well healthy for the cattle.

In Denmark there is a curious custom of breaking bottles, pots and dishes against the house door, a custom that is turned to advantage for annoying an enemy by breaking vessels that are filled with filth against the door, or, if the chance is good, they are even thrown into the house. It is a popular superstition that any person who snuffs out a candle on New Year's eve dies during the following year.

In Spain Sylvester eve is of great importance to the young folks. On that eve, in accordance with an old custom, the names of the young people are thrown into two separate urns, one for each sex. Then the names are drawn alternately from each urn, and the young men who participate in the sport become the recognized lovers and escorts, during the whole succeeding year, of the respective maidens whom this lottery accords to them. Should it happen that the same two names are drawn together two years in succession, it is considered an omen favorable to a more lasting relationship, and usually so results.

In European countries, in which the Julian calendar is still in vogue, the carnival celebration begins at Christmas, and is conducted in a way quite different from that of western countries. The Russian carnival is divided into two parts—the New Year's celebration, which is conducted with dancing, jesting and masquerading, and the so-called Butter week, or festal time that precedes the strict fasts. The sports, mummeries, jests and practical jokes that characterized the Roman Saturnal's and Lupercalia mark to-day the Russian New Year's celebration. They still continue in full vogue among the Russian people, notwithstanding the many changes that have been wrought in popular custom in the lapse of centuries. For village boys to mask as bears, wolves, horses and other animals, and go about from house to house on New Year's eve accompanied by musicians, and there sing comic songs and dances, especially in imitation of trained dancing bears, is a favorite amusement in the land of the czars; and peasants and farmers treat these jolly visitors hospitably, and frequently give them money. In the cities similar sport is practiced by the house servants.

## "THAT BOY."

### Frank but Awkward Speeches—Boys' Letters—The Ideal Boy.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Into how many awkward predicaments have the frank and unfortunate speeches of the small boy placed his father. The trouble with the youngster is that he has not had time to learn that the truth must not be always spoken. For instance, the old bachelor uncle is on a visit to the house. He says to the young scion: "Well, Charley, what do you want now?" Charley—"Oh, I want to be rich." Uncle—"Rich! Why so?" Charley—"Because I want to be petted; and ma says you are an old idiot, but must be petted because you are rich—but it's a great secret, and I musn't tell."

Here is a scene at a Brooklyn wedding breakfast: Company all seated about the table. A pause in the general conversation. Happy husband to his wife's seven-year old sister at the other end of the room—"Well, Julia, you have a new brother now." Julia—"Yes, but mother said to papa the other day that she was afraid that you would never amount to much, but that it seemed to be Sarah's last chance." There was an intense silence, followed by a rapid play of knives and forks.

A boy once asked his father who it was that lived next door to him, and when he heard the name, inquired if he was a fool. "No, my little one, he is not a fool, but a very sensible man; but why did you ask the question?" "Because," replied the boy, "mother said the other day that you were next door to a fool."

A rustic youngster asked out to tea with a friend was admonished to praise the eatables. Presently the butter was passed to him, when he remarked: "Very nice butter—what there is of it," and, observing a smile, he added, "and plenty of it—such as it is."

"Is your father at home?" inquired the man of the little boy who admitted him. "Is your name Bill?" he asked. "Some people call me so," he replied. "Then he is not at home, for I heard him tell John if any bills came to say he was not at home."

A little boy came running up to his mother, "Ma, ma, cousin Bill he's in the parlor with sister Jane, and he keeps biting her." "What! William biting my Jane?" "Yes'm. I seed him do it over so many times. Bite her right on the mouth, and the tarnal gal didn't holler a bit mother." "Ah, never mind, Ned; I guess he didn't hurt her much." "Hurt her? cracky! why, she loves it, she does; 'cos she kept a letting him and didn't say nothing, but just smacked her lips as if it was good, she did. I seed it all through the key-hole. I'll fire taters at him the next time; see if I don't."

The case of little Johnny is that of one of those small boys who are forever seeing things in an original way. He wanted to go to church. His mother was afraid he would make a noise, but his father said, "Johnny knows better than to make a noise in church." So he went. He kept very still until the last prayer. By that time he had grown tired of sitting still, and was standing on the pew cushion, with his back toward the pulpit. When the lady who was sitting in the next seat bowed her head for prayer, Johnny thought she was crying, and his sympathy got the better of his judgment. He leaned over and said to the lady in a tone that was meant for a whisper, but which was only too plainly heard: "Poor lady! what ee matter? Does oo 'tomach ache?"

But, after all, the best humor connected with the subject of the modern small boy is the boyish humor—that which reflects the fresh young nature of the boy himself. This is illustrated, for instance, in his correspondence. A boy, writing to his chum in the winter time, says: "We have had a bully snow storm, and me and the fellers hev good times, and two days we didn't hev no school, and so we had great fun. Skinny Bates and me catched some piggins and tied their legs together and they flew up agin a telegraf wire and got hung up, and some firemen had to put up a ladder and git 'em down. The policeman is trying to find out who done it. Hookie's brother has got to go to jail for putting powder in the old cobbler's coal-box; it liked to blowed his head off when he put the coal into the stove, and he swore awful about it. I like to plug snow balls at folks, but it is very hard work to shovel snow. A boy stole my overshoes up to the skating rink and I went for him; my nose is all swelled up; he was bigger than me."

In conclusion let us briefly sum up what the boy ought to be, and, in doing so we can accept the ideal of Lady Barker, the London philanthropist, who thus expressed herself in a work some time ago: "If I could make a model boy, I'll tell you what he should be like. He should love cold water and hate a lie. He should be frank and unsuspicious, as becomes a noble and trusting nature, and yet he should be neither silly nor soft. He should have plenty of manias. He should have an appetite like a wolf, for I should wish him to be tall and strong; but he must not be a bit greedy. He should not be ashamed of loving and reverencing all that is good, and holy, and pure, but with nothing of the mollycoddle about him. He should have a fine, sweet temper; yet he should be, as the Yankee song says, 'An ekeral man in a row,' and he should know how to take care of himself with his fists."

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If you want to find out a man's family secrets, buzz his neighbor's cook.

## OUR SUPERIOR FRAC

All About "Our Sisters, Our C
Our Aunts."

THE DAUGHTERS OF

A Chapter Devoted to the W
Crinoline and the Adored

Talmage says that Lydia of Thyatira
a giggling nonentity. Whoever

Romeo was so madly in love that
wonder he gave the core of his heart to
ple of his eye.

Patti is said to guard herself carefully
cold. She evidently does not believe
sing.—Bos. Com.

Grace Greenwood is residing in
winter with her daughter, who is
the operatic stage.

A girl in New Haven must certainly
clover. She is said to eat half a
cloves every day.

The Rochester *Democrat* says
said to the credit of the ladies
dom go to sleep in church.

People who own property anywhere
continent will breathe easier now
Gaines has lost her last suit.

A young lady drives a horse
bridge, Mass. In doing this she
of all the college boys who ride.

Miss Vanderbilt, being the
railroad man, was married
But will she be tender to her

A woman is very like a kettle
of it. She sings away so pl
stops, and when you least exp
over.

"Syracuse has a female archi
town hasn't a female archite
more than one designing wom
Herald.

Mrs. Carey Benton Jones, a
ator Tom Benton, is in W
her daughter, the wife of C
the army.

President Arthur keeps his
trait, which hangs in his
House, wreathed with flow
newed every day.

It is almost impossible to
worn by the ladies at the
is but another argument
the stage.—Lowell Citizen.

Louise Montague, the
threatens to go upon the stage
she doesn't get married
Somebody marry her, quick.

Mrs. Edmunds, the wife
artist possessing much
Mrs. Bayard and Mrs.
ing accomplished in music.

Young men who are
gift for a lady friend should
good husband is the nicest
receive.—Philadelphia Ch

Frogs are now fashionable
ry. They are chosen
of the sentiments express
ballad, "The frog he would

Miss Freelinghuysen, the
the secretary, is said to
pleasant story called
Quandary," which was
ago.

"The Unloved 'Tile' is
going the rounds of the
murmurs Mrs. Christiancy
*Chronicle*. Chorus of
too!"

A lady about to marry
intended husband, although
very eccentric. "Well,"
very unlike other men
make a good husband."

An old couple from
down Broadway the other
when they came across
Store." "Well, I declare
"I wonder who tore it!"

A Philadelphia paper
autograph hunter if she
she would be more useful
ecration if she would dress
tion and take to raising

Mr. Longfellow's wife was a
bott Lawrence, one of the
Boston. While making
for her children, and using
candle, her dress caught
ly burned.

The widows of the six
Pittsburg and Lake Erie
by the special train carrying
spondents from Washington
President Garfield have been
by the company.

A Louisville girl, whose
buy her a sealskin cloak
out as a servant. She was
and so took a position
the usual prerogative of
mistress' clothes.

Two women called on a
taneously, one to have all
and the other only three.
only put the latter under the
er, and rendered her
estimate the damage.

Somewhat mixed: Two little
and six, had just had new
their way to Sunday school
elder: "Oh, I have forgotten
haven't forgotten mine,"
is, Blessed are the
Transcript.

Minister Yoshida and his
said, remain permanently in
leave Washington next week
turn some time next year.
described as a delicate little
more like a school girl than

Chicago Wheat Market.
Chicago, Jan. 5.—Wheat—Firm, higher, $1 26 cash; $1 27½ February.

Nothing moving. Cloudy; wind southwest. The Parkinson, in tow of the Ordway, started up 10:30 A. M. The Corina, in tow of the Cooke, arrived down.

impure blood causes poor circulation, ... orders, such as Liver and Kidney Complaint, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, skin disorders, etc., which are curable by King of the Blood. See advertisement.

of sale, cash.
Executors of the Will of Maria A
Killin & Moreland, Attys. for
Dated at Portland, Dec. 8, 1881.

spelled differently but same pronunciation.
Hodge, Davis & Co., Portland,
Sole Agents for Oregon and Washington Ter.

Oldendorff & Heckman, Real Estate Agents, corner First
Portland, Oregon.

## PERIOR FRACTIONS.

### Our Sisters, Our Cousins and Our Aunts."

### DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

voted to the Worshipers of [illegible] and the Adorers of Fashion.

s that Lydia of Thytira was not nentity. Whoever said she was so madly in love that it was ne e the core of his heart to the p

to guard herself carefully against dents does not believe in free om.

wood is residing in Paris this r daughter, who is studying for age.

Haven must certainly live in s said to eat half a pound of y.

er *Democrat* says: "It must be lit of the ladies that they sel- in church."

wn property anywhere on this breathe easier now. Myra Clark her last suit.

y drives a horse car in Cam- In doing this she is in advance e boys who ride.

bilt, being the daughter of a was married in a long train, tender to her husband?

very like a kettle if you think s away so pleasantly, then she n you least expect it she boils

a female architect." Norris- female architect,' but she has designing woman.—Norristown

enton Jones, a daughter of Sen- on, is in Washington, visiting e wife of Captain Hughes, of

hur keeps his dead wife's por- gs in his room at the White d with flowers which are re-

possible to look over the hats es at the theater, and this fact argument for the elevation of ll Citizen.

gue, the "$10,000 beauty," pon the stage next season if married in the meantime. her, quick.

, the wife of the senator, is an much taste and skill. Both d Mrs. Pendleton are exceed- in music.

are thinking of a holiday end should remember that a the nicest present a girl can lphia Chronicle.

ashionable for female jewel- osen, we believe, on account expressed in the old nursery he would a-wooing go."

ayson, the eldest daughter of said to be the heroine of the called "Jack Haliburton's was published several years

Wife" is the title of a story of the paper. "That's me," ristiancy in the Philadelphia us of unloved wives—"Me,

o marry was warned that her d, though a good man, was "Well," she said, "if he is men, he is more likely to and."

rom Hoboken were walking the other day reading signs, across one, "Johnson's Shirt declare!" said the old lady, e it?"

paper cruelly asks a young If she does not think that useful in her day and gen- d drop her present occupa- ising chickens.

s wife was a daughter of Ab- of the richest merchants in aking some Christmas toys nd using ceiling-wax and a aught fire and she was fatal-

the six men killed on the Erie railroad in September n carrying newspaper corre- ashington to the funeral of have been paid $1000 each

, whose father refused to cloak, left home and hired She was bound to have one, on where she could exercise ve of servants and wear her

d on a Maine dentist simul- ve all her teeth extracted, three. The dentist mistak- under the influence of eth- er toothless. A jury will

Two little girls, aged four d new dresses, and were on y school. Said Hita, the forgotten my verse." "I ise," replied the other. "It e dressmakers."—Boston

and his wife will not, it is ently in Japan. They will ext week, and expect to re- xt year. Mme. Yoshida is ate little woman, who looks irl than the devoted moth-

om-like hats that bother us nd at the theater, are worn ladies; and, poor things, sympathy. With one of of patent frizzes, a bald- e herself quite presentable, ean.

e died lately in London in r, was the great-niece of y-Williams, the writer of the friend of Henry Field- ght the two names together the Rev. George Field- randson.

's admirable pictures rep- d maid seated under the g party, while Mr. Brown, ands doing the agreeable r. Brown," she remarks, istmas, and all its dear old wn doesn't happen to see d human nature.

dding: His honor to the willing to take Mr. X., husband? Bride-elect— m not! *His honor* (flab- child, you should have g, hero! Bride-elect—O, person that has consulted tter!—Paris Figaro.

are laughing at the letter the Duchess of Marlbo- of Leinster. "My dear is ungrammatical noble- ived from Mr. Adair my you inform me you had mmittee of the Associa- of Ladies in Distress in

ces' courts the other day ous trespass in entering oving a fence, one of the "Did you help build that hat year was it?" "Well, he same year that my s leg broke in a wrestling "Well, what year was It was just six months Duggan boy drowned in s—that was in eighteen "Can't you remember?" Let's see. That same the Duggan boy out of nd girl started to run ller, and we caught them Dearborn. I squared off ocked him eighteen feet ut what year was it that " "Why, the same year , or maybe a year before only talk with my old would get it exact." s building the last half he was hooked by a cow, he man who owned the rquar in the head." It exact date remain in se- e witness suddenly be- it it was "somewhere r that Brown's horses d into Deacon Tracy's ree Press.

and chronic complaints [illegible] DR. J. B. PILKINGTON [illegible] First and Washington sts. [illegible]

unday Oregonian.

DAY MORNING. JANUARY 22, 1882.

### THE DATE IN THE RING.

The woman dressed her for farewell
In snowy silk and lace;
A crown of her braided hair they set
Above her quiet face.
And on her placid breast they laid
White roses as became a maid.

Her mother bent and kissed her lips,
And kissed her braided hair,
And folded down the peaceful hands
Upon the bosom fair,
And, weeping, saw on one a ring,
A little golden, time-worn thing.

She took it from the icy hand
And looked for rhyme or name,
Something to say why it was there,
From whose fond thought it came.
She only saw, through many a tear,
A date long past—day, month and year.

"Twas some schoolfellow's gift," she sighed,
"The child forgot to show."
And put it back in its own place
With tender touch and slow,
And saw its tiny glitter rest
Like sunshine on that quiet breast.

Oh, little ring, you kept it well,
The secret of your date!
Whate'er it meaning, it goes untold
Beyond the earth and fate;
Of joy or blessing—who can say
How much of either in it lay!

We watch the light in our darling's eyes,
The lines that the slow years bring,
And know as little what they mean
As the secret of the ring.
Her sorrow—God only knows
How much of both lies under the rose.

## YELLOWSTONE PARK.

### of Montana's Great Chamber of Wonders.

### NATION'S SUMMER GARDEN.

from the Note-book of an English Geologist, with Notes on the Great Salt Lake.

The last number of *Macmillan's*, Archibald Geikie, F. R. S., gave an account of a trip made by him to the Yellowstone. The article is long and full of interest. But as Geikie is a great geologist, and traveled in the interest of science, in order to render the article attractive to the general reader it must be sifted of its scientific terms—of the shells, and fossils, and glaciers, and [illegible] and drainage, and gneiss, and mo- [illegible] and schist, and basalt, and [illegible] sinter, and trachytes, and rhyolites, [illegible] and obsidians and bastions, with which it abounds. We have done this.

GREAT SALT LAKE.

Geikie came by rail from New York to Great Salt Lake. He carefully studied the great lake and surroundings. He notes the extreme shallowness of it. At no place is its depth more than [illegible] it is thirty-two miles broad and [illegible] long. The lake was once a huge [illegible] of fresh water, about 300 miles long [illegible] south, by 180 miles broad. [illegible] diminution of the rainfall, it lost its [illegible] by "secular evaporation," in the [illegible] of ages, grew gradually salt.

[illegible] done with the great lake, [illegible] says, one cannot contemplate without [illegible] its history, the professor [illegible]. He says:

[illegible] object of our journey was to see [illegible] of the Yellowstone—that region of [illegible] volcanoes, hot springs and sinter [illegible] the United States congress, with forethought, has set apart from [illegible] and reserved for the instruc- [illegible] the people. In a few years this [illegible] continent will be readily accessible [illegible] coach. At the time of our visit it [illegible] to approach. We heard on the [illegible] tales of Indian atrocities com- [illegible] a year or two before, and we were prepared for something of the kind in [illegible]. So it was with a little misgiving as [illegible] of the undertaking that we left the line of the Union Pacific at Ogden and turned our faces to the [illegible]. The first part of the journey passed [illegible]. The track is a very narrow [illegible] the carriages are proportionately [illegible]. Started in the evening, and sitting [illegible] the last car, enjoyed the glories [illegible] over the Great Salt Lake. Next [illegible] brought us to the end of the [illegible] midst of a desert of black basalt [illegible] sand, with a tornado blowing the [illegible] in blinding clouds through the [illegible].

"TERMINUS" CONCEIVABLE,

[illegible] of about a score of wooden booths [illegible] at random, with rows of freight [illegible] up among them, and a miscellaneous [illegible] of a thoroughly western kind. [illegible] afterward the railway would be [illegible] fifty miles farther north, and the [illegible] and its inhabitants would then [illegible] new terminus. Some weeks afterward, we returned by rail over the same [illegible] the only traces of our mushroom [illegible] the tin biscuit boxes, preserved [illegible] and other debris scattered about [illegible] and too heavy for the wind to dis-

[illegible] cessation of the railway all com- [illegible] utterly disappeared. A "stage" [illegible] inside and outside with packages, but [illegible] to be capable of carrying eight passengers, was now to be our mode of con- [illegible] the bare, burning, treeless and [illegible]. The recollection of those two [illegible] stands out as a kind of night- [illegible] omit further reference to [illegible].

[illegible] surprised to learn from the professor, [illegible] long way to tell us the news, that [illegible] flourishing mining town of Montana, [illegible] City, is "a collection of miserable [illegible], many of them deserted," and [illegible] "gold of the valley is exhausted."

[illegible] you go to Bozeman by stage [illegible] can stand it, as the professor did, [illegible]. He was nearly three days on [illegible] between the two places. Bozeman is [illegible] town to the Yellowstone, but a few [illegible] it stands fort Ellis, a post of the [illegible] army. We are not informed if [illegible] from Bozeman to the park, but [illegible]. The professor took letters to the [illegible] at Fort Ellis, who provided him and his companion with two guides and plenty [illegible] and they struck out for the future [illegible] ground of the nation. He states:

[illegible] assured the Yellowstone country was [illegible] safe, that we should probably see no [illegible] at all, and that any who might cross [illegible] belonged to friendly tribes, and being [illegible] anxious to avoid having to return and [illegible] that miserable stage journey, we arranged to travel through the "Yellowstone park," [illegible] termed, and through the mountains en- [illegible] the head waters of the Snake river, so [illegible] strike the railway not far from where we [illegible] left it. This involved a ride of somewhere [illegible] 300 miles through a mountainous region [illegible] in its aboriginal loneliness * * * [illegible] Yellowstone river has its headwaters close [illegible] watershed of the continent, among the [illegible] which, branching out in different [illegible], include the ranges of the Wind river, Owl creek, Shoshonee, the Tetons and other [illegible] that have hardly yet received names. [illegible] at first is nearly north, passing out [illegible] the lake where its upper tributaries collect [illegible] drainage through a series of remarkable [illegible], till about the latitude of Fort Ellis, [illegible] which it bends round to the eastward, [illegible] eventually falls into the Missouri. We [illegible] the river just above its lowest canyons [illegible]. It is there already a noble [illegible], winding through a broad, alluvial [illegible], flanked with hills on either side, those [illegible] the right or east bank towering up into one [illegible] the noblest ranges of the Rocky mountains.

HERE IS A NOBLE VIEW,

[illegible] by a skillful hand:

The grand canyon of the Yellowstone is a [illegible] from 1000 to 1500 feet deep. Where its [illegible] sides meet at the bottom, there is little more than room for the river to flow between them, but it widens irregularly upward. [illegible] been excavated out of a series of [illegible] rocks by the flow of the river itself. The waterfalls, of which there are two, have crept backward, gradually eating their way out of the lavas and leaving below them the ravine of the Grand Canyon. The weather has acted on the sides of the gorge, scraping some parts into precipitous [illegible], and scooping others back, so that each [illegible] presents a series of projecting bastions [illegible] semicircular, sloping recesses. The dark [illegible] of pine that fill the valley above sweep [illegible] to the very brink of the gorge on both [illegible]. Such is the general plan of the place; but it is hardly possible to convey in words a picture of the impressive grandeur of the scene.

We spent a long day sketching and wandering by the side of the canyon. Scrambling to the edge of one of the bastions and looking down, we could see the river far below, dwarfed to a mere silver thread. From this abyss the crags and slopes towered up in endless variety of form, and with the weirdest mingling of colors. Much of the rock, and especially the more crumbling slopes, was of a pale sulphur yellow. Through this groundwork harder masses of dull scarlet, merging into purple and crimson, rose into craggy knobs and pinnacles, or shot up in sheer vertical walls. In the sunlight of the morning the place is a blaze of strange color, such as one can hardly see anywhere save in the crater of an active volcano. But as the day wanes, the shades of evening sinking gently into the depths blend their livid tints into a strange, mysterious gloom, through which one can still see the white gleam of the rushing river and hear the distant murmur of its flow. Now is the time to see the full majesty of the canyon. Perched on an outstanding crag one can look down on the ravine and mark headland behind headland mounting out of the gathering shadows and catching upon their scarred fronts of yellow and red the mellower tints of the sinking sun. And above all lie the dark folds of pine sweeping along the crests of the precipices, which they crown with a rim of somber green. There are gorges of far more imposing magnitude in the Colorado basin, but for dimensions large enough to be profoundly striking, yet not too vast to be taken in by the eye at once, for infinite changes of picturesque detail, and for brilliancy and endless variety of coloring, there are probably few scenes in the world more impressive than the grand canyon of the Yellowstone.

ONE OF THE MOST SINGULAR SIGHTS

Of this interesting region are the mud volcanoes or mud geysers. We visited one of the best of them, to which Jack gave the name of "The Devil's Paint-pot." It lies near the margin of the Lower Geysor basin. We approached it from below, surmounting by the way a series of sinter mounds, dotted with numerous vents filled with boiling water. It may be described as a huge vat of boiling and variously colored mud, about thirty yards in diameter. At one side the ebullition was violent, and the grayish-white mud danced up into spurts that were jerked a foot or two into the air. At the other side, however, the movement was much less vigorous. The mud there rose slowly into blister-like expansions, a foot or more in diameter, which gradually swelled up till they burst, and a little of the mud with some steam was tossed up, after which the bubble sank and disappeared. But nearer the edge on this pasty side of the caldron the mud appeared to become more viscous, as well as more brightly colored green and red, so that the blisters when formed remained, and were even enlarged by expansion from within, and the ejection of more liquid mud over their sides. Each of these little cones was in fact a miniature volcano with its circular crater atop. Many of them were not more than a foot high. Had it been possible to transport one unbroken, we could easily have removed it entire from its platform of hardened mud. It would have been something to boast of, that we had brought home a volcano.

They met only four Indians during their journey. They were friendly—"four picturesque savages," just what he wanted "to complete his reminiscences of the far west." The professor could forget all about the trachytes and rhyolites, etc., when night came, with sweet invitation to poetic meditation. Hear him whisper:

And all the while, as the tales went round and the fire burnt low or was wakened into fiercer blaze by piles of pine logs hewn down by Jack's diligent ax, the stars were coming out in the sky overhead. Such a canopy to sleep under! Wrapping myself round in my traveling cloak, I used to lie apart for a while, gazing up at that sky, so clear, so sparkling, so utterly and almost incredibly different from the bleared, cloudy expanse we must usually be content with at home. Every familiar constellation had a brilliancy we never see through our moisture-laden atmosphere. It seemed to swim overhead, while behind and beyond it the heavens were aglow with stars that are hardly ever visible here at all. These quiet half hours with the quiet stars amid the silence of the primeval forest, are among the most delightful recollections of the journey.

## STROLLING PLAYERS.

### Life on the Road for Managers and Actors.

There is at least one speech in "Hamlet" which a person of an inquiring turn of mind might nowadays address to an individual whose fund of general information was more extensive than his own. It is the question put by the Danish prince to Rosenkrantz just before the players appear. Hamlet says to his school-fellow: "How chances it they travel? Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways." And the answer Rosenkrantz gives to the further interrogation—"Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?"—would just at present be couched in the same words: "No, indeed, they are not." As a matter of fact the comedians of the period are, if anything, more generally on the wing in this latter half of the nineteenth century than ever before. In the whole United States there are just three stock companies, affording employment to about 100 actors and actresses. The remainder of the fraternity must wander over the land for a livelihood, just as strollers of old were wont to do, and without the consolation, even, of hoping that better days are in store. The chances are, rather in favor of the ultimate disbandment of the last three permanent companies in America than of the opening of new "stock theatres." In fact, one of the three stock companies now in existence does travel at certain seasons of the year, and the members of another were lately sent off for eight or nine weeks' road-work, because the theatre intended for their occupancy was not in readiness to receive them.

From the greatest to the least number of the profession, no one escapes the discomforts and drudgery of a tour. Touring is, indeed, the only means of earning large sums of money, for, admitting that metropolitan audiences never weary of an actor or actress, the expenses of a theatrical engagement in New York, Boston and Philadelphia are much in excess of what we may term provincial expenses, and, through the competition between the dozen or more places of amusement established in every large city, the audiences are generally smaller than those attracted by occasional representations in minor towns. The late Miss Neilson, Messrs. Booth and Jefferson, Miss Anderson, and their fellow-artists all earned and earn their money "on the road." Brief engagements of two, three, or four weeks, at most, in cities like New York and Boston, may secure handsome returns—although, to speak the truth, they are usually entered upon rather to keep up the prestige of the performance as "metropolitan favorites" than for the purpose of gain—but their fruits bear a very small proportion to the harvest of a well-planned "route."

It would be difficult to state accurately the number of "traveling combinations" now on active service throughout the country. It is safe to say, however, that there are in existence at least a hundred organizations of the sort, without taking into account the ephemeral troupes, born of the insane desire of an unfledged actor or actress to "star," nursed through a few weeks of feeble life, and finally dropped for dissolution in some remote western hamlet, or the mysterious companies known as "fly-by-nights," from their partiality to darkness as a cloak to hide their escape from victimized hotel-keepers. Old actors, remembering the past, may grumble at this state of affairs, but when it is kept in mind that only about 100 members of their profession can find employment throughout the season in New York or Philadelphia, it will be conceded that they might be much worse off.

With the present system, music and the drama penetrate everywhere. The citizen of Oshkosh has the same chance of hearing Mme. Patti as the resident of New York, and Mr. Booth is brought to his doors almost as frequently as if he were dwelling in the heart of Manhattan Island. Indeed the citizen of Oshkosh has some advantages over the local playgoer, for, as an almost invariable rule, all entertainments given outside of New York or Boston, and Philadelphia are supplied at a reduction of from 20 to 30 per cent. from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia prices. And he has nothing to dread from speculators. These enterprising persons would never get the wherewithal to pay their board save in the three cities above named, and the inhabitants of Cincinnati, Louisville, or New Orleans goes to the box-office and buys his tickets as easily as his newspaper or his cigar.

The *modus operandi* of "laying out" a route is simple enough. The most important thing to consider is the productiveness of the different cities which are usually visited, and, next to this, their proximity to each other. A manager of ordinary mental calibre will probably pay more attention to the Railroad Guide than to his own experience and that of his brother speculators in the principal places he proposes to visit, but to a parsimonious or routine manager the avoidance of "jumps" is the very first question to be looked into. In point of fact, it is a good deal more profitable to do a little additional railroading, than to pass two or three nights in an ill-paying town, but your dull and unprogressive manager will adhere to precedent, and as Washington is nearest Baltimore, and Richmond nearest Washington, to those places he will go, whatever the prospects. The most skilled managers are well aware that the character of cities changes constantly, and, even if they have to make "jumps," they lose no time in giving performances where no returns can be expected. Except for an "attraction" of extraordinary magnitude, many towns have become most unprofitable abiding places. Washington, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Indianapolis, for all but a few actors and actresses, usually give unsatisfactory returns. Social life interferes with the drama in Washington, the big festivals and gatherings at the Music Hall hurt it in Cincinnati, the foreign population of New Orleans wants opera and nothing else, and, there being three or four theatres in Indianapolis, the business is overdone.

The route is usually made out in the spring or early summer. Application is made to the local managers for dates and terms. The managers of Mlle. Bernhardt, Mr. Booth and Mr. Emmet for example, have no difficulty in securing both. They can choose their own time and make their own terms. The former they arrange, habitually, to accord with their New York "time," while the latter is from 50 to 80 per cent. of the gross receipts of the "star's" representations. The star's manager supplies the star, company, dresses, and, "pictorial printing," *i. e.*, posters lithographs, &c., besides paying railroad fares and the expenses of transporting baggage; the local manager contributes the theatre, orchestra, advertising, bill-posting and employes of the stage and house. In large cities, where a local manager has expenses ranging from $1000 to $1800, 50 to 60 per cent. is generally claimed and allowed; in smaller towns, where $300 or $400 weekly will cover all outlays, 20 or even 15 per cent. of the receipts of a popular actor or actress will leave him a handsome profit. When "attractions" of an inferior order are offered the out-of-town manager, his terms are, of course, higher. Many "combinations" of doubtful drawing powers do not succeed for many years in "getting into" the great cities. Where the play or performer is known to be good, but only moderately attractive, the provincial manager often stipulates that the first thousand dollars or so, out of the week's receipts, shall go into his coffers, half or the larger part of the balance accruing to the visiting manager. In small towns the local manager in a case like this demands rent for his theatre. There is no apparent reason against accepting an offer of this kind, for the rent of a country house is usually very low, but the transaction is far less advantageous for the traveling manager than even small sharing terms, as the local speculator, having to receive a fixed sum for his rent, leaves all the "advance work" to the agent, who, not being a resident, can achieve comparatively little for a new attraction. As for the manager of the tour if he understands his business and has been "on the road" for a few years, his task, though it leaves him few opportunities to be idle, is not perplexing. Now that actors and actresses are becoming reconciled to the necessity of traveling, if he sets about forming his troupe early in the season he will only suffer from an *embarras du choix*. On the other hand, he will have to pay a fair price for a fair article, if it is permissible to refer to actors as merchandise. The "combinations" which are sent forth at the onset of every season are so numerous that the demand for good people is very great, and as a consequence salaries have risen tremendously. Then it must be remembered that while the impresarii of opera and concert troupes *generally defray the hotel* expenses of their artists, the theatrical manager does nothing of the sort. Three or four years ago he did not even pay for their sleeping cars, when these were only semi-occasionally required, while no one ever thought of supplying a troupe with seats in parlor cars. But of late both sleepers and palace cars have been provided for many of the best companies on the road, and it does not seem impossible that active competition may ultimately secure for the poor player hotel accommodations as well.

For all this life on the road is not exactly comfortable, even for the great "star" in his or her special car, with valets and maids and agents to anticipate every want, and applause and flowers to make the artist forget, for an instant, at night, the fatigues of the day and the prospective travel of the morrow. Sometimes a week or a fortnight's stay in some large town will bring much-needed rest, but the traveler will sigh for the two or three great cities of the north, however cordial the provincial welcome. "I would rather be a lamp-post in New York than a king on the road," said poor Edwin Adams, and the best paid star in a smoky western town or in a deserted city in the south has often echoed the dead actor's words. The trains will not start an hour later in the morning to oblige the delicate tragedienne whom a ruthless manager drags out of bed at 6 o'clock in the morning and hurries, shivering, to a railroad station. And when the next town is reached, at 4 in the afternoon, and the dining room of the hotel is closed until tea time, even the magic of a "pass" will not unlock its doors until 6 o'clock strikes and the opened portals reveal a vista of tables laden with cold meats, tea biscuits, apple sauce, and other sorry substitutes for the dinner which the new comer has missed. During a recent trip through the northern part of this state, Canada and Pennsylvania, during which a company traveled every day, no hotel was ever reached in time for dinner. It should be mentioned that not one trip during eight weeks was made "on time." Last winter during four months of Mlle. Bernhardt's tour a similar experience was had.

In spite of all these inconveniences, a traveled person, with a stout digestion, an easy conscience, and a good disposition can derive no little amusement from a six months' trip through the country. The "ways" of the company are in themselves food for observation and critical comment, for if anything will bring to the surface the foibles of a human being, travel, coupled with hard work and countless mishaps, undoubtedly will. As a rule, the "smaller people" are the worst tempered and most exacting. Actors and actresses who dwell in six-dollar boarding houses at home, and who, through the management of a clever advance agent, have rooms and meals in hotels where they pay $1 50 to $2 a day, instead of the regular $3 charge—and a "rate" of this kind is almost invariably made for them—criticise their apartments and food with more severity than if they had left the Windsor or Delmonico's a week previous, while men and women who, night after night, are ferried across foggy rivers and carried miles in wretched horse cars to get from city theatres to their homes, mutiny if asked to walk a block from a railway station to a hotel or a theatre. Reference is made be it said, to constitutional grumblers and players who have had little or no schooling in tours. The well seasoned "barn-stormer" is of a different type and, like Mark Tapley, is frequently at his jolliest under the most depressing circumstances.

As far as travel can be made comfortable, the great stars seldom have reason to complain. Mlle. Bernhardt was better cared for in this respect than any artist ever has been or ever will be. Her tour was made in what is called an "excursion car," which contained bedrooms, a main saloon, and a kitchen. A cook having been hired, Mlle. Bernhardt had her meals served at the hours she chose, and ate them without haste. Her servants shared her car, and the troupe was left to shift for itself at the wayside lunch-counters. The despair and dyspepsia of a company of French artists, used to good cooking and doomed to "bolt" the awful compounds exposed for sale at different points of a long-drawn tour can be better imagined than described. Nor were they even permitted to alight when they felt inclined to. Somewhere in Massachusetts, M. Angelo, the leading man, had been left behind while investigating the mysteries of a fragment of mince pie, and, to avoid similar occurrences, the company was thenceforward only allowed to leave the car when at least half an hour could be accorded them to satisfy their appetites as best they might.

A volume might readily be compiled from the droll experiences of any one tour, and two volumes might be filled with the mishaps and humors of the Bernhardt *tournee*. The exactions of the "star" in respect of scenery and "properties," the shortcomings of the smaller theatres in all matters of detail, the perfect stupidity of many of her audiences, who sat with faultless propriety throughout a performance of which they did not understand one word, and which they had paid $3 a head for the privilege of witnessing, and the disdain and *ennui* of the actress will some day or other make up a most interesting chapter in a book of "Recollections of the Stage." To her credit be it said, Mlle. Bernhardt, acting in this respect like all traveling artists, and doing her duty as conscientiously in the western wilds as in New York, only once forgot the deference she owed her audiences. The incident to which allusion is made occured at Mobile, and, it is believed, has not yet appeared in print. Mlle. Bernhardt was advertised to perform in "Camille." She was displeased with the stage, the scenery, the actors and everybody and everything generally. When she came for it it was apparent she was a trifle hysterical, but everything went smoothly until the third or fourth scene in the first act, when De Varville took up his hat to depart. What was M. D'Orsay's surprise when Marguerite said to him: "To-night, De Varville, you need not go; generally, I put you out of doors, but this *evening you shall stay to supper*." Then she had a valet place an extra cover for De Varville, and, the lines of the piece being inappropriate because of his presence, an impromptu conversation was commenced. It culminated in *Mlle. Bernhardt succumbing* to a fit of hysterics, upon which the curtain was dropped and the audience dismissed.

The misadventures inseparable from *tournees*, however, grow mainly out of delays in travel and ill-equipped theaters. Now and then a company is snowed in somewhere or other, as the Strakosch troupe in Buffalo three or four years since, and two or three days are lost. On Miss Neilson's opening night in New Orleans the rain fell so heavily that at 8 o'clock the streets were two feet under water and the performance had to be postponed. When the same performer arrived in Norfolk, Va., it was *discovered* that nothing in the shape of a calcium or magnesium light to simulate the moonbeams in "Romeo and Juliet" could be had, and the manager, at the eleventh hour, was compelled to borrow the head-light of a locomotive from an obliging station-master, and have it secured to a wing within 12 inches of Juliet's head. As for the scenery, as regards local coloring, especially, the least said the better. There are, of course, many beautiful theaters throughout the country, and in all the larger cities plays are often put upon the stage with liberality and care. But woe to the exacting stage manager in the smaller towns! Sometimes, it is true, New York sets an example in matters of this sort. A few years since a performance of "La Vie Parisienne" was given at Booth's theater. The first scene of *this work*, it will be remembered, lies in the railway station in the Rue St. Lazare, and on the wall representing the station was, on this occasion, a view of Rome, with the seven hills, the castle of St. Angelo, the Tiber, and all its lions. When "*Frou Frou*" was acted in many places during Mlle. Bernhardt's tour it was next to impossible to find a Venetian picture as a background for the fourth act, and it would be hard to say how many English, American, and Continental "drops" did duty for the Grand canal and its dark green waters.

While there is a great difference between provincial and metropolitan theaters, there is also a great difference between metropolitan and provincial audiences. Outside of New York, the purchase of an admission ticket, unless the house is crowded before the ticket is sold, always secures some sort of a seat, and a "pass," which the manager or agent occasionally parts with for services rendered, is regarded as good for a seat also. As already noted, theatrical prices are from 20 to 30 per cent. lower than in New York and Boston, and, save *in the largest cities, matinee prices are invariably lower* than evening rates. A habit very generally indulged in by the out-of-door playgoers is to step up to the door-keeper and ask leave to take a peep at the house. If his request is acceded to he looks into the auditorium, and, if it is well-filled, usually goes forth to the box-office and buys a seat. If his eyes light upon a beggarly array of empty benches he generally beats a hasty retreat, satisfied that the performance is not worth witnessing. There is little in-coming and out-going during the representations, and in one instance of recent occurrence there was none at all. The town was Ogdensburg, and the occasion the opening of a new opera-house, built as part of the local town hall and undoubtedly one of the best constructed and prettiest theatres in the country. Ogdensburg had never possessed a real theatre, and the opening of the new building, to be effected by a performance of "The School for Scandal," with the company of Wallack's theatre, had been looked forward to for weeks. The Ogdensburg newspaper *did its best* to awaken curiosity and school its readers in the ways of play-goers. Referring to a matinee entertainment on the Saturday following, the editor announced that the shutters would be closed and the gas lighted, so that the representation should not differ from an evening performance. Ladies, he added, could go to matinees unaccompanied. On three successive days the theatre was packed, but certainly one-third of the assemblage had never attended a dramatic performance before. During the representation of "The School for Scandal" not one spectator left his seat from the minute the curtain rose until it fell upon the "tag-lines," spoken by Charles Surface.

The reader would, no doubt, be glad to know something as to the average nightly "business" done by theatrical companies on the road. It would be impossible, however, to reach an average. Operatic troupes and great foreign artists will attract two or three thousand dollar audiences in places of medium size, but the receipts of the most popular actors and actresses, *malgre the assurances of managers or agents*, are far below these figures. During Miss Neilson's last tour through this country, the average receipts were close upon $1000 a night, and they left a handsome profit. Mme. Modjeska's last tour was considered remunerative, and the nightly returns averaged only $600. The statements that Mr. Brown, the famous actor, drew $10,000 in one week in Chicago; that Miss Jones—"America's own tragedienne"—bought a $12,000 necklace out of a fortnight's share in St. Louis, and that Miss Robinson—who was born all along the Pan Handle route, and consequently has a claim upon at least a hundred western towns—warbled the *dilettanti* of St. Louis out of $15,000 in six nights and a matinee, must be taken, not merely with a grain, but with several bushels, of salt. A great deal of money is made by players and companies whose gross receipts average $3000 a week, and some contrive to exist upon their share of much smaller amounts. It only remains to add that the holiday and Lenten seasons are accounted the worst periods of the year, *although it is almost invariably the case* that good performances draw well at all times and everywhere, while ill-organized and ill-managed attractions, and also, sad to say, too "high-toned" entertainments, have little or no chance of surviving the first three months of the fall and winter campaign.

### Somewhat Romantic.

About a year ago L. W. Morley, the owner of a large ranche in California, saw in the album of a friend a picture that made his heart beat "Hail Columbia" and several other tunes. He was told that the young woman of whom the photograph was an unjust counterfeit lived in South Dorchester, Canada, that her name was Miss Maggie Rolph, and that she was in poor circumstances. Mr. Morley wrote to Miss Rolph explaining how he had been smitten by her charms from afar and asking her hand in marriage. Miss Rolph replied that she did not know her correspondent well enough to give him an affirmative answer, that he did not know her well enough to take her for a wife, that such romantic beginnings generally had bad endings, and that this proposition carried with it *prima facie* evidence of lack of balance on his part. If Morely had been *charmed* by the photograph he was delighted with Miss Rolph's sense. Such logic and Latin in a love affair he had never so much as read about. He brought to his aid several Canadian friends, accounted to Miss Rolph for his past life, visited her at South Dorchester and a week ago took her to the Golden Gate as Mrs. Morely and the mistress of the Morely ranche.

### Don't Trust to Impressions.

Somebody calls the attention of the New York *Times* to this quotation from Doctor Johnson, which is very appropos to current events: "Do not, sir accustom yourself to trust to impressions. There is a middle state of mind between conviction and hypocrisy, of which many are unconscious. By trusting impressions a man may gradually come to yield them, and at length be subject to them so as not to be a free agent; or, what is the same thing in effect, to suppose he is not a free agent. A man who is in that state should not be suffered to live. If he declares he cannot help acting in a particular way and is irresistibly impelled, there can be no confidence in him—no more than in a tiger."

## STEVENS' MARIA.

### Glimpses at a Famous Yacht of Thirty Years Ago.

### THE OLD CENTER-BOARD SLOOP.

Conversation with a Veteran Yachtman in which he Shows that the Olden Timers had some Fast Boats.

The great sporting gentleman of the earlier half of this century was the great steamboat owner and builder, John C. Stevens of Hoboken, N. J. On the turf he was famous as the man who matched American Eclipse against Henry for $10,000 a side and won the race by the superior riding of Samuel Purdy, father of Sam Purdy, who was lieutenant-governor of California in 1854. He owned Black Maria during her long and famous career on the sod and, after she had broken down, sold her to Col. Bailie Peyton, of Tennessee, for breeding purposes. He bought Modoc from Charles Baltogate, father of the gentleman who has been managing Foxhall for Mr. Keene in England, and offered to run him four miles for $20,000, against any horse in the world in 1836. He built the first iron river steamer ever built in America—the John Neilson—to run between New York and and New Brunswick, and had engines to lighten her draft by pumping air under her. He was the inventor of the "harp engine" (like that in the U. S. steamer Shubrick) and built the steamers John C. Stevens and John Potter with that style of machinery to run in connection with the Camden and Amboy road, in which he was a large stockholder.

Mr. Burrell, of Hoboken, who was sailing master of the center-board yacht Maria thirty years ago, has been describing his old favorite to a New York *Telegram* reporter. The description was interesting as showing that many of the "improvements" of the present day were not unknown to the yachtsmen of the past generation: "The Maria was a sloop-rigged, center board yacht, built at Hoboken by Mr. Capes, in the year 1844, after a model made by R. L. Stevens, and owned and sailed throughout her career by the brothers Stevens —Edwin A. and J. C. She had tons of outside lead ballast, besides that in pigs inside, lipped on to her frame timbers. She was first altered from her original design in the spring of 1850, being lengthened on the bow and an after center-board put in about ten feet forward of her stern post. She had a flush deck, log waterway and no bulwarks, and when altered in '69 her bow was long, sharp and hollow, and her stern square, with a wide transom and rather heavy buttock. Her dimensions at this time were: Length on deck, 110 feet; beam, 26 feet 6 inches; depth of hold, 6 feet 8 inches, and she displaced about 140 tons on 5 feet 2 inches extreme draught of water. Her forward center-board was an enormous affair, and when down she drew some twenty feet. Her outside lead ballast was fitted to her bottom in blocks for some twenty feet amidships, fore and aft, and about five inches thick at the garboard strake, tapering out to nothing at the lower turn of her bilge. It was run in from the inside to molds, fitted on her bottom through holes bored through and through, and the blocks made continuously fair with all her lines, then neatly coppered over.

MUCH CARE

Was exercised in the work to have all smooth; the copper nail-heads even were polished on the stone before driving them. The main center-board, too, was heavily loaded with lead, and the gearing for hoisting and lowering it was immensely heavy. Complicated and costly compressor springs were fitted to it also, so, when down, should the board touch anything it could spring upward, easing thereby the shock. When housed the board nearly touched her mainboom. Her mainmast was 92 feet, topmast 48 feet, mainboom 98 feet, gaff 50 feet, bowsprit out 27 feet. She had an enormous jib, the boom to which its foot was laced being 70 feet long. She would sail fast, I can assure you. Sundays we would go down to meet the incoming European steamships, and when we met such old-timers as the Herman and other sidewheelers coming up the bay, with a fresh northwest breeze and smooth water, their passengers' eyes would stick out to see us pass them. She would work in seven points and I have logged her seventeen knots. On the trial trip of the America along the beach we beat her badly, and Mr. Stevens was in doubt whether it was good policy to send her to England as a representative yacht, but the American beat all her contemporary crafts, excepting the Maria, as much nearly as we beat her, and so it was decided, finally, that she ought to go. The famous Julia was nowhere with the Maria, either, for at Newport, over the outside course, twenty miles out and back, we beat her some twenty-seven minutes. Foreign naval visitors and guests, of whom we had many, were simply astounded at times at her performance, and it is no wonder that her ability was so well known across the Atlantic.

SOME FABULOUS STORIES.

Some fabulous stories have been told about her in Europe. We seldom used the after-board, but when sailing with a point or two of sheet off and with a hard press she would gripe and yaw like a young colt; then we would drop the afterboard and the labor of steering her with her enormous tiller—some twelve feet long—would be immediately lessened; a grateful relief, you can believe. She had a rubber compressor, some four feet long and as thick through as your leg, to apply to the mainsheet traveler when gybing her over, and no doubt but the idea of the little gutta-percha affair now so common on the travelers of so many fore-and-aft vessels to-day was copied from this. The Maria picked up a Tartar once in the yacht Coquette, of Boston, owned by Harry Perkins. The Coquette was built in Boston by Louis Winde, and was 66 feet long on deck, 19 feet 8 inches wide; and 8 feet deep, drawing 10 feet of water, with a fine round bow, strong rise to her floor amidships and a clean, sharp after end—in short, a Swedish style of model—carrying plenty of iron ballast. She was schooner-rigged, and sported a 71 foot mainmast, having the conventional strong rake to her masts of those times. She was new then, and had run away from everything on the coast that she had met. On the morning of the race it blew strong from the northeast, and as the match had been made to sail twenty-five miles to windward and back the Coquette's chances did not look so bad.

THE RACE

Was for $1000 cash, and from the records of Neil Olsen, steward of the New York yacht club, the following is taken: 'The boats started at 11 A. M., on October 10, 1846. The Maria doubled reefed her mainsail took bonnet out of her jib; the Coquette carried her three lower sails. On the run out to the southward, with the northeast breeze, the Maria beat the Coquette some five minutes and thirty seconds, but when turning to windward, the little (comparatively) keel schooner Coquette beat her badly, arriving at the home stakeboat four minutes and forty seconds ahead of her.' Thus it can be seen that the relative merit of the deep-keel type of yacht and the shoal-draft center-board was decided in these waters long ago, which fact makes the stilted, pretentious chatter of the yacht naval scientists of the present day appear supererogatory indeed." As ocean racing soon became more popular with the New York aristocracy, the Maria was altered from a sloop to a schooner and made a very comfortable vessel, although she showed no great speed in her new rig.

### No Occasion for Jealousy.

Chicago Tribune.

The latest bit of New York gossip concerning millionaries is that young Mr. Astor, who ran for congress and failed to receive the Irish vote after having danced at a ball with a cigar-factory girl named Lizzie Lynch, owes his defeat to the money and exertions of Vanderbilt, this being the latter's method of revenging himself for the non-admittance of the Vanderbilt family to the social circles in which the Astors move. As the original Astor traded six-bladed jack-knives to the Indians for furs, and the original Vanderbilt sculled people across the East river for five cents, the claims of both families to a place among the aristocracy of this country seem to so equally slim.

### Growing Old.

Nye's Boomerang.

What can be sadder than to feel the chill autumn of life coming on when the shady side of the valley has been reached, and the eye is turned backward toward the green and sunlit fields which exist in memory alone. How sadly settles down upon the human heart the sorrowful truth that the brightest and best of existence has fled. The tear will unbidden start as we think of those years replete with gladness now gone forever—those clear delightful years before we trod the rough and rugged road of experience, and bit off more than we could masticate. We call to mind how the cold clammy truth was revealed to us at one time that in gathering the full-blown roses of life too oft we gather also the feverish and irritable bumble-bee nestling in its petles. How freshly now comes back to us the memory of that bright autumnal day when the sky was one vast sea of golden billows—that day when we made some scientific experiments with what is called three card-monte, and went home without our overcoat. We were making an estimate last evening of the value of a few items of experience which we now have on hand, and among the more valuable ones we will name the following: Cost of experiments with mixed drinks, $2600. Expenses of calling a healthy man a liar, $50. Experience with ostensibly disabled hornets, $375. Little lessons in investigating different games of chance, with a view to making them a business, $2500. Experiments with watermelons guarded by irritable bull-dogs, $525. Cost of winning the love and confidence of an orphan mule, $500. Cost of unavailing efforts to prevent baldness, $783 20. Expense of personal investigation of lotteries, $939 16. Actual cost of obtaining thirteen dollars' worth of fame, which is now for sale at the above price, and still in good working order, though slightly tarnished, $17,380.

## "THE LYONS MAIL."

### Death of the Last Witness in "A Celebrated Case."

### UNERRING CERTAINTY OF JUSTICE.

One of the Most Remarkable Murder Trials in History—The Record of a Terrible Crime and its Punishment.

New York World.

Madame Elise Denise Marguerite Merner Afroy, a widow, died at Molun, in France, two weeks ago, at the advanced age of 96. She was of humble circumstances, and it might in one sense be said of her, as of the cottager in the poem, that she was "Never heard of half a mile from home." Yet many thousands of the readers of the *World* are familiar with her. She was the daughter of the Merciers who kept a tavern at Lieursaint in 1796, and the last surviving witness in the famous case of Lesurques and "The Lyons Mail," which was dramatized in 1850 under the title of the Courier de Lyon, and "adapted" for the benefit of Anglo-Saxon play-goers as "A Celebrated Case." Early on the morning of April 28, 1796, the peasants of Melun found abandoned the mail-coach running from Paris to Lyons, the packages and mails having been cut open and rifled, the way-bill, which lay near by, showing that they had contained some hundreds of letters, 10,000 francs in cash, and assignats of the nominal value of several millions. Near it was found the corpse of Etienne Hudebert, the postillion, one hand hewed off, the skull split open, three deep wounds in the chest, and the whole body well nigh hacked to pieces. Further on lay that of the courier, Excoffon, with the throat cut, and pierced by several ghastly wounds. On the bloody ground were also found a gray overcoat, with a deep-blue border, a broken sword with its scabbard, with on one side of the blade, "Honor guides me," and on the other, "For my country's weal;" some other weapons stained with blood, and

A SILVER SPUR,

The link of which had been mended with a piece of string. The Merciers remembered that four men had dined at their tavern the day before; the woman described their dress and looks, dwelling especially on those of a tall and handsome blonde gentleman, whom she particularly remembered because he had mended his spur with a piece of string. The woman, who has just died, then a girl of eleven, was in the tavern, and gave him the cord, and her unwavering identification proved of the first importance at the trial. There had been but one passenger in the coach, who had paid for his seat in *assignats*, 2787 livres, and had no baggage, but carried a sabre. He had dined with Excoffon, from whom he had learned that, besides the money, the coach carried a valuable stock of jewelry and other wares. This traveler had disappeared, as had one of the horses of the coach, and some people along the road had seen four horsemen fleeing towards Melun, in the evening, while others had met them returning in the morning, accompanied by a fifth. Subsequently the riderless coach-horse was found straying in the streets of Paris, while four other animals, covered with foam, were left at a stable at 5 A. M., by one Etienne Courriol, and taken away at seven by Courriol and one David Bernard, the latter of whom was thought to be the traveler by the Lyons mail. There was then living in Paris, to which he had removed in 1779, a well-to-do native of Douai, by name Joseph Lesurques, who was married and had two children. He was especially hospitable to folks from Douai, and when one Guesno went up to Paris to pay him a debt of 2000 francs, Lesurques invited him to dinner. Guesno accepted the invitation and went, accompanied by one Richard. It was with Richard that the police found Courriol lodging in company with a woman named Madeleine Breban, and having in his possession

ONE-FIFTH OF THE BOOTY

Of the Lyons mail. Guesno was arrested, but discharged, though the police kept him under surveillance, and was on his way to the prefecture of police to obtain his papers when he met Lesurques, who insisted he should accompany him. They entered the room just as the magistrate, Daubenton, was examining the *witnesses in the case of the Lyons mails*. Immediately two of the peasant women hurried to the judge and whispered that Guesno and Lesurques were two of the party that had dined at the tavern, persisting in their identification, especially of Lesurques, notwithstanding strenuous denials by the men accused. Lesurques proved an alibi by three witnesses, one of them, Legrand, being a jeweler with whom he had left an order for jewelry, which Legrand had noted in his book, but when the volume was produced the date was found changed from the ninth of Floreal (April 29th, in the Gregorian calendar) to the 8th. For this Legrand accounted by saying that when he was summoned as a witness he found that he had made an error in the entry, and changed the book to make it correspond with the truth. As he was a friend of Lesurques, this naturally told against the accused, as did Lesurques' slight acquaintance, through Guesno, with Richard, at whose house the robbers had lodged. At the trial, when the jury had retired, Madeleine Breban declared, "Of the five persons accused, only one, my lover, Courriol, is guilty, and for his crime four innocent men are placed in peril. Guesno has been mistaken for one of the real murderers, Vidal, whom he resembles, and Lesurques for another, one Dubosc, whom he is strikingly like, especially as Dubosc at the time of the murder wore a flaxen wig." The court, however, refused to receive her statement of the case. Guesno was acquitted, having proved an alibi beyond all question; Richard was sentenced to twenty-four years at hard labor for receiving stolen goods, and Bernard, Courriol and Lesurques were sent to the guillotine on the 30th of October, the considerable fortune of the last named being confiscated. He died calmly, protesting his innocence, which he declared time would reveal. His mother went mad and died

A MANIAC.

His friend Legrand died in a mad-house, and his widow's reason was only restored after seven years, when she and her children lived in abject poverty. Before Courriol's execution, he confessed that the real assassins were Dubosc, Vidal, Roussy and Durochat, the last having taken passage in the coach under the name of Laborde. The others followed on horses he had hired from Bernard, who was innocent of any connection with the plot. The spur and one sabre, he declared, belonged to Dubosc, and he swore solemnly that he had never seen Lesurques until he was placed on trial. The case, it need not be said, made a great sensation, and it was ever murmured that the government had let Lesurques be convicted to lay hands on his fortune. Only four months later Joseph Durochat ("Laborde") was arrested for a petty theft, and was identified as the passenger of the Lyons mail by a girl from whom he had snatched a kiss just before entering the vehicle. He broke down and confessed, corroborating Courriol's statements. Roussy, he said, cut down the courier, by whom he (Durochat) was sitting. Durochat tried to defend him, receiving a cut on the hand, and then tried to escape from the scene of butchery, insisting that he had bargained for highway robbery, but not for murder, but Courriol held him, laying the deed to Roussy's *hot temper*, but insisting that as it had been done, they all must sink or swim together. Dubosc, he said, wore a flaxen wig for disguise and the silver spurs. Durochat was

CONDEMNED TO DEATH,

But ere his execution, was confronted with Dubosc, who had been arrested. So completely, however, was Dubosc disguised that Durochat declared that it was not he, but another Dubosc that had been concerned in the affair. Madeleine Breban swore to his identity, but only one of the witnesses against Lesurques declared that Dubosc was the man of the broken spur, though all admitted the striking resemblance. Richard, however, was brought up from the galleys, and on his testimony Dubosc was held. Two times he broke jail, and it was not until 1800 that he was brought to the scaffold. In the interim Vidal, for whom Guesno had been mistaken, had been taken and guillotined, exculpating Guesno and Lesurques. And finally Roussy was run down and died, attesting Lesurques' innocence. Since 1804 the heirs of the unfortunate merchant (now represented, we believe, by the family of his grandson, D'Anjou) have been moving to have his innocence declared judicially and his fortune restored, with interest, but hitherto without success, the woman who has just died invariably swearing that Lesurques was "the man with the broken spur," though she admitted the striking resemblance of Dubosc.

## SUNSHINE AND RUBBER.

### How They Combine in the Manufacture of the Popular Waterproof Clothing.

Pittsburg Telegraph.

"Do you see that pretty girl in a waterproof?" was the question projected into the reportorial ear during the last rainy spell.

"I do; what about her?"

"Well," said the gentleman, who was a dealer in rubber and other clothing, "do you know what that cloak is made of?"

With a pitying smile for some people's ignorance, the scribe was about to launch into a dissertation on the habits of the Brazilians, the tapping of the rubber trees and the working up of the sap.

"No, no, I know all about that," was the sudden termination of the intended lecture. "I mean to say that the girl is carrying on her pretty shoulders the combined effects of fourteen day's sunshine and a little rubber thrown in, just to materialize the sunshine, you see."

The listener couldn't see, and therefore asked a la Goethe for more light. The gentleman went on to give in substance the following information regarding the recent demand for rubber and gossamer cloaks, circulars and coats, and regarding the process of their manufacture.

"There has been something remarkable," said he, in the demand in Pittsburg for rubber cloaks, etc. During the dry, rainless weather of last summer, more rubber goods were sold in this city than ever before. One large Boston firm, in reply to our telegram to hurry up our order, said simply: 'We are 20,000 coats behind our orders now.' The ladies seem our best patrons; a rubber or gossamer circular reaching to the feet, and having a roomy hood to throw over the head, is absolutely independent of the services of an umbrella, and besides, their skirts are kept nice, dry and clean. Then the little school girls and the big school girls, bless their hearts, must all have rubber circulars, and you must have noticed how universally they are worn."

"That's evident, but where does the sunshine come in?"

"In this way; the best of these rubber circulars are made from 'solarized' goods. That is, fine cloth that has been treated to alternate baths of sunshine and liquid rubber. The better grades must have fourteen coats of the liquid, and after each coat must be exposed to direct rays of the sun for varying periods. No artificial heat seems to answer the purpose, and in the suburbs of Boston, where most of those goods are made, acres of ground are occupied with rubber cloth in process of taking its solar bath."

"Why have these goods cheapened so of late?"

"Because many firms are engaged in their manufacture, the result of the popular demand. The lowest priced goods, I might add, are not solarized but are prepared by artificial heat, in the seams. Still, a very good article can be bought for a couple of dollars, ladies' size a dollar more. Men's coats can now be had for $3 and $4, when a few years ago they cost $8, $10 and $12. This change is not owing, as has been thought, to the expiration of patent covering processes of manufacture, but rather to the enormous demand which has sprung up, and which Pittsburg shares in a marked degree."

An umbrella dealer was asked whether he felt like Othello, in the matter of rubber clothing supremacy.

"No, my occupation isn't gone by any means; there are lots of people who will never lay aside their umbrellas, and on these I hang my hopes. Still, I don't sell as many as I would like, and must conform to the popular taste, I suppose."

It was noticed that in many stores where rubber clothing had heretofore found no foothold, the familiar legend "Misses' and Ladies' Circulars" was hung out. Rich and poor seem alike inclined to robe themselves in the water-repelling fabric that is built up of sunshine and rubber.

## THE OPEN POLAR SEA.

### The Great Desirability of Arctic Exploration.

Bill Nye.

No one hails with greater joy than we the noble, self-sacrificing enterprise manifested by Americans in the mighty struggle to ascertain the true location and condition of the north pole. Still we regret to say that in later years these expeditions have been sent out mostly for the purpose of ascertaining what has become of those who went up there on previous occasions, and very little graphic information has been gleaned, but we should not be discouraged over a little thing like that.

We are almost positive that there is an open polar sea, and scientists are agreed that this is the case. Now, why is there an open polar sea? Why should there be a body of water open there, where it is colder, as a matter of course, than anywhere else? Natural science, abstruse metaphysics and philosophical jurisprudence unite in the inquiry.

In our own mind the answer is clear. The theory that the earth revolves on her axletree through space and unsupported, is a rash and foolish one. Men who have no available means of support themselves may maintain that the earth also is able to sail through the boundless waste without support, but common sense abhors such a preposterous statement.

The plain fact is that the earth revolves upon the poles just the same as a car wheel does on its axle, and future discoveries will show that the open sea is thawed out and kept warm by a hot box.

Every one who has any sense knows that the whole thing will have to be side-tracked pretty soon if something isn't done. It is claimed even now that we are losing time, and if we get to dragging along, and at last a planet that is running on time comes upon us some summer evening when we are sitting around in the twilight, it will knock us into a happy immortality.

We just throw this out as a hint to scientists and other sore-eyed snoozers who are always searching the horizon for something to worry about.

Let these men put on some heavy winter clothes and go up there into the open polar sea, and we'll bet a new hat they'll find it just as we say.

Why, when the wind is right we can smell it now. Something ought to be done, and if some of these sore-eyed scientists don't go up there and leave some remains and starve to death for the public welfare, we shall not feel satisfied. If eternal truth isn't worth freezing to death for, we don't know what it is good for. It's all right to talk about diurnal, annual and nocturnal revolutions of the earth if you are in your warm study with your feet cocked up on the upright piano, while you eat a dish-pan full of apples and throw the pealing under the lounge; but when a man says there's an open polar sea, and puts on his chest protector and woolen socks, loads a ship with pemmican and pie, and starts out to prove what he says, it looks like business.

There's nothing that proves a man's sincerity like going right up there among the icebergs and freezing to death in the interests of science.

It is said that the bees of this country make much more in making honey than the churches in raising money for missions. The value of the honey crop exceeds three millions of dollars annually, while for foreign missions all denominations raise less than two and a half millions.

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 22, 1882.

## GENERAL NEWS.

### Arkansas Republicans Determine to Make a Strong Fight.

### REPORTED PROGRESS OF THE PANAMA CANAL.

### Anna Dickinson Makes her Debut at Rochester as Hamlet—The Usual Grist of Criminal News.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE OREGONIAN.]

### Arrested for Murder.

LANCASTER, Ky., Jan. 20.—Wm. Austin was arrested to-day on suspicion of having assassinated his great aunt.

### An Unlikely Result.

BOSTON, Jan. 20.—The Grand Trunk can if it will, settle the war by agreeing to an understanding with other roads. This however is not likely to be done.

### Smallpox at Portsmouth.

NORFOLK, Va., Jan. 20.—Thirty cases of smallpox are reported among the negroes of Portsmouth and suburbs, caused by attending the funeral of a smallpox victim.

### A Poetical Murderer.

AUGUSTA, Va., Jan. 20.—Jones, who was hanged to-day, made a confession. He killed Harralson in his store with an ax and stole $42 from him. Jones dropped into poetry while in jail.

### Stamp Mill Burned.

MARYSVILLE, Col., Jan. 20.—The Columbus stamp mill eight miles west of here, with all contents, was totally destroyed by fire this morning. Loss estimated at $75,000, partially covered by insurance. The mill was the property of the N. Y. & Colorado Mining Syndicate Co.

### A Sensible Doctor.

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 20.—James B. Graves, who shot P. Soden, pleaded irresistible impulse. Dr. W. O'Gorman testified he didn't believe Graves was insane and didn't believe in insanity that comes when you put your finger on the trigger and goes when you have killed your victim.

### Railroad Accident.

DENVER, Jan. 20.—Yesterday a freight train on the Denver & Rio Grande ran into the caboose of another freight, smashing three cars and killing Albert Phillips, fireman, and fatally wounding conductor Fred Easterly and brakeman Tim Earley. The accident is said to be the result of the criminal carelessness of the engineer of the rear train.

### Burned by Inmates.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 20.—Some excitement is occasioned by the discovery that the incendiaries who fired the feeble minded asylum last November, causing a loss to the state of $400,000, are Elmer Ellsworth Gwynn and David Goodrich, both inmates, aged respectively 17 and 18. They wanted to get away from the building and the scheme was shrewdly planned and executed.

### Lieutenant McDonald's Case.

SANTA FE, N. M., Jan. 20.—Lieutenant McDonald, who was arrested last week in Chihuahua, has been released and has recrossed the line into New Mexico. The cause of his arrest is not definitely known, but is thought to be due to a personal difficulty. Col. Mackenzie has sent an officer south to investigate, and should it appear the crossing was not warranted by circumstances, McDonald will be court martialed. The colonel has given an order to all troops not to cross the line unless an Indian trail is not older than five hours. Mexicans are being governed by the same order.

### The Health of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Jan. 20.—Although the health officials are anxious to take every measure to protect the city from the smallpox scourge, and are fearful that unless speedily checked it will become universal here, there is no cause for alarm as yet, and visitors are in very little more danger than in the most healthy season. The increase in general mortality is small, and cases of smallpox are scarcely ever seen on the streets. The chief trouble is with attempts to conceal its presence, and those guilty of doing so will be severely dealt with. One man was fined ten dollars to-day for the offense. The new cases to-day were 4 and deaths 2.

### River Rising.

The mouth of the river is blocked with ice and the stream is raising steadily, causing fears of a flood.

### Trichinae in Chicago.

At a German wedding about a month ago a raw ham was one of the delicacies and was partaken of by a number of the guests, who have since shown evidence of trichinae.

### Cowboy Outrage in Nebraska.

OMAHA, Jan. 19.—A party of ten cowboys from the up-country rode into Long Pine Tuesday night and took possession of the town. They shot out the lamps in saloons, riddled the windows, fixtures and walls, and terrorized the inhabitants by firing fully a thousand shots during the night. Finally part of the gang boarded a passing train, shooting from the rear platform. The inhabitants are too glad to have escaped personal injury to think of bringing the ruffians to justice.

### Another Murderer Lynched.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 20.—*Times-Star* Ironton special: John Wagoner, one of the murderers of Dr. Byers, who was killed two months ago, was taken from the jail between 12 and 1 last night and hung in the court house yard by a party of 40 to 60 masked men. They first took Bill Beech, the other accused murderer, whereupon he confessed, implicating others not yet arrested and they let him live for the present. They then dispatched Wagoner. There is not a trace or clue to the perpetrators and public opinion apparently appreciates the act.

### An Important Decision.

CHICAGO, Jan. 20.—The state supreme court to-day decided that the law creating the probate courts of Cook and Lasalle counties was special legislation and therefore unconstitutional, and that the probate courts of these counties are illegal. The decision is more far-reaching in its scope than appears on the surface. The county probate court has been in operation four years, and by this decision all the wills it has passed on are void; the property that has come in review before it is without title; the eastern and other capitalists and insurance companies that have loaned money upon it are utterly without security, the titles being clouded; divorces obtained there are illegal and persons married after being divorced are bigamists. The decision creates intolerable confusion and lawyers express grave doubts as to whether the legislature can remedy the evil, or whether a constitutional amendment could be drawn which would be valid and would settle the difficulties that now arise. Michael Reese's will is affected by this decision.

### A Hanging not Heard From.

OMAHA, Neb. Jan. 20.—This was the day set for the hanging of Mooney at Franklin, Idaho, for the murder last fall of Hinckley, the Union Pacific agent at Franklyn, on the Utah & Northern Railway. It was expected that dispatches would be received at the Union Pacific headquarters in this city this evening, giving an account of the affair, but up to 7 o'clock to-night no telegram was received. It will be remembered that Mooney and his partner entered the depot at 10 o'clock at night masked, and with pointed revolvers, commanded Hinckley to throw up his hands, their intention being robbery. Mooney's revolver accidentally exploded and the bullet entering Hinckley's head, killed him instantly. The robbers became frightened and abandoning all idea of robbery, fled. Superintendent Clark, of the Union Pacific, telegraphed from Omaha a reward of $2000, and in a few days Mooney and his partner were captured. They were tried and convicted; Mooney being sentenced to death, and his partner getting fifteen years' imprisonment.

### Regulating Free Passes.

DES MOINES, Jan. 20.—The lower house of the legislature spent most of the day in discussing the resolution of Aldrich as to free passes. The resolution in substance is that

*Whereas*, The system of granting free passes on railroads has grown to gigantic proportions, including every class of public officials, and

*Whereas*, This state of things is viewed with alarm by the people, as it includes judges of all state courts, all officers of state, both branches of the legislature and delegates to political conventions, and

*Whereas*, Exacting high rates of fare from the mass of the people and free transportation to a favored class is manifestly unjust, it is

*Resolved*, That the railway commission of the state be required to report to the house by January 15, whether free transportation be given to any class except paupers, mendicants, or other objects of charity, and whether persons elected to office, members of the press or political conventions be allowed to accept those favors, or whether railroads be inhibited from giving them. The resolution passed, 56 to 40.

### Arkansas Republicans in Council.

LITTLE ROCK, Jan. 20.—Leading republicans from different sections have been in consultation during the week past, discussing the political condition of the state, and the prospective course to be taken in the campaign. A bitter feeling is manifested throughout to ex-Senator Powell Clayton. The question of thoroughly organizing a vigorous and aggressive campaign with a complete ticket from governor to township constable was formally discussed. The enthusiastically prevalent sentiment was, that old timers, men with records, take a back seat and all the younger and less objectionable leaders come to the front. It was claimed that ample financial assistance had been promised the new movement from Washington. The object of the leaders will be to place a ticket in the field composed of conservative resident citizens and by whatever means possible draw around it the support and co-operation of all disaffected political elements. Hon. Logan Roots, president of the Merchants' National Bank of this city, was selected as a leader. It is certain that the republicans propose to make a vigorous fight during the next campaign. It may be equally positively asserted that some other than Senator Powell Clayton will lead the movement, or that there will be war in camp. A
was sent last night to President Arthur by
vote denouncing Powell Clayton and
recommendations.

### ess of the Panama Canal.

20.—Mr. Charles Colne, secretary
Co., stationed in this city, said
day that Mr. A. Reclus succeeds
chief engineer and will carry
1881 as laid down by the
roved by a committee ap-
my of science. There
digging from Colon
at dam at Gamboa,
Chargres river.
eing worked, the
ned up for the
ear the coast,
t the mouth
tand men

works at the Port of Antwerp. Mr. Hersart is expected on the Isthmus before spring to inspect the work done. Some of the material used on the Isthmus on canal work has been bought in this city. Dump cars and platform cars to the value of $40,000 were recently made in Massachusetts and sent out by steamer. Two steam fire engines bought in this city were sent out by the last steamer, beside fifteen iron rivetters and six portable houses costing $15,000; eight sail boats for traffic on the Chagres river will go on the next boat, beside the furniture of the houses, and a stone crusher and other materials bought in this country.

### A Hardened Wretch.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—The *Sun* publishes the following remarkable letter from a murderer:

TOMBS, Murderer's Row, Jan. 19, 1882.

To the Editor of the *Sun*—Sir: The 10th of February is drawing near and if I do not get a reprieve or a stay of proceedings I will certainly be hanged on that day. The *Sun* ought not to tell its readers that I had abandoned all hope of a new trial or commutation of sentence, for I never desired it and therefore never hoped for one or the other. My cell is nearer to the door leading to the jail yard where the gallows will be erected than any other cell in the Tombs. The *Sun* is also wrong in stating that the prospective length of my march to death gave me some ——. What gives me some —— is the fear that owing to a stay of proceedings I will, like so many condemned murderers, not be strangled until a year or two hence, thus suffering the double punishment of long imprisonment and hanging. It seems a great many persons would be much pleased to see me weaken and break down completely so that I would have to be carried out to the gallows, but I will try to bear myself up under the ordeal and die like a nineteenth century infidel. At any rate I will die quicker and easier than she whom I shot. I feel very sorry that I killed her—just as sorry, in fact, as her son feels that I will be hanged.
WM. SINDRAM.

At the end of his letter was a pen sketch of a man hanging from a gallows, and connected with it the inscription, "Nearer my God to thee."

### An Embezzling Operator Arrested.

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—John J. Thopmson, telegraph operator, formerly in the employ of the Western Union Co., was arrested in Newark to-day and brought to this city on the charge of embezzling about $12,000 of the company's money. He has been employed from 1872 until August, as chief operator at Mobile, Ala., and had handled large amounts. An official examined his books last summer, when the embezzlement was discovered. Thompson fled to Mexico and found employment with the Mexican telegraph company, and retained his position after the company was notified of his being a defaulter. One day, while the superintendent of the Mexican office was sick, Thompson stole $500 from the safe, and cutting the wires fled to a seaport town and embarked for New York. A detachment of soldiers was sent to Coatzacoalcos, where the vessel boarded by the culprit was to stop, but they were too late, as Thompson had reembarked on the brig *Mary Fink* for New York, which reached this port on the 11th inst., and it was not until a week after that the Mexican company telegraphed the Western Union company that Thompson was a passenger on the brig.

### Emigration from California.

DALLAS, Texas, Jan. 19.—Since the opening of a through line to California the railroad officials report a wonderfully heavy immigration from the Pacific slope to Texas, most of it stopping in the western counties. A great many California capitalists are among the number, who come to prospect and invest in tracts of land between the Rio Grande and the staked plains, in El Paso, Presidio, Pecos and adjoining counties. The bulk of the purchases will be used for wheat raising, but a great deal is for grape culture. The immigrants are said to be first-class, and the railroad officials advise the counties further east to send agents to El Paso to receive some of them.

### A Proposed Rifle Match.

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—The secretary of the National Rifle Association has received from Sir H. St. John Halford, chairman of the sub-committee of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, the proposed terms for a military match between the National Guards of the United States and volunteers of Great Britain. The match will take place at Wimbledon in July, 1882.

### A Solid Company.

DENVER, Col., Jan. 19.—The cashiers of all banks in the city have signed a card denying the statement circulated in the east, to the effect that the Denver and Rio Grande railroad is a heavy borrower of money of Denver banks, and stating that the company does not owe their respective banks a dollar, and is not paying them interest on any indebtedness whatever.

### Burned to Death.

CLINTON, Mo., Jan. 19.—The house of Geo. C. Smith, at Lewis, five miles north of here, burned at 3 this morning, and three inmates perished, viz: Elizabeth Smith, aged 17; Rachel, aged 13; and Ellen Smith, aged 43. The fire is supposed to have started from clothing hanging by the kitchen stove, or from a coal oil explosion. Mrs. Smith was the first to awaken, when she awoke her husband, who made his escape with the little girl of a neighbor, who was staying there for the night, and one of his own daughters, aged 8. Smith and his daughter were severely burned. The house was a story and a half, and the family all sleeping in the second story.

### Mangled to Death.

PULLMAN, Ills., Jan. 20.—N. Radley and Ed. Wilson, were killed here this morning in a horrible manner. They were caught in a belt while fixing it on in the wood machine department. Both were badly mangled.

### Anna Dickinson as Hamlet.

ROCHESTER, Jan. 19.—Anna Dickinson's debut as Hamlet was made before a large and appreciative audience. The people applauded and the press to-morrow will praise the pluck she has shown in inaugurating so great a dramatic departure. The *Democrat and Chronicle* says her voice, her manner, and the very life she gave to the part was effeminate, and not once could one lose consciousness of the fact that it was a female interpretation of the character, but her rendering made a very great impression at times, and without exaggeration it may be said the mental interpretation was a revelation. She was at her best in the soliloquies, and her dramatic action was surprisingly good. She has certainly made a comparative success, but the proportions it may assume only the future can decide.

### Not Flattering to Anna.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—Several New York critics were at Rochester last night to witness Anna Dickinson's impersonation of Hamlet. Local critics were favorable and in some instances enthusiastic. The *Sun's* Rochester correspondent ridicules her performances, saying it remains only to be seen that no matter what designs Miss Dickinson and her astonishing company may entertain upon other plays they will never succeed in furnishing a worse performance than they did this evening.

### Unprecedented Sales.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 19.—Two days' sale of seats for the opera festival, aggregate $50,000. The result is unprecedented.

### Arthur's Probable Actions.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—*Times* editorial: The president has been credited with intending a good many foolish things which he has so far abstained from doing. One of them was the appointment of Sargent as secretary of the interior, and though such a selection is not yet beyond the bounds of possibility it is daily becoming less probable. Similar remarks apply to the appointment of W. E. Chandler as secretary of the navy, but perhaps the least probable of the contemplated acts of folly ascribed to the president is the nomination of Conkling as secretary of treasury, vice Folger, presumably transferred to the supreme court bench. The further rumor that Fletcher would be chosen to succeed Folger in the event indicated is so grotesquely absurd as hardly to deserve serious mention.

## PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

### Under Arrest.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 20.—Col. Finnegass, U. S. detective, this evening arrested John T. Best, clerk of the lighthouse board of the 12th district, for forging signatures to government vouchers and embezzling $15,000.

### Donations Asked For.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 20.—Archbishop Alemany has issued a circular letter addressed to Catholic churches in San Francisco in regard to the effort being made to establish a Veterans' home. He says: "I am informed that there is in the state a large number of aged or disabled soldiers who did valuable services on the battle field and exposed their lives in defense of our country. I would recommend on next Sunday at the close of high mass that two persons in each church be appointed to receive donations which may be contributed for that noble purpose."

### Anti-Monopolists in Council.

The executive committee of the anti-monopoly league met this evening. The meeting was presided over by F. V. McConnell of Sacramento. The committee were all represented. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for holding a mass meeting here at an early day. General discussion was indulged in as to the advisability of placing in the field a straight ticket at the coming election. During discussion the committee expressed the unanimous opinion that neither ex-Mayor Kalloch nor Dennis Kearney would be allowed to fraternize with the movement. The committee adjourned to meet next Monday.

### The Irish Members at Sacramento.

SACRAMENTO, Jan. 20.—T. P. O'Connor and T. M. Healy, the Irish orators, were met at the depot to-day on the arrival of the train from San Francisco, by a committee of the land league of this city. They were escorted to the Golden Eagle hotel and entertained in a sumptuous manner. Mr. O'Connor addressed a meeting in the Metropolitan theater to-night. The building was crowded from pit to dome. He was very eloquent and was frequently interrupted by storms of applause. After the meeting at the theater the two members of parliament were banqueted by the Irish citizens of Sacramento.

### Box Factory Burned.

TRUCKEE, Cal., Jan. 20.—The box factory and lumber yard of Richardson Bros., at Martin's creek, four miles from Truckee, burned to-day. Loss, $15,000; covered by insurance.

### Killed by Cars.

SAN MATEO, Jan. 20.—An aged unknown man was run over and killed by a train this afternoon near Baden.

## NEVADA.

### Comstock Notes.

VIRGINIA, Jan. 20.—Good headway is being made in all the drifts on the 2700 level of Union and Mexican. South drift No. 2 in Union has this week been advanced 40 feet, and almost equally good progress has been made in the others. Crosscutting will be commenced in from seven to ten days. There is known to be a good deal of water in the block of ground which is to be explored, but it will be handled, as the surrounding ground is well drained out. The drain in joint Ophir and Mexican east drift 2900 level is about completed and the air pipe is being repaired. Active work will be resumed

## WASHINGTON NEWS.

### Secretary Kirkwood's Ideas of the Indian Question.

### THE ADMISSION OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY OBJECTED TO.

### Commissioner McFarland Makes his Report on the Northern Pacific Land Grant—General News Notes from the Capital.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE OREGONIAN.]

### Kirkwood's Indian Bill.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—The bill prepared by Secretary Kirkwood for improvement of the condition of uncivilized Indians, and which was submitted by the president to congress, provides for the appointment of a commission of three members to be known as a "Commission on Indian civilization," and for a secretary and interpreter to the commission. The bill provides that the commission under the direction of the secretary of the interior shall visit such tribes as the president may designate, and authorizes them, after obtaining information to enlighten their judgment and understanding in the premises, to enter into agreements with the Indians with their free consent, for the reduction of reservations in cases where the commission shall deem such reduction advisable. In such cases the bill provides for surveying the boundaries of diminished reservations, to extend public surveys over the same and over ceded lands, and also provides for the sale of ceded lands for cash, the expenses of surveys and sale of lands to be paid from the proceeds of such sales and the balance to be placed to the credit of the Indians. The bill further provides for conveying diminished reserves by patents to Indians, giving them permanent ownership, except in cases of allotment in severalty in their tribal capacity. It provides for the allotment of lands in severalty, and if it is proved an Indian has cultivated the selected acres it will be patented to him, and the cost of improvements to the amount of $100 in each case be defrayed by the government from the surrendered lands. The proceeds of sales of surrendered lands to be expended under direction of the secretary of the interior in the erection of houses, purchase of harness, horses, cattle, farmers' implements, etc., and in the erection of school buildings, payment of teachers and for subsistence of school teachers when necessary. The commission is directed in cases where it is not thought advisable to reduce reservations, to enter into agreements for the survey of boundaries of reservations, to extend public surveys over them and convey allotments in severalty. The commission is also authorized to negotiate for the cession of entire reservations and removal of Indians to other reservations, and for surveys and sales of such reservations to be made by the government and moneys to be expended for the benefit of Indians on the reserves to which they may be removed. Provision is also made for allotment in severalty on their new reserves.

The object of the bill, as explained by Secretary Kirkwood is eventually to make the Indians self-supporting, to give them the title to their lands in severalty and educate and civilize them. Another feature of the bill is to provide by treaty for paying the Indians within a limited period after passage of the act, and after such sums shall become payable, the principal of all trust funds now held by the United States for Indians. Still another feature of the bill is the gradual reduction of the annual appropriation by congress for support of Indians until in the near future, as the Indians become self-supporting, such appropriations shall entirely cease. The bill, while aiming to bring Indians into a condition of self-support, carefully guards all their rights and interests and is in full accord with recommendations in the secretary's annual report and with the views of the president upon Indian affairs as expressed in his message to congress.

### Report of Commissioner McFarland.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—Commissioner McFarland's report to Secretary Kirkwood is as follows:

GENERAL LAND OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 16, 1882.

To Hon. S. J. Kirkwood, Secretary of Interior:

*Sir*: I am in receipt of senate resolution passed the 12th instant. In accordance with such instructions, I have to report as follows: I know of no decision in any actual case presented by the commissioner of the general land office declaring the grant to the Northern Pacific railroad company lapsed, which has been reserved by the secretary of the interior. I enclose the copy of a letter to the register and receiver at Bozeman, Montana Territory, October 12, 1877, by the then commissioner, stating that the time for completion of the road under its grant expired July 4, 1877, but that under cited decisions there was no power in the office to enforce forfeiture. There may have been other letters similar in import. May 10, 1879, Geo. Gray, attorney for the company, transmitted to your predecessor the map of an amended branch line of the proposed road in Washington territory, and asked that it be accepted by the department and the withdrawal of lands adjusted accordingly. The said letter and map were referred to this office for report. The report called for was made May 21, 1879, and Gray's letter returned therewith to the department, where it is now on file. A copy of my predecessor's report is herewith submitted. It will be observed that it presented to the secretary the question whether or not the grant in question had lapsed. The letter of June 7, 1879, your predecessor returned, having approved the amended route, with his decision upon the question involved. In said decision the secretary said the grant was in full force and effect, fully stating the reason. The above recited decision by your predecessor is the only one of which I am aware touching the lapsing of the grant in question. I know of no opinion of the attorney general in the premises. The full report, with maps showing the several lines of roads proposed by the company, and the history of withdrawals for grant was made by the acting commissioner of this office on March 18, 1880, and by your predecessors communicated to the senate March 12th, 1880. The only patent issued to the company since July 4th, 1877, was dated April 8th, 1880, covering 391.68 acres in the granted limits at the Olympia land district, Washington Territory, opposite that portion of the road constructed previous to 1873. On Oct. 28th, 1880, the attorney-general rendered an opinion on similar questions relating to the grant to the Atlantic and Pacific railroad company. I am, sir, very respectfully,

(Signed) N. C. McFARLAND, Comm'r.

### Garfield's Letter to Gen. Cox.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 19.—General Jacob D. Cox has furnished the following answer to his Fitz John Porter letter for publication:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, Feb. 18, 1880.

*My Dear Cox*:—In our twenty-five years of acquaintance and friendship you have never done a greater service to the truth or given me so valuable a help as in your letter of the 14th inst., which I have just received. I have been so stung by the decision of the Schofield board that it is very hard to trust my own mind to speak of it as it appeared to me. I have made a strong effort to separate myself from the case and to look at it intelligently as though it related only to the pieces on a chessboard, and not to living men, or men who had ever lived, and all my best efforts have brought me out precisely to the conclusion of your letter. Still I had not yet made in the light of the new testimony, a careful strategic study of the field and map, as you have done; but how curious it is that what you say now, with new maps before you, an exact picture of the field, and Porter's conduct upon it, which glowed in such strong colors in the mind of the court-martial seventeen years ago. And now, my dear friend, I need your help still further, and need it more than ever before in our acquaintance. Overwhelmed as I am with the current daily work of the house, it is almost impossible for us to get the time to go minutely through all the mass of this new evidence, as I ought to do. With the kindest regards I am, as ever, your friend,
J. A. GARFIELD.

### Blair's Land Resolution.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—The resolution introduced by Senator Blair on Wednesday, directing the public land commission to inquire into the operations of land laws and report any legislation tending to improve them, is intended by its author to cover the matter of land grants to railroads also. It includes among others the Northern Pacific land grants and the decision of Secretary Schurz which affirmed that company's right to the land granted it after the time specified by the grants had expired. Blair is a member of the sub-committee on public lands which has been inquiring into the workings of the general land office here and the necessity for giving it more room. In the course of its inquiry the sub-committee obtained information which leads them to believe that some of the land laws are defective and that some of the land granted to railroads are forfeited and now belong to the government. The Blair resolution was to enlarge the scope of this inquiry so as to include matter pertaining to these lands and the disposition of them.

### Admission of Washington Desired.

Brents, delegate from Washington, has just put in a bill and got it referred to a sub-committee for the admission into the union of the state of Washington, to be composed of Washington territory and three counties of northern Idaho. Ainslie, delegate from Idaho, is fighting the bill because it takes in part of his territory, and he is backed by other territorial representatives, who do not like the precedent this bill would establish. They fear that should this bill pass other territories wanting to become states might endeavor to capture a portion of adjoining territories in order to increase their population. Hence a determined fight will be made against Brents' bill, which has been referred to a sub-committee consisting of Aldrich, Van Voorhees and Richardson—two republicans and one democrat. The republicans are desirous of getting part of Dakota admitted as a state, and therefore it is not likely they will embarrass that movement by taking up the application of Washington to become a state.

### Delay of the Star Route Cases.

The cause of delay in the straw bond star route cases thus far has arisen from the defense insisting upon the identification of every bid and contract introduced as evidence. The prosecution by a clever maneuvre had all these papers examined and identified privately by Notary Webster, who originally witnessed them and this morning created rather a sensation in the court by calling Webster and Blackman to the stand, and having the papers in bulk. Strong objections were made by the defense at this action, but they were overruled by the court. The examination in consequence will be much shortened. The defence denounced this private examination as a star chamber proceeding and manifested much feeling on the subject.

### Washington Notes.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—The house committee on foreign affairs authorized Belmont to report to the house with favorable recommendations his resolution calling for the diplomatic correspondence in regard to Chili and Peru.

The joint resolution of the house providing for a commercial treaty with Mexico has been referred to a sub-committee on commercial affairs, Dunnel, chairman. That gentleman has called upon the secretary of state for any suggestion he may desire to submit on the subject.

The house committee on postoffices and post roads agreed to report favorably to fix compensation of postmasters of the fourth class, and favorably on the bill providing the rate of postage on second

condition, the director of the mint recommends that the law be amended to authorize superintendents of mints upon deposit of U. S. gold coin to pay and deliver in exchange therefor gold bars in value equal to each deposit, less proper charges and deductions.

There is a rumor current that Ex-Attorney-Gen. Taft will next week be appointed minister to Germany. Judge Taft is in Washington now.

The woman suffrage convention was largely attended to-day, and the addresses were of great interest to those ladies who made up the audience.

The war department has official information of the arrest of Col. Carr by Gen. Wilcox on charges of mismanagement in a Chihuahua engagement.

### Idaho's Objections.

The bill for admission of the state of Washington meets with formidable opposition from residents of Idaho, who oppose the bill because it contemplates taking three counties of the northwestern part of that territory in addition to all of Washington to make up the proposed state. The people of Idaho are strenuously opposed to taking any part of their territory for the purpose named.

### Encouragement for the Women.

The senate select committee on rights of women gave a hearing to-day to a large delegation of members of the national woman's suffrage convention. Speeches were made by Mrs. Searle and Mrs. Granger of Indiana, Mrs. Colby of Nebraska, and Miss Susan B. Anthony. The committee unanimously adopted the following:

*Resolved*, That the committee are under obligations to the representatives of the women of the United States for their attendance this morning and the favorable and instructive addresses which have been made, and that the committee assure them they will give to the subject of women suffrage that careful and impartial consideration which its grave importance demands.

### News from Engineer Melville.

The secretary of the navy has just received the following telegram from Engineer Melville, of the lost arctic exploring steamer Jeannette:

IRKUTSK, Jan. 18, 1882.

*Secretary of the Navy, Washington*—Sir: Melville, Danenhauer and eleven men are all well. Melville returned to the Arctic ocean and found the log book, instruments and four records left by DeLong. No tidings of the second cutter and Lieut. Chipp. The search will be continued during the winter by the Cossack commandant of Belun and Irkutsk, under direction of Gen. Tchernieff. Word from Kolyma river says that no boat had arrived to Nov. 19th. I am acquainted with the country where DeLong and party are, and request orders to remain with two men to renew the search in March; Danenhauer and nine men to return with the United States. Danenhauer's sight is partially recovered.
MELVILLE.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### An Unpopular Scheme.

LONDON, Jan. 20.—A St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs: It is said that the Holy League, recently formed to counteract nihilism, will be officially recognized as a branch of the police. This will be perhaps more unpopular than the reconstruction of the famous third section.

### A Change of Rulers in Tunis.

PARIS, Jan. 20.—According to a special dispatch from a correspondent of *Les Debats* at Constantinople, reports that the sultan at the instigation of a fanatical religious party has resolved to proclaim the downfall of the bey of Tunis and his dynasty are confirmed. It is supposed that Ali Ben Khalifa, principal leader of the Tunisian insurgents, will be appointed bey in the place of Mahomed El Sadki.

### Trouble with Tunisians.

PARIS, Jan. 20.—Several journals here state that the sultan has resolved to dethrone the bey of Tunis and the whole Hassan dynasty. The statements occasion no little commotion and events are watched with much interest.

### A War of Races.

CAIRO, Jan. 20.—A German belonging to a wax-work troupe made an assault to-day upon a soldier, whereupon several hundred persons, including many soldiers, attacked the whole troupe. Consular authorities interposed, and the excitement finally subsided.

### French Finances.

PARIS, Jan. 20.—Union Generale closed yesterday 60 francs higher than Thursday. Principal French bank stocks have slightly improved or remained steady. The London *Times* in a financial article says it understands the president of the Union Generale was obliged to make application for assistance to a leading firm of bankers in Paris, and the help thus afforded, together with considerable purchases made, will render its position much easier for the time being.

### Corporal Punishment Abolished.

MADRID, Jan. 20.—The minister of colonies has instructed Cuban authorities to abolish corporal punishment of negroes.

### Newspapers Squelched.

VIENNA, Jan. 20.—Evening papers were confiscated for reporting the speech of the president of the united left, in which he denounced all attempts to drag the crown into the political arena.

### The Parisian Financial Panic.

PARIS, Jan. 23.—The panic in the bourse causes a greater sensation than the so-called ministerial crisis. The settlement of February 1st is anticipated with anxiety.

### Austrian Troops Slaughtered.

PARIS, Jan. 20.—Advices are received that insurgents near Dobar, Herzogovina, have slaughtered a detachment of 10 Austrian soldiers and burned their quarters. The insurgents have also defeated a number of Austrians near Bledegora. Telegraphic communication with disturbed districts is prohibited. Gen. Jovanovitz, Austrian commander, established his headquarters at Ragusa.

### Cuban Matters Discussed.

MADRID, Jan. 21.—There is no foundation for the rumor of a ministerial crisis being imminent. The minister for the colonies is preparing a plan for the general conversion of Cuban departments and the consolidation of arrears of the colonial treasury into five per cent. stock. The revenue is to be guaranteed by the custom houses of Cuba, and also the capital to get a subsidiary guarantee of the mother country.

### Prospect of Parnell's Liberation.

LONDON, Jan. 20.—A Dublin correspondent telegraphs that the question of liberating Mr. Parnell and the other members of parliament will be debated at the forthcoming cabinet council in Dublin castle. There is much difference of opinion on the subject, some persons high in authority favoring their immediate release. Quinn, Assistant Secretary Dorias, who had charge of the legal department of the league, and two or three clerks of *United Ireland* will be released immediately. Mr. Dillon's release may be looked for at any moment. In London there is a rumor that Mr. Parnell and the other imprisoned members of parliament were asked to give an understanding not to continue land league agitation for a certain time. On refusing this, they are not likely to be released to attend parliament.

## THE GUITEAU JURY.

### A Pen Picture of the Twelve Men who Hold the Assassin's Life in their Hands.

[SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE OREGONIAN.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—The *Tribune's* Washington special on the jury in the Guiteau case says:

The foreman, John P. Hamlin, is a middle-aged restaurant keeper, a grave and intelligent looking man.

The second juryman, Fred. W. Brandenburg, is a cigar maker, a wrinkled, mahogany-colored little man, evidently of nervous temperament, who listens to all that is said.

Henry J. Bright, the third juror, has been mentioned as the man likely to divide the jury. He has had insanity in his family and is spoken of as very peculiar. He looks, however, like one of the most intelligent members of the jury, and inquiry proves that he is regarded as a man of excellent judgment. He is a retired merchant.

Chas. T. Stewart, the fourth juror, is a merchant. He has the habit of listening with his eyes shut, which has given him the appearance many times during the trial of being asleep when he has not been. The naps of jurors have sometimes been made the basis of a demand for a new trial.

Thos. H. Langley, the fifth juror, is a retired merchant, with a face which would lead a census taker to put him down as an Irishman without question, yet he is English. He has a habit of leaning forward in his seat and now and then of loitering around, but always with a face as impenetrable as a mask.

Michael Shehan, No. six, is a juror about whom the government has been said in the gossip of the court room, to be somewhat concerned. His answers when he was under examination were thought evasive. He is a Roman Catholic and a democrat and in business is a grocer. This completes the first row.

Joseph Prather, No. 7, is an intelligent looking commission merchant.

C. F. Hobbs is the juryman who lost his wife. He rests his head in his hands all day in seeming weariness and dejection. He is a plasterer and a plain working man.

Wm. Brannery, No. 9, is a grocer and in appearance decidedly above average intelligence. He is also said to have insanity in his family.

R. Wormly is the colored juror and is still wearing a patch over his eyes. He is a good natured looking negro and a plasterer.

The 11th juror, Thos. Heinlin, is a navy yard machinist and so is Geo. W. Gates, the 12th juryman, an intelligent fellow of about 30. The latter has had insanity in his family.

### Chicago Wheat Market.

CHICAGO, Jan. 20.—Wheat under insignificant receipts and the influence of Milwaukee capitalists has advanced sharply to $1 30⅛ cash; $1 30¼ Feb.

### SAN FRANCISCO STOCK MARKET.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 21.

MORNING BOARD.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 135 Ophir | 6¼ | 200 Belmont | 80c75 |
| 920 Mexican | [illegible] | 225 N Belle | [illegible] |
| 220 G & C | [illegible] | 60 B Isle | 10c |
| 65 B & B | [illegible] | 200 Day | 1 |
| 100 Cala | 35c | 650 Alleton | 1 85@1 90 |
| 100 Savage | 1 40 | 40 Mt Diablo | 8 |
| 4420 Con Va | 1 15@1 10 | 700 E Mt Diablo | 45@50c |
| 160 Potosi | 1 40 | 20 Belding | 20c |
| 465 H & N | [illegible] | 250 Eu Tun | 1 60 |
| 100 Point | 85c | 150 Payday | 1 |
| 180 Jacket | 2 50@2 70 | 450 Bodie | 4 10@4 |
| 500 Imperial | 5c | 20 M White | 2¾ |
| 110 Alpha | 1 65 | 400 Tioga | 15c |
| 100 Belcher | 1 40 | 50 Bulwer | 2¾ |
| 10 Utah | 5¼ | 250 Blackhawk | 3¼ |
| 225 Bullion | 85c | 350 Mono | 1 65@1¾ |
| 65 Overman | 35c | 750 Goodshaw | 35c |
| 660 Justice | 90@85c | 225 Con Pac | 35c |
| 1150 Union | 11⅞@11¾ | 1000 N Noonday | 5c |
| 620 Alta | 4 80@4 90 | 100 Oro | 15c |
| 100 S Hill | 25c | 20 Tiptop | 4¾ |
| 10 Scorpion | 1 10 | 30 S King | 13¾ |
| 70 Alpha | 1 65 | 50 Head Center | 90c |
| 175 Benton | 85c | 20 Julia | 10c |
| 100 G Gale | 2¾ | 20 Wales | 75c |
| 100 Sierra | [illegible] | 250 Dolle Tun | [illegible] |

## THE GUITEAU TRIAL.

### The Prisoner Makes His Speech to the Jury.

### UPON WHICH COURT ADJOURNS UNTIL MONDAY.

### Judge Porter will then make the Closing Argument—Another Week will Probably Witness the End of the Trial.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE OREGONIAN.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—Upon entering the court room this forenoon, Guiteau took a seat in the witness box remarking as he laid out his papers, "I sit down because I can speak better, not that I am afraid of being shot. This shooting business is played out." At an intimation from Judge Cox, prisoner carefully arranged his glasses and with a flourish began to read from his manuscript:

"The prosecution pretended I am a wicked man. Scoville and the rest think I am a lunatic and I presume you think I am. I was certainly a lunatic July 2d. I presume you think I was. Can you imagine anything more insane than my going to the depot and the shooting the president of the United States? You are here to say whether I was insane or sane when I fired the shot. You have nothing to do with my condition since or before I fired the shot. You must say by your verdict whether I was sane or insane at the moment the shot was fired. If you have any doubt of my sanity at that moment you must give me the benefit of the doubt and acquit. That is if you have any doubt whether I fired that shot or as to the agency of the deity. If I fired it on my own act, I was sane; if I fired it supposing I was the agent of deity I was insane, and you must acquit. This is the record of law given in a recent decision of the New York court of appeals. It revolutionized old rules and is a grand step forward in the law of insanity. It is worthy of this age of railroads, electricity and telephones, and it all comes from the progressive state of New York. I have no hesitation in saying that it is a special providence in my favor, and I ask this court and jury so to consider it. Some people of America think me the greatest man of this age, and this feeling is growing. They believe in my inspiration and that providence and I have really saved the nation another war. My speech setting forth in detail my defense was telegraphed to all the leading papers and published Monday, and now I am permitted by his honor to deliver it to you."

He then explained to the jury that his speech opened with a quotation from his Christmas greeting to the American people and in using it for opening his speech to the jury he had neglected to cut out the date. After thanking his counsel and paying a very high compliment to the zeal and ability which Scoville had displayed, whom he proposed soon to reward with a very liberal fee, he extended his grateful acknowledgement to the court, the jury, officers and bailiffs, and last but not least to the American press. The latter were a power that generally criticized a man when they got down on him. They had been heavy on the prisoner at first, but were treating him very fairly. With this introduction the prisoner took up a newspaper and proceeded to read to the jury his published speech. His manner, to a casual observer, seemed completely self-possessed, as usual, but behind the ostentation and affectation of composure and the intense feelings which were only held in control through undoubted strength of will, his excitement was betrayed by a slight hectic spot high up on each cheek of his usually colorless face, and by the unusual deliberation with which he began and for some time continued to speak. Whether this excitement was from the merely superficial effect upon his emotions naturally incident to the occasion, or whether it proceeded from a deeper or more overpowering influence—the true realization of his position as an almost convicted murderer pleading for his life—it were difficult to divine. Whatever the original character of the feeling was, it finally gained ascendency over his powers of control, and as he reached that part of his speech which begins, "I have always served the Lord, and whether I live or die—" he broke down completely, stopped and tried to choke down a rising lump in his throat, but found it impossible to keep back a genuine sob. Taking out his handkerchief, he buried his face in it a few seconds, then wiped his eyes, and with a determined effort started again. He seemed to recover his composure so quickly, some believed the whole effect was manufactured. Mrs. Scoville, however, thought otherwise. She was deeply affected, and wept and sobbed bitterly. For some time after this incident, Guiteau continued to read, occasionally adding brief comments upon the text as he proceeded. All appearance of nervousness gradually wore off and with the utmost composure and unction that bordered upon the ludicrous, prisoner read on, with an attempt at every conceivable form of oratorical, rhetorical and dramatic effect. His description of the taking off of the president was given with striking effect. At times he closed his eyes or turned them heavenward, waved his body back and forth, sank his voice to a whisper or raised it to a high treble, and at times the intensity of his utterances seemed to react upon himself. The effect was transitory, and with the exception of the one instance, there was no indication of breaking down. At frequent intervals he paused to emphasize some sentence, and at one time, pausing, he leaned toward the jury and emphasizing with his head and hands said with an attempt at great solemnity, "I tell you gentlemen, just as sure as there is a God in heaven, if you harm a hair of my head this nation will go down in blood. You can put my body in the grave, but there will be a day of reckoning."

Guiteau concluded at 11:25, and upon announcement that Porter would be unable to speak to-day, court adjourned to Monday.

## BY STATE TELEGRAPH.

### The Needs of Yaquina.

ALBANY, Or., Jan. 20.—A mass meeting was held at the court house this afternoon to further the improvements of Yaquina bay. Nearly all the representative men of the city were present. Col. S. G. Elliott and others addressed the meeting. Resolutions were passed urging our senators, and representatives to secure an appropriation for the improvement of Yaquina bay of $200,000 instead of $60,000, the amount recommended by Col. Gillespie of the engineer corps, and strongly insisting that a less amount would fail of accomplishing the result desired—opening up of an independent outlet to the ocean for the commerce of Oregon. The meeting was characterized by unanimity and earnestness.

## WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

### Mill Contract Awarded.

PORT TOWNSEND, Jan. 21.—The Port Townsend Mill Co. awarded the contract to-day for the erection of their mill complete and ready for running. The mill will have a capacity of 30,000 feet per diem. It is 226 feet long and will cut length of 100 feet. G. W. Bullene is the contractor. It is to be ready for running July 12, 1882.

## MEXICO.

### Railroad Notes.

CITY OF MEXICO, Jan. 20.—A concession is granted the Mexican Southern R. R. for colonization along the route. The government pays $35 per individual and $30 for a family. Not less than five hundred families must be settled during the first five and two thousand the first ten years. Three-fifths of the colonized persons must be Europeans. The company is negotiating for the purchase of the Tehuacan railroad.

## AMUSEMENT NOTES.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—There has been few changes made at the theaters this week. Lester Wallack appeared at the Park theater in the "Colonel," supported by an English company. A brilliant audience was assembled; but, in spite of Mr. Wallack's fine acting, the piece fell rather flat. New Yorkers are not enough interested in the aesthetical to thoroughly enjoy a satire like the "Colonel."

The next event of special interest was the appearance of Signor Rossi, in Alexander Dumas' drama "Edmund Kean." Signor Rossi adopted the unique idea of making the audience itself assist in a portion of the play. Before the curtain rises on the fourth act the prince of Wales, the Countess Kalfeld and other characters of the play took possession of a proscenium box in full view of the house, while the other characters of the play seated themselves in the parquette. The curtain then went up on a scene in "Hamlet," with Kean on the stage. Seeing the countess with the prince, Kean becomes mad with jealousy and broke out into a rage. The actors in the parquette and boxes hiss and cry "Take him off" and several persons jump on the stage and Kean is carried away. The old prompter makes an apology to the actual audience stating that Kean has lost his reason. The countess shrieks and faints and the act ends. Everything was successfully managed at the Academy of Music, and the audience for a moment were startled and perplexed by the uproar in its midst, but quickly took the cue and delighted with the novelty of the situation insisted upon recalling Rossi and the principal artists supporting him. Signor Rossi personally translated into English during the performance.

"The Money Spinner" was produced at Wallack's new theatre last night to a crowded house. It was enthusiastically received.

"Olivette" at the Fifth Avenue theatre, with Catherine Lewis and John Howson in the cast holds the boards, but will give place on Monday next to "Madame Favart."

The death of Samuel Piercy has created a great deal of sympathy and sorrow, not only among his theatrical friends, but among the numerous friends outside the profession. Edwin Booth has sent Mr. Piercy's mother a check for $1000.

"Odette" will soon succeed the "Passing Regiment" at Daly's. The "Passing Regiment" will march on to its one-hundredth performance, and then will receive orders to march out of the road.

The "Roman students" are at Koster & Bial's, playing to a full house every night.

Mary Anderson is still at Booth's playing "Love" to crowded and enthusiastic audiences.

Patti has taken a new lease of life at the Standard since Oscar Wilde landed in the city.

Roland Reed left Friday for San Francisco to join Sam Colville's world renowned company.

### Shipping Intelligence.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 20.—Arrived—Str Hylton Castle, Nanaimo; war str Christoforo Colombo; Am ship Alameda, New York; Br ship Evelyn, Newport, England.

Sailed—Str Geo W Elder, Puget Sound; str Arcata, Coos bay; bk Roswell Sprague, Port Gamble; Ger bk Roland, Cork, f o.

SEATTLE, Jan. 20.—Arrived—Str Walla Walla, S F.
Sailed—Str Mississippi, S F.

TACOMA, Jan. 21.—Sailed—Brig Glenco, S F.

### Port of Astoria.

ASTORIA, Jan. 21.

ARRIVED FROM SEA—Str Yaquina, Yaquina bay; str Oregon, S F; Br bk Scotia, 791 tons, and Br bk Goodwood, 790 tons, Montevideo.

CROSSED TO SEA—Str Columbia, S F.

ARRIVED DOWN FROM PORTLAND—Br bk Parkwood in tow of Ordway; Br ship Duke of Connaught in tow of Alice. Weather thick, wind southerly.

## FIGHTING FIRE.

### Sunshine and Shadows in the life of a Fireman.

### Interesting Interviews with Heroes of Many Hot Battles—Sixteen Years in the Service—What a Veteran Says.

### FIREMEN'S FOES.

San Francisco Chronicle.

The fire department of San Francisco is one of the best institutions of its kind in the world. The people of this city are thoroughly aware of this fact, and are correspondingly proud of it. As a consequence the city is fond of the brave men who risk life and limb in battling with the flames for the preservation of property, and anything affecting them is a matter of great public interest.

The reporter had an interview with Assistant Chief Engineer Matthew Brady, who has been sixteen years in the service, and is justly esteemed a most efficient man for his position.

"Mr. Brady," said the reporter, "can you tell me for the *Chronicle* how many fires your department attended this year?"

"Not at a word, sir," replied Mr. Brady, "but the annual report will be out shortly, and you can then get all the necessary information."

"Is there any news connected with the department of special importance?"

"Well, no; I can't say that we have anything vitally interesting to-day. We are all in pretty fair condition, considering the weather, and I feel especially cheerful in my own mind and person."

"Have you had a legacy left you, or struck it rich in some other way?"

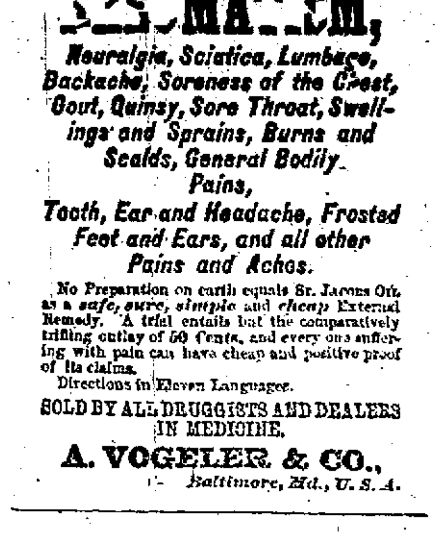
"No, but I am a perfectly well man and free from all physical pain, which has not been the case with me for nearly five years. This is the cause of my good feeling."

"Have you been afflicted with chronic sickness?"

"I did not mean to convey the idea that I have been sick, exactly. I have been subject to aggravating pains in my chest for over four years. The pain did not make me sick, but was continually present and annoyed me beyond expression. At times I was apprehensive that the trouble might develop into something serious, and I resorted to various modes of treatment to attain relief. I have had my chest terribly blistered. No physician could tell me what was the matter with me, and I could not get relief. Two weeks ago I commenced using St. Jacobs Oil. It has cured me. I have not felt the least throb of pain for three days. I was persuaded to use the great German remedy by persons in the city who had observed the wonderful effects of the Oil in their families. I learn also that the St. Jacobs Oil is generally used among the firemen of the country, and is coming into use in our own department. I believe it a first-class remedy. I think Thomas Sullivan, engineer of No. 2, is acquainted with the merits of the Oil."

The reporter repaired to engine house No. 2 in quest of Mr. Sullivan. That gentleman was at his post. The reporter found him engaged about his engine. Mr. Sullivan is of almost herculean proportions and impresses the observer with the idea of great physical strength and courage. He is just the kind of a man one expects to see in charge of an engine, brave, cool and skillful, and always ready for duty. Mr. Sullivan said he was pretty well, but had just crawled out of a bad spell of what came pretty near being a serious thing for him. "You see, sir," said he "the nature of our business subjects us to exposure at all times. We don't complain of it. We do our duty cheerfully and don't stop at trifles. Sometimes we take cold, and then it is rather hard work to get rid of it, by reason of the fact that when we are on the road to recovery, oftentimes we are exposed and thrown back again. The boys like the business, though, and not one of us ever thinks of allowing anything short of downright sickness which comes of a cold to keep him from going to a fire. But it often retards the cure of a bad cold. Now, I contracted a fearful cold. It was so firmly seated that it held on with the grip of a man to the rung of a ladder on a tall building. I coughed almost incessantly. My throat was swollen and very sore, and I could neither talk nor swallow. The trouble was principally in my throat. I tried several remedies for relief. I did not obtain it, however. At last I grew so bad that I could not eat or sleep. I passed three whole days and nights without eating or sleeping. The matter was growing serious. I was advised to try the St. Jacobs Oil, as it was cracked up to be a specific for such troubles. I secured a bottle of the Oil and saturated a piece of a flannel with it and bound it round my throat. It was a hot dose, I can tell you. After it was on some little time I began to feel a pricking sensation like as if a thousand needle points were piercing me at one time. Soon it became positively hot, and later on burned like a furnace. But after enduring this sort of thing a little while I was entirely relieved. I would not advise anybody to use it as I did, for it might take the skin off. But my case was bad, and I resolved to endure the extremes of treatment in order to get well. Do I think the St. Jacobs Oil a good remedy? You can say that I believe it to be the best thing I ever saw, and that I shall always have a bottle of it by me. I don't propose to be without it in the future. When a man has received such decided benefit from a medicine he has the best reason which can be furnished him that it will do him good again. There are several of the men in the department using the Oil. So far as I have heard it is giving perfect satisfaction. Firemen often need a good liniment, like the St. Jacobs Oil, as it is [illegible]

Adjoining No. 2 engine house are the St. George stables, kept by Mr. J. W. Murphy, who has the reputation of having the most blooded and stylish livery teams in the city. The writer met Mr. Murphy on the sidewalk and asked him if he, too, was "gone" on St. Jacobs Oil. Mr. Murphy smilingly admitted that he had a weakness in that direction. "I have employed it largely," said Mr. Murphy, "on my horses, and found it all that could be desired. It brings good results in all cases of sores, sprains, etc., to which horses are subject. I consider it unequaled as a general cure-all in a stable. I have also seen it act most happily upon some of my men in rheumatic troubles. The great point in its favor is that it is quick, sure and cheap. It relieved me of the anxious and also of a serious throat trouble. In fact it is a part of our stock in trade here now; and the chief medicine in our medicine chest. There is no use talking, sir, it is the best remedy."



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### Chicago Wheat Market.

CHICAGO, Jan. 6.—Wheat—Firm, higher, $1 30 cash; $1 27½ February.